August 10, 1935

5¢ a copy

10c in Canada

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

She Married the Navy

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

MRS JOAN HARGROVE
905 E MADISON
IOLA
KANS
128X 1006 C 10-20 2Y 25JY36

© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHERS OF — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION — THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE — COLLIER'S — THE COUNTRY HOME

August 10, 1935

A flavor that was famous in Old Kentucky... *at a price anyone can pay*

MEN who knew Daniel Boone were still alive when Crab Orchard Straight Bourbon Whiskey first became a Kentucky favorite.

But for many years its fame did not spread beyond the Blue Grass country—because the neighboring planters prized its mellow goodness and kept it for themselves.

Then came repeal. Suddenly everybody wanted a real old-fashioned Kentucky whiskey—a ripe, full-flavored bourbon—made the *slow*, time-honored way—*and they wanted it at a popular price!*

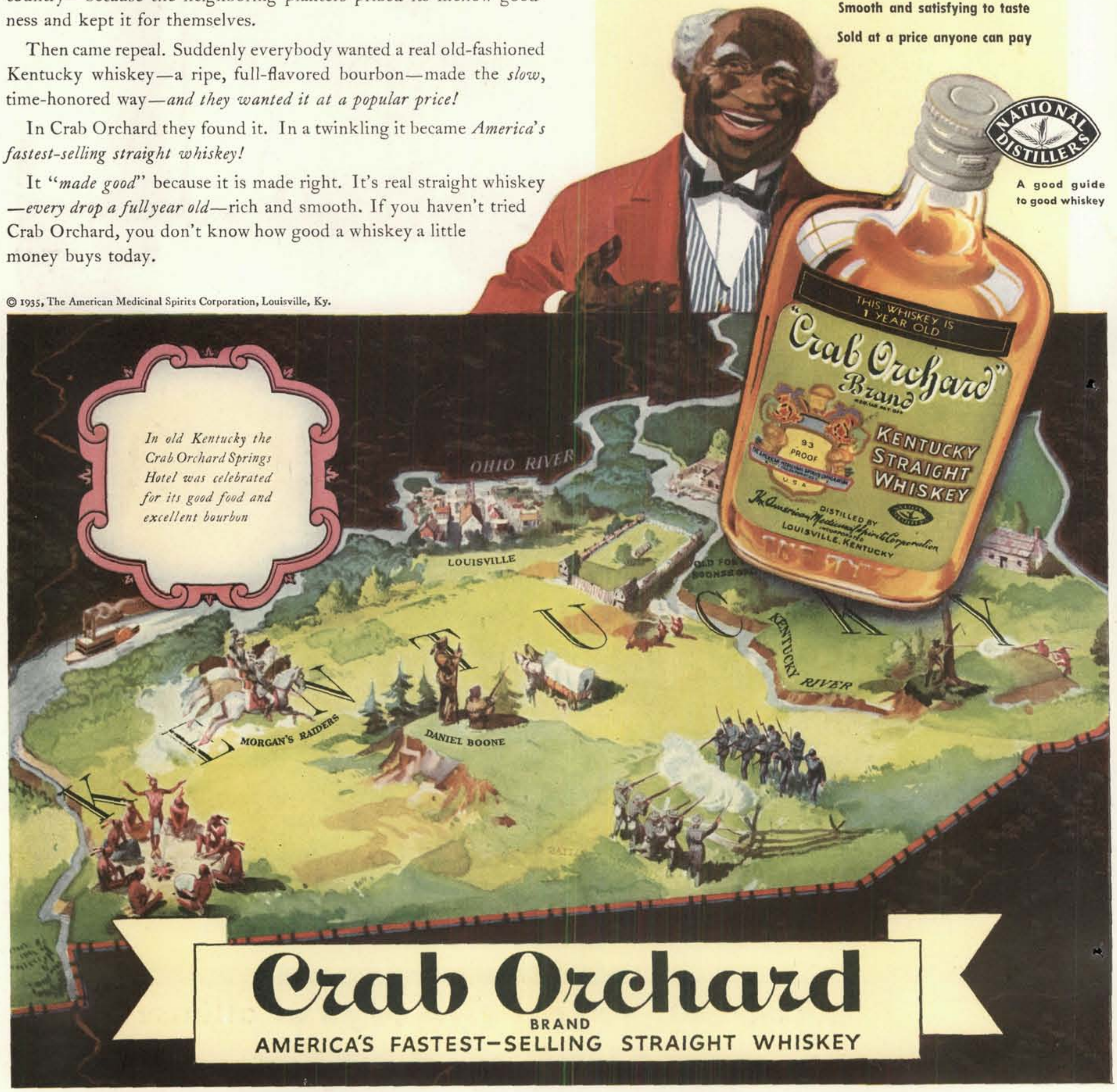
In Crab Orchard they found it. In a twinkling it became *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey!*

It "*made good*" because it is made right. It's real straight whiskey—*every drop a full year old*—rich and smooth. If you haven't tried Crab Orchard, you don't know how good a whiskey a little money buys today.

© 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

Kentucky straight whiskey
Made the good old-fashioned way
Smooth and satisfying to taste
Sold at a price anyone can pay

A good guide to good whiskey


THIS WHISKEY IS 1 YEAR OLD
"Crab Orchard" Brand
93 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
OHIO RIVER
LOUISVILLE
OLD FORT BOONESBORO
KENTUCKY
KENTUCKY RIVER
MORGAN'S RAIDERS
DANIEL BOONE

In old Kentucky the Crab Orchard Springs Hotel was celebrated for its good food and excellent bourbon

Crab Orchard
BRAND
AMERICA'S FASTEST—SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

1725-1798
CASANOVA
Chevalier de Seingall
THE WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER

Take a tip from CASANOVA

HE left a trail of broken hearts from Warsaw to Naples and from Constantinople to Paris, this swashbuckling, diplomatic, engaging soldier of fortune known to history as Casanova. Women high and women low, women brilliant and women dull, all found him fascinating . . . And not the least of his charms was his astonishing fastidiousness. Centuries before halitosis was a household word, he realized that unpleasant breath was a fault that could not be forgiven even in him. Consequently, before he awooing went, it was his habit to chew the leaves of certain fragrant herbs that would quickly render his breath sweet and agreeable.

• • •

If halitosis (bad breath) were an uncommon condition, few would be concerned about it. Unfortunately, however, it is an ever-present threat. Everyone is likely to have it at some time or other for this reason: even in normal mouths fermentation of tiny food particles constantly goes on. Unpleasant odors are released *without the victim knowing it.*

Don't take a chance

Since it is impossible to know when this condition is present, the wise course is to take sensible precautions against it. The quick, wholly delightful method is to use Listerine as a mouth rinse before any engagement at which you wish to appear your best. Because it is antiseptic, Listerine instantly halts fermentation. Then it overcomes the odors fermentation causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes cleaner, purer and sweeter.

Keep a bottle of this delightful mouth wash handy at all times. It is your assurance that you will not offend others needlessly; that you will be welcome.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine puts your breath beyond offense

QUICKLY CHECKS HALITOSIS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT *Politics*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
GEORGE CREEL *Washington*
W. B. COURTNEY *Aviation*
KENNETH LITTAUER *Fiction*
QUENTIN REYNOLDS *Sports*
KYLE CRICHTON *Screen and Theater*

WM. O. CHESSMAN *Art*
DENVER LINDLEY *Articles*
FRANK D. MORRIS *Articles*
JAMES N. YOUNG *Fiction*
IFOR THOMAS *Photographs*
T. R. YBARRA *Foreign News*
OWEN P. WHITE *and* JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

BARRIER Ranch is only a little over a hundred miles from Reno; it might just as well be a hundred years. Barrier belongs to the old West of open ranges, gunplay and bitter feuds.

It was almost by accident that Lily Tennant, on the threshold of stardom, came to Barrier. When she met Tom Sebastian, owner of the ranch, two worlds collided. There was no common denominator between the traditions of Barrier and the glamour of Hollywood; but no conflict was strong enough to keep Tom and Lily from falling in love. In a brilliant serial, beginning next week, Ernest Haycox tells their story.

THERE'S a new experience in store for you—flight through the stratosphere. Not as a stunt. Not for scientific exploration. But on regular airlines, flying scheduled routes. You'll like it, too—no storms, no airsickness and amazing but unnoticeable speed. The continents once more draw together, and Europe and the Orient are only a night away. This may be fantasy, but fantasy that is already being converted into metal wings and supercharged engines. W. B. Courtney will take you aloft to see what lies just ahead of us "And Leave the World Below."

IN a gaunt house between the Confederate and Union lines, a lovely dark-haired girl read the stars for all who cared to consult her. Officers came from both armies, and danger and betrayal hung in the shadows. MacKinlay Kantor records the dramatic moment when she saw the future of two very famous men in "The Same Brave Star."

WHEN Bell Chambreuil adopted the orphaned dog of a street beggar, she was conscious only of doing a good deed. She could hardly foresee the romantic complications that were to follow. In a gay story of Paris, Henri Duvernois tells you about this "Woman of the World."

AND, to restore the international balance, Burnham Carter writes the adventures of a "Cigarette Girl" who was very much a part of America. Those who knew her said she was the happiest thing they could think of. And if you believe that was easy for her, read the story.

KATHLEEN NORRIS gives you another emotional work-out. Teresa Hyde Phillips writes the Short Short Story. There are added attractions by Talbert Josselyn, Maxine Davis and Freling Foster. Hold your hats.

This Week

●

August 10, 1935

Cover by George de Zayas

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
She Married the Navy. What can you do if you're the wife of an unlucky man? Page 7

WALTER DAVENPORT
California, Here We Come. An army moves west, looking for relief. Page 10

GEORGE CREEL
Man from Montana. Burton K. Wheeler, a very independent fellow. Page 12

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Berlin Billboard. The dramatic story of a woman's revenge. Page 13

JOSEPHINE BENTHAM
South of Heaven. An air woman falls in love. Page 14

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Secret Marriage, Part VII. The price of loyalty. Page 16

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER
Poor Man's Gold, Conclusion. A blazing finish. Page 18

W. B. COURTNEY
The Zephyr Murder Case. Wind-blown death—our war against insect pests. Page 20

WILLIAM MacHARG
Lost Dog. The missing witness. Page 22

KYLE CRICHTON
Not So Soft. Baseball set to jazz. Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Grandstand Stuff, by Donald Gibbs. Page 26

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Kernels of fact. Page 39

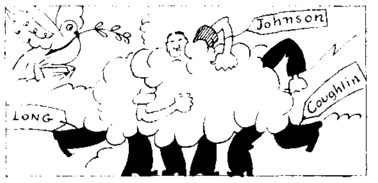
EDITORIAL
One Tax Too Many. Page 58

●

Any Week

WHAT with the housework and three children to keep in order, Mrs. Lewis Bloomfield of Cheboygan, Michigan, is usually a little behind on the progress of the Washington Administration. This ranks Mrs. Bloomfield with the rest of the country. "I was completely in the dark," writes she, "about the President's public utilities bill; intended to catch up if I could, particularly about the much-discussed death-sentence provision. But everything was made clear to me while marketing the other day. My butcher carefully explained it while trimming down the three pounds of meat I bought to the pound and a half I got. He said: 'I'm against it, Mrs. Bloomfield. While I agree with the President that we pay too much for electricity I don't think we ought to go as far as hanging the guys who sell it. There's such a thing as carrying this capital punishment too far.' "

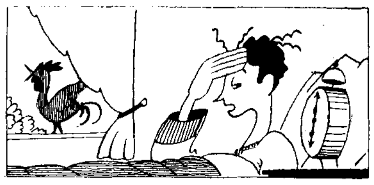
CONFRONTED as we are by so many all-absorbing problems we had failed to notice that General Johnson, Senator Long and Father Coughlin had stopped, for a time, anyway, calling each other nasty names. But Mr. Paul H. Mucklee of Missoula, Montana, insists that we make note of it. "From what I hear," says Mr. Mucklee, "it was like old Judge Binnshall said when the fellow who was then governor and the fellow he beat for the job and the head of the Y. M. C. A. got to saying such bad things about each other that they found themselves in court asking the judge to decide. The judge told them to get out and shut up before one of them got so mad he told the truth about somebody and then there would be lawing and probably shooting too."



WARRANTED or otherwise, there's been a deal of clucking and eyebrow-lifting by very respectable people about the paucity and caliber of Republican aspirants for the presidential nomination. But it's no mystery to Mr. Joseph Q. Nolan of Hartford, Connecticut. "Anybody," says he, "who'd want to be a Republican President under the new rules written by Mr. Roosevelt has something so seriously wrong with him that maybe he ought to be barred from holding office anyway. And if he tried to change the rules I'd know there was something off center about the poor guy."

IT'S going to be pretty hard even on the voters, thinks Mr. T. Broderick of Grand Island, Nebraska. "A fellow I know, a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, has given his word to vote against Roosevelt because the President vetoed the bonus bill," says Mr. Broderick. "He is also on relief with a nice white-collar job. He gets about twenty-two dollars a week for doing this and his bonus would amount to about four hundred dollars. All he has to decide is between that twenty-two dollars a week and somebody pledged to economy which would postpone his bonus. He's got a headache already."

AFTER reading this one, we'd say that Mr. G. W. Ledbetter of Gainesville, Florida, is one of our country's most indignant citizens. The other day Mr. Ledbetter read his first copy of the Congressional Record. What his representatives in Washington had to say did not, oddly enough, offend. But in it he learned for the first time that Congress does not convene until noon. "When I think of paying those loafers ten thousand dollars a year," storms Mr. Ledbetter, "I think it is high time we the people made a rule about it. If a man can't get to work before noon he oughtn't to have the job."



THE same topic engages the brain and pen of Mr. John T. Hupfel of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. But Mr. Hupfel is much calmer about it. He thinks we all waste too much time. "The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight in the course of forty years amounts to 29,200 hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-one days and sixteen hours. And that is equal to eight hours a day for ten years. We could all use these ten years for the cultivation of our minds and restoring the country to peace and plenty."

MR. CARL GEORGE of Lewiston, Maine, has learned that within the past year there has been an increase of almost one hundred per cent in the sale of shoe polishing boxes and kits for the home. "Say," says Mr. George, "did you ever have to shine the family shoes on Sunday mornings before church?"

SATURDAY night, Mr. George. Saturday night.

Vol. 96, No. 6. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1935, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.

Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

"GET THE GOODS ON G3"

WENT OUT THE ORDER TO INSPECTOR FAUROT

—and he bared the private lives of hundreds of tires to get the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about 43% longer non-skid mileage

Over and over Faurot's reports

PROVED

"G-3" All-Weather tread delivers more than 43% longer non-skid mileage!

— because of the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather tread

— because of the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and wider riding ribs

— because of more rubber in the tread — an average of two pounds more per tire

AND QUICKER STOPPING SAFETY *because of the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center of that famous tread!*

IN any court room in America, they assume a man innocent until he's proved guilty.

But we reversed the process on the "G-3" All-Weather.

We put this tire under suspicion. Sent that pioneer fingerprint expert of America—former head of all detective activities for Greater New York—to run down the truth about this tire's performance.

Does it live up to its reputation?

Does it deliver 43% longer non-skid mileage on owners' cars—as it did in that grueling third degree on the Goodyear test fleet—when they'd speed up to 50—jam on the brakes, hour after hour, day after day?

These are the questions Goodyear wanted to answer—so a bold step was taken to *get the facts*—and Faurot made a 7,000-mile search for evidence.

How the reports piled up!

We'll have to skip the dramatic story of that fact-hunt—the days and nights of trailing, checking, quizzing, shadowing every kind of driver who uses tires. But we can give you a thrilling glimpse of the results.

Here—packed down for brevity—are some mine-run cases, just like the hundreds more which that famous sleuth uncovered:

He trailed that famous tire on busy city streets and remote farms—to amass the evidence. (Snapshots taken during nation-wide search by Joseph A. Faurot, famous sleuth and now Chief of Department of Identification, Commercial Crime Commission.)

Wholesale clothing salesman—*covers Michigan and Wisconsin. Interviewed in Chicago. Tire mileage 21,846 — ¼th of "G-3" grip remains. Compared to former tires, this is fully 50% better non-skid mileage.*

Light delivery car driver—*makes 100 to 150 stops and starts per day. Interviewed Elgin, Ill. Speedometer reading, 79,464. "G-3" mileage to date 22,211. Non-skid tread still clearly visible. Driver figures this is at least 45% better than former tires.*

Bar-B-Que stand owner—*outside Winston-Salem, N. C. Tire has gone 23,846 miles—that is 5,000 miles farther than former tires and tread design is still visible.*

Sales representative—*Albuquerque, N. M. Travels all over state. Often covers 300 miles per day. Speedometer reading, 30,040. Tire mileage 10,000 miles in ten weeks. ⅔ds of tread still on tire (former tire replaced at 20,000). This indicates "G-3" would keep its grip at least 45 to 50% longer.*

Glassware salesman—*San Francisco, Calif. Speedometer 61,750—tire mileage 16,000. Travels 500 miles per week. Has owned 20 cars. "G-3" All-Weather giving easily 60% longer non-skid wear.*

• • •

That kind of evidence speaks for itself. But it can't tell the whole story. There are two parts to a tire—tread and carcass. And beneath that heavier, broader, longer-wearing "G-3" tread, Goodyear puts patented Supertwist Cord—extra-resilient, extra-durable—to give longer life and better protection from blowouts in every ply.

Do you realize that this famous tire—the "G-3" All-Weather—outsells any other tire in the world? That's the greatest evidence of all, proving its extra safety, extra value.

It's waiting for you now—no farther away than your nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer—and it doesn't cost an extra cent to buy.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

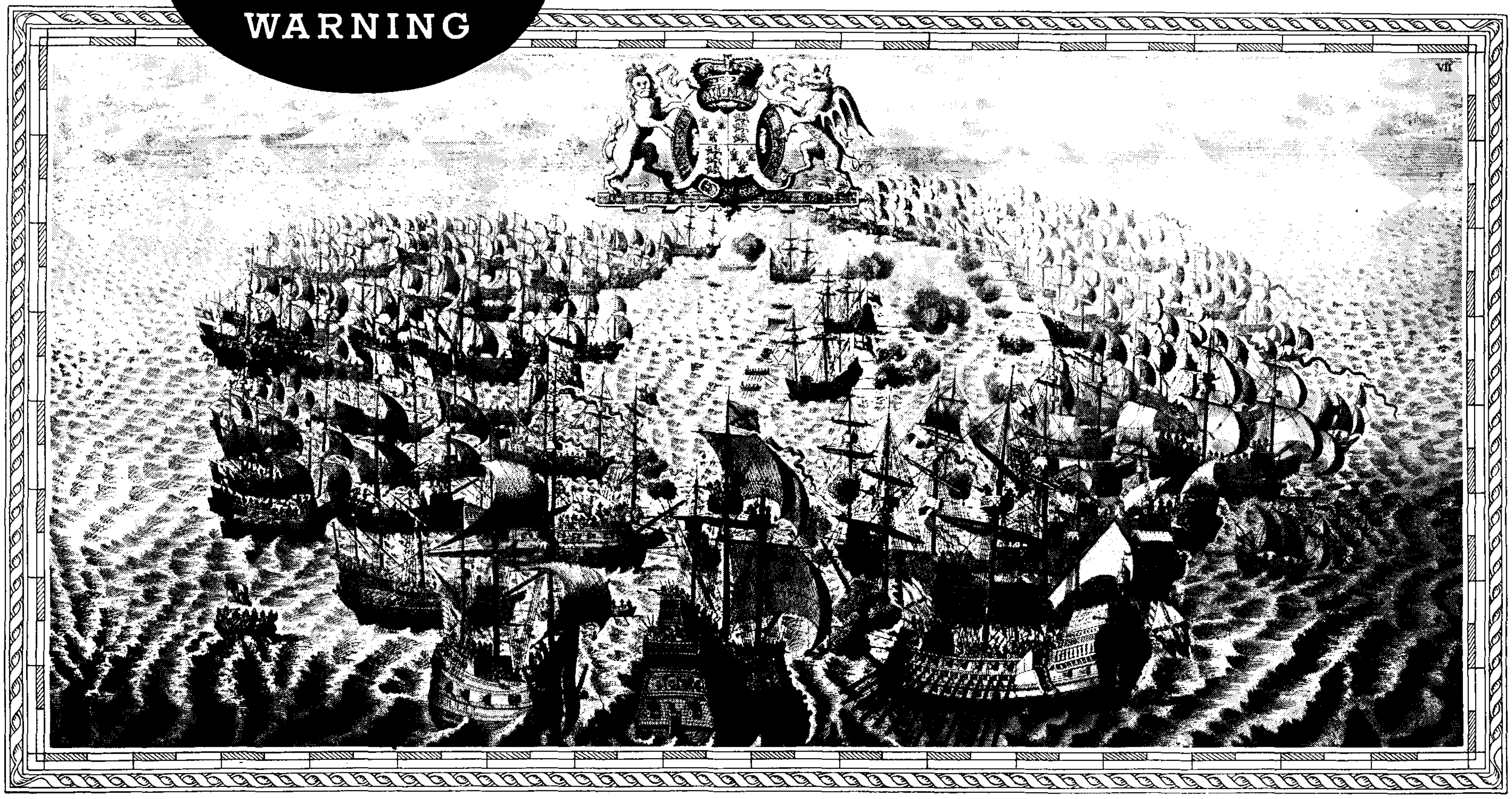
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

A Nation was wrecked for lack of a radio WARNING

May 20, 1588. The mightiest fleet ever assembled—the Invincible Armada of Philip II of Spain—set sail for the conquest of Britain. But England found an ally in the weather . . . a raging tempest scattered the *Spanish Galleons* and *drove them back with tremendous* damage to the shelter of native ports.

Spain lost her dominance of the seas. Had there been radio and weather forecasts, the fleet might have been saved, and Spain continued mistress of the seas.

(The facts and conclusions have been authenticated by H. W. Elson, Litt.D., one of America's great historians. The illustration is from an engraving in the galleries of Robert Fridenberg, New York.)



Spanish Armada, engraved by J. Pine after C. Lempriere.

Philco science and invention working closely with modern principles and practices of volume production have made such a disaster impossible today. They have produced the modern radio—the new 1936 Philco 116X—a radio that brings every service on the air including U. S. Government Weather Forecasts.

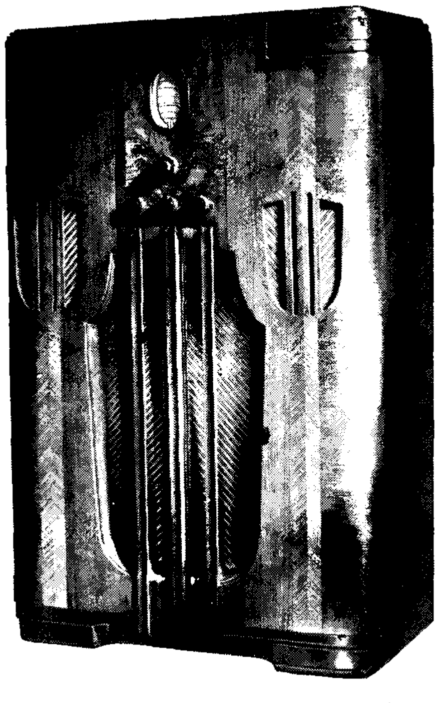
History might have been different if the Armada had known of the approaching tempest. History may never see a more interesting period than today! Tense situations in Europe..Africa..Asia*. Stirring happenings in our own land. You won't have to wait to learn about them through history books. You can hear history in the making with a Philco.

All the wealth of entertainment and information provided by American stations reaches you with a clarity of tone surpassing anything you have ever heard. And Philco High-Fidelity brings the vital overtones which give life and color to the human voice and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments one from another.

Every other broadcast service on the air as well! Police calls sending squad cars on the trail of bandits . . Air Mail dispatchers checking the position of planes . . amateur operators, ship stations . . even the long-wave U. S. Government Weather Forecasts . . . a service the leaders of the Armada never dreamed of!

Your dealer will gladly demonstrate the 116X and tell you about the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

*IMPORTANT! To span oceans you need a scientifically designed aerial. Install a Philco All-wave Aerial to get everything this powerful 116X is capable of giving.



NEW PHILCO 116X . . $175
WITH PHILCO ALL-WAVE AERIAL . $180

THIS new Philco is a true High-Fidelity instrument with vastly extended musical range bringing you the overtones which identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. . . NEW and exclusive Acoustic Clarifiers automatically prevent unpleasant barrel-like boom. . . ALL the clarity of tone produced by the Acoustic Clarifiers and all the extended musical range of Philco High-Fidelity are preserved and projected up to ear level by the large area and slope of the famous Philco Inclined Sounding Board. . . IN addition, every other advance of radio science and invention . . . Shadow Tuning . . . Two-speed Station Selector . . . Program Control . . . Automatic Volume Control. Receives every broadcast service on the air . . . American Stations . . . both daytime and nighttime Foreign Stations . . . all Police Calls . . . all Amateur, Ship and Aircraft Stations . . . even the new U. S. Government Weather Forecasts. And its built-in Aerial Selector, used with the Philco All-wave Aerial, automatically *maintains maximum power on each wave band. . . In effect,* five aerials in one.

PHILCO

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

Forty-three Models $20 *to* $600

LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

SPECIFY A PHILCO FOR YOUR CAR . . . PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

Collier's The National Weekly for August 10, 1935

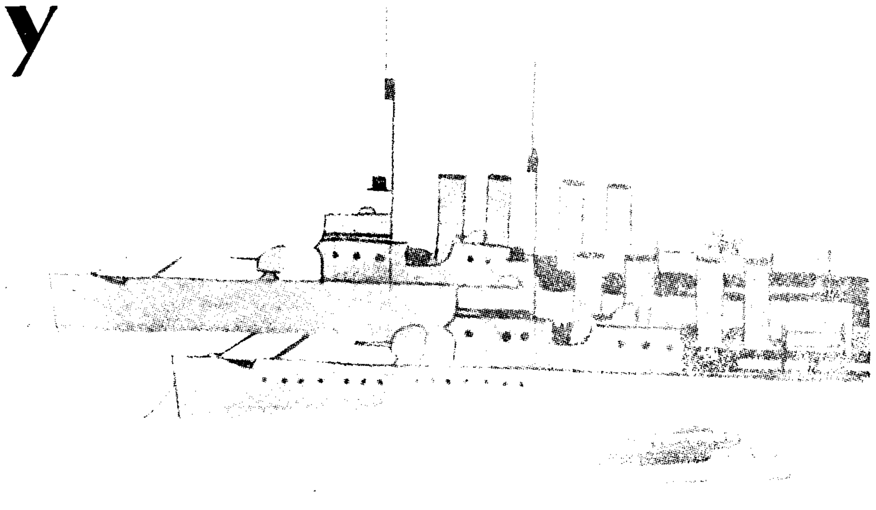
IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY IOLA, KANSAS

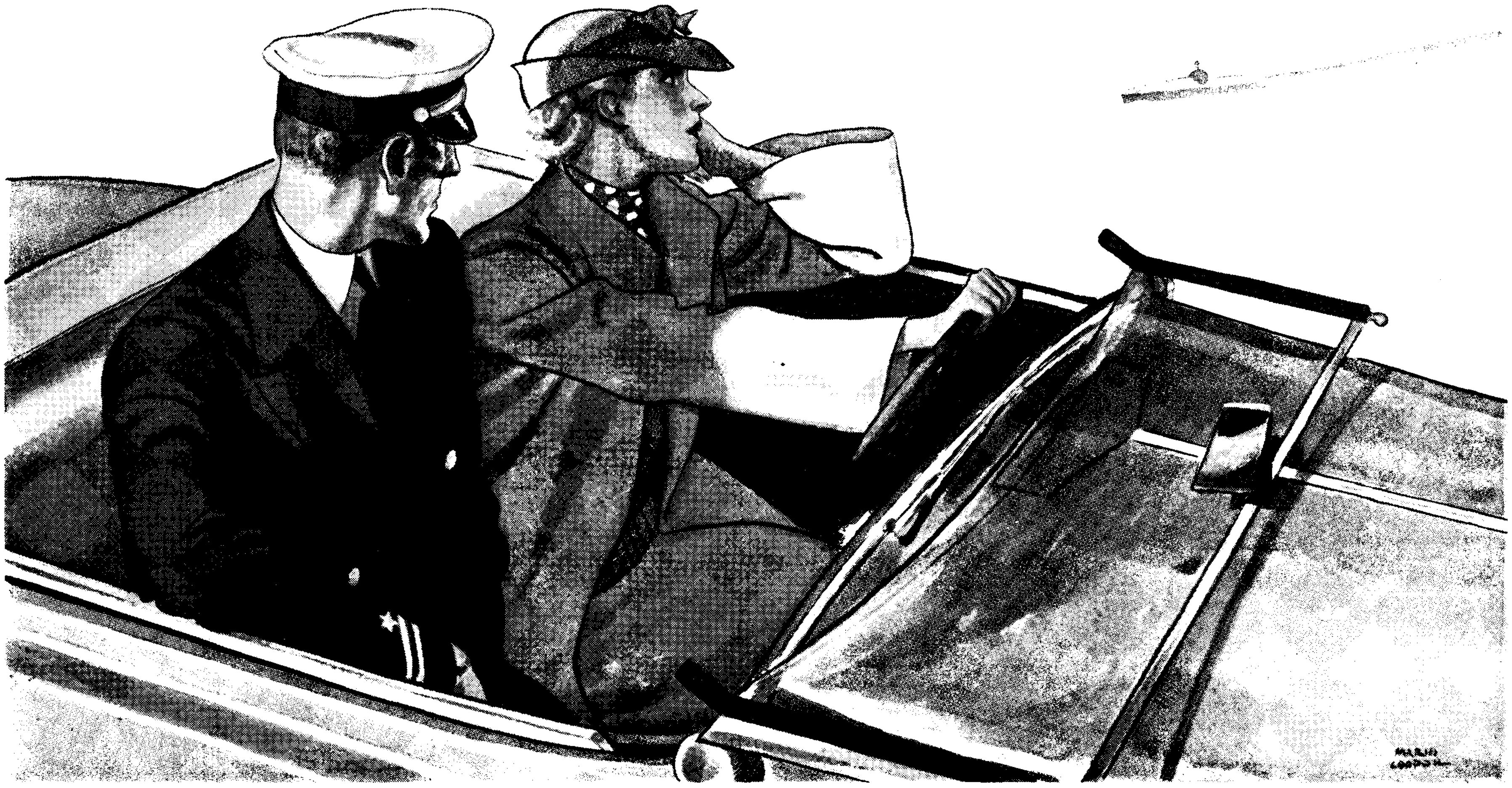
She Married the Navy

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A girl marries a naval officer—and then what? Well, it all depends upon this and that. For instance, there was Kelvin's young wife

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER





She sat there staring toward the harbor. Finally, "I'm going to leave Neale," she said

Oh, the women who marry sailors
Had ought to of married tailors;
Or quitted this life,
With a big butcher knife:
The neat little women,
The sweet little women,
Oh, the women who marry sailors!

WE WERE steaming back from long-range battle practice, and we were a happy ship. We had put on a swell firing. Nothing had gone wrong. It looked as if Lieut. Commander Neale Kelvin, our skipper, had broken his jinx at last.

I remember how four of us loitered around the wardroom table after luncheon. We were gunnery-goofy and very tired; we had paper work to do or clean-up jobs to inspect; but we were so jubilant that Milt Gibbons proposed a game of "hearts." We grinned at each other and said: "Sure. Count me in." We knew darn' well we had no time for it—no eyes or no nerves for cards either. We just wanted to celebrate.

"Where's the cap'n, sir?" young Ensign Stokes inquired. "Shouldn't we invite him to play?"

Pat Slavens, our gunnery officer, chuckled.

"Cap'n's on the bridge, kid," he said.

"Taking no chances," Milt said.

The old can was kicking a sweet twenty-five knots through a sea that had lain down and died. We could smell fair weather through the ports; a good, clean wind was riffling the doggy linen port hangings our skipper's wife had given us.

"Cards, boy!" I said. "Who deals?" As I recall, Ignacio couldn't find the cards. It didn't matter.

Our thoughts were with Kelvin, up there on the bridge. We knew he'd be standing, stocky legs spread wide apart, behind the helmsman's right shoulder. His gray eyes would be burning bright from lack of sleep; his uniform a wrinkled mess; and his cap, with its bent and twisted grommet, would be tilted defiantly on the back of his big head. "Steer your course. . . . Steer your course, sir!" . . . Perhaps a small, grim smile would pull down a corner of his mouth, and that corner would leak tobacco juice. . . .

"Even Mabel behaved herself," Milt said.

"And scored a hit, too!" said Tommy Stokes.

MABEL was our trickiest torpedo. Usually, Mabel breached like a porpoise and ran all over God's fair ocean.

We remembered other things that could have happened and hadn't. "My No. 2 condenser wanted to blow on the first run, but she rattled through it." . . . "I was scared of that buzzer." . . . "Part of the circuit was just a prayer during director fire."

Gunnery Officer Pat got to his feet and stretched, trying to conceal twitching neck muscles.

"The old man's luck has changed," he announced, reaching over and touching a wooden picture frame on the bulkhead, "and he deserves *good* breaks from now on, God knows!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Engineer Milt, piously.

I watched the faces of Pat and Milt and Tommy as they reminded each other of Hard Luck Kelvin's tough breaks—incidents that had become legend in the destroyer force. They showed a strain not entirely due to firing jitters. I knew that I had not escaped the marks. We had served under Kelvin less than two years, but his curse had changed us. Even young Stokes had become infected with our dogged wariness; our habit of watching for things to go wrong; our anxious, driven pace. I remembered the short-range firing when No. 3 gun caught poor Hannegan in its recoil circle, a lurch of the ship having tumbled him into danger—and that collision during night maneuvers; our rudder had never jammed before.

"We're not anchored yet," I said involuntarily.

Milt and Pat grinned understandingly. "You sound like Hildreth Kelvin," Pat said.

We all laughed, but we felt a little ashamed of ourselves. We liked Kelvin's wife and we pitied her. The memory of her sad eyes, her bitter smile, her caustic mots always troubled me. I was executive officer and closer to Kelvin and his wife than the others.

"She'll be very happy over our turn of luck," I said.

"I'm gladder for her sake than his," Milt said, soberly.

"One in a million—that gal," Pat said.

"Wish I could find one like her!" said Tommy Stokes. "They quit making her kind since the war."

The thought of Kelvin's wife silenced us. We were going back to San Diego . . . and she would be there . . . at the landing . . . sitting behind the wheel of Kelvin's too-expensive roadster . . . waiting to drive him home . . . to their extravagant apartment—

"Lieutenant Gibbons, sir! Chief Murtha would like to see you in your office—"

Our session was at an end.

Still thinking of Hildreth Kelvin, I climbed the ladder leading topside. They were shifting ammunition forward, and I had promised to check with Chief McIlroy.

"Oh . . . Jack!"

I paused on the well deck. Kelvin was descending the ladder from the bridge. I watched his square, heavy figure on the short way down. The white streak in his black hair, showing beneath the band of his cap behind, caught my gaze. . . .

IN 1917, two days before his destroyer was to sail for the war zone, Kelvin was stricken with flu and pneumonia. He served out the war in a sub-chaser off Hoboken, N. J. On Armistice Day, while Kelvin was officer of the deck, the sub-chaser rammed a celebrating pleasure yacht. A court absolved him, but made no mention of Kelvin's heroic work after the collision. He was transferred to a cruiser and in his first battle practice off Guantánamo, Kelvin's turret had a bad fire. He rated a cross for gallantry, but the admirals weren't passing out medals; in fact, they sent him to shore duty with a reprimand.

Kelvin's skipper, a white man who realized the injustice done him, wangled a destroyer assignment. Kelvin reported just in time to set course for the Honda disaster. The old Navy bucket tipped in earnest after the Great Inquisition and Kelvin found himself in China as second in command of a Yangtze River gunboat. In the summer of '32, while acting captain, Kelvin ran afoul of some missionaries who wanted to die like martyrs in a town called Chao-Liang. Kelvin yanked them onto the gunboat by the scruffs of their necks and got a court in Shanghai for saving nine lives. . . .

"Say, Jack . . . do a man a favor, will you?"

I started, gulped. Kelvin nodded understandingly. "Feel that way myself," he said. He reached for a message at the radio shack door and read it. As he turned back to me, his wary eye caught a movement in the signal station overhead. He watched a signalman acknowledge some routine message from the flagship, which was leading our division back to port.

"Hildreth's gone and arranged a shindig for this evening," he said, a plaintive, bewildered note in his tired voice, "And I can't go. I've got half a night's work ahead of me."

"It'll keep, sir. You need sleep."

"At one of Hildreth's parties? She'd spill a cup of boiling coffee down my neck. She's done it before." He grunted amiably at the recollection. "You got anything on, Jack?"

He stood solidly on the deck; his body scorning to shift for the slight motion of the ship. Behind him the Pacific lay like a pane of dirty green glass, badly poured and now being scratched by our four ships. A bright sun polished our wake. Sailors were hopping to their tidying chores with a will. It was a cheerful scene and significant; men and officers felt as if a pall had lifted. But Kelvin, I saw, ignored it all.

"HOW about it, Jack? You take my place and try to square me with Hildreth—hunh?"

"Oh . . . why . . . yes, of course, sir. But she'll be awfully disappointed."

He nodded.

"Yep. I'll be in bad again. But it can't be helped. Hell, I'm going on the carpet in less than a month. And what that board will shoot at me—"

"You'll be in no shape to study tonight, sir."

"I'm *never* in any shape to study. But, hell—it's got to be done."

A work party in the deckhouse passageway drew his attention. He spoke an order to Price, the first lieutenant, and then muttered: "They got to quit lugging chains around. Someone'll pinch his fingers and die of tetanus before we get to Dago." He said it as if it were quite a probability.

"You won't be going ashore at all, sir?" I asked.

"Yep. Later. After the party. But you'll fill in for me, eh, Jack?"

"Glad to, sir."

He squinted at the three leading destroyers, as we changed course. His blocky face was inscrutable. I found myself suddenly seized with an irresistible curiosity. How did he feel about the successful firing? I realized that I had never heard him use the word "luck." I had never heard him complain of the strokes of ill fortune which had plagued his naval career.

"We're all very happy over the ship's showing in LRB, sir," I said.

"Too good. Can't last."

"Maybe it's the—the big break, sir."

Kelvin turned on his heel. His face was hard. His battered cap looked as if a rough hand had mauled it.

"Breaks don't mean a damn' thing, Jack," he said gruffly. "Some have it the hard way, and they're built to have it that way. That's all."

He walked aft abruptly.

I MET Mrs. Neale Kelvin on the ferry landing at Coronado. She was not waiting in the big blue roadster. She was pacing back and forth, hands thrust into the pockets of a white coat. When she saw me, she stopped with characteristic emphasis.

"All right, Jack. What's wrong?"

"Why, nothing! Neale asked me to—"

"Break the news, eh? Let's have it. The firing was a washout, a bust?"

"No—hold on—"

"Worse? An accident? Neale—hurt—"

"No, no. Everything's okay. We had a swell firing record. But Neale can't come ashore—"

She peered at me, her eyes sharp and almost black.

"Under arrest?"

I laughed.

"Really, Hildreth," I protested, "it never has been as bad as you make out!"

Hildreth gave a little sniff. Her lips were straight and thin. She must have been very pretty as a girl, but her beauty had turned to handsomeness. Nerves had put a pucker between her brows; she had lost flesh and bloom and faith in the world.

"What did he send you ashore to tell me?"

"Merely that I am to take his place at the dinner party."

"Why?"

"He has to work."

"He's not coming home at all?"

"Oh, yes, he is. Later."

"Tonight?"

"Yes."

I realized suddenly that something was very wrong. Unknown to us on the ship, a crisis had been developing between the skipper and his wife. Her intensity, her refusal to soften, told me that. I had carried many a sadder story to Hildreth. This time it was different.

"Why does he have to work?"

"We-ell . . . reports, you know . . . and he expects to be up for promotion soon. . . ."

"They'll never promote Neale. Never."

Abashed and aware that we were being noticed, I gripped her arm and steered her toward the parking lot. "Neale's luck has changed," I said, my voice sounding dreadfully like a burble; "that jinx stuff is out from now on, Hildreth. Not a single thing went wrong. Great scores and Captain Billar's compliments! How's that?"

SHE didn't answer. I felt the muscles in her arm tense beneath my fingers. We walked in silence to the car. I offered to drive. She climbed into the driver's seat. She made no effort to start the car. She sat there staring toward the harbor. Finally:

"I'm going to leave Neale."

"You don't mean that," I said.

"You'll see."

"You just feel upset. Let's drive along the beach for a few minutes."

She looked at me, dangerously cool. "Did Neale tell you whom we are entertaining tonight?"

"No, I don't believe—"

"Admiral and Mrs. Brundidge, Congressman and Mrs. Gilray, Captain and Mrs. Ortheris, Jackson Burtnett and —oh, what's the use!"

"I'm sorry and so is Neale."

"Yes, extremely sorry. I worked for two months getting these people together. Would *you* know why?"

"You're a great little diplomat, Hildreth."

Her voice stopped my smile.

"Not important, eh? Never is important—until *he* gets a court and needs friends."

"Neale appreciates what you've done for him. We all do. Why, Milt and Tommy and Pat—"

"Glad they're grateful. The Kelvin 'hotel' is closing, however. A brilliant season enlivened by penniless navy officers and their clever young ladies—"

"I know. We've all imposed on you, but—"

"Did Neale ever serve with a Commander Rossiter? He's at the apartment now—in the best spare room—delightful chap, though. They all are."

"Tim Rossiter? Of the—"

"Of the world, my dear. I think he wants to borrow some money. One of our naval experts on silver mines, I believe."

I winced at her tone. Hildreth had never cut loose like this before. Always a bit on the acid side, but never—

"Have *you* any money, Jack? I shall have to buy ice cream and a couple of bottles of champagne."

I fumbled for my pocketbook. She placed a quick hand on my arm.

"No. I can charge it . . . once more. Navy credit. Good old Navy credit."

She started the car, racing its engine and going into low with a vicious clash of gears. I saw that she was on the verge of hysteria and I didn't relish the idea of arriving at the party with my hostess in such a depressed condition.

"Let's go some place for a cocktail," I suggested.

"Nope. I'm staying sober. And please don't make that speech beginning, 'We all must make sacrifices for the service—' I'm too sober."

"It's still true, Hildreth."

SHE yanked the car around a corner, narrowly missing a Jap gardener's flivver truck.

"Damn the service. It's damned me. And Neale."

"Oh, no—"

"Do you know where we spent our honeymoon? On the Henderson . . . inside room . . . mid-August . . . Panama. Waiting for a China draft. Do you know how we celebrated our first wedding anniversary? Going over Neale's testimony and waiting for the verdict of his first court. Thrilling, my dear, such suspense—"

"Neale loves you, Hildreth. You're the whole world to him."

"I used to think that. Where was he when I was having the baby? China station. He left me alone in Shanghai and went up the river. Duty, my dear. The service! It murdered our child."

I said nothing. We drove in silence several blocks. Suddenly she turned to me and her face was a polite mask.

"Sorry, Jack. When you're my partner tonight do bid carefully. I mustn't lose any money."

That evening was a bad dream. I watched Hildreth moving about her social duties, casually and with shrewdly calculated poise. She was entertaining influence and she did it well. Admiral Brundidge told his disarmament conference story; Congressman Gilray told his New Deal joke; their ladies were adroitly flattered by Hildreth. She flirted with His Moneybags, Hon. Burtnett. She played bridge like a professional gambler. . . .

MY THOUGHTS moved from Hildreth, this bitter, desperate woman making small talk in a three-hundred-dollar-a-month apartment, furnished with the rich loot of Shanghai and Manila, to Neale Kelvin, who was sweating in a two-by-four steel cabin. I doubted that he had even an inkling of her frame of mind. Hildreth knew how to conceal things too well. Kelvin had never entered her world ashore at all.

"That husband of yours—does he get paid for all this overtime?"

"Not in money, sir. But in the gratitude of Congress and the thanks of a great Republic."

"Hey, Congressman—"

I found myself raging at Kelvin. Misfortune still was plaguing him. Why didn't he acknowledge it? Why was he plodding on? Soon he would lose his wife. He had never got a decent break; and he never would. There are men like that. Kelvin was doomed. He should face it; he should be forced to see it. We in the ship were sick of him—we had carried his fated struggle with us too long. . . .

Hildreth broke in on my wretched brooding.

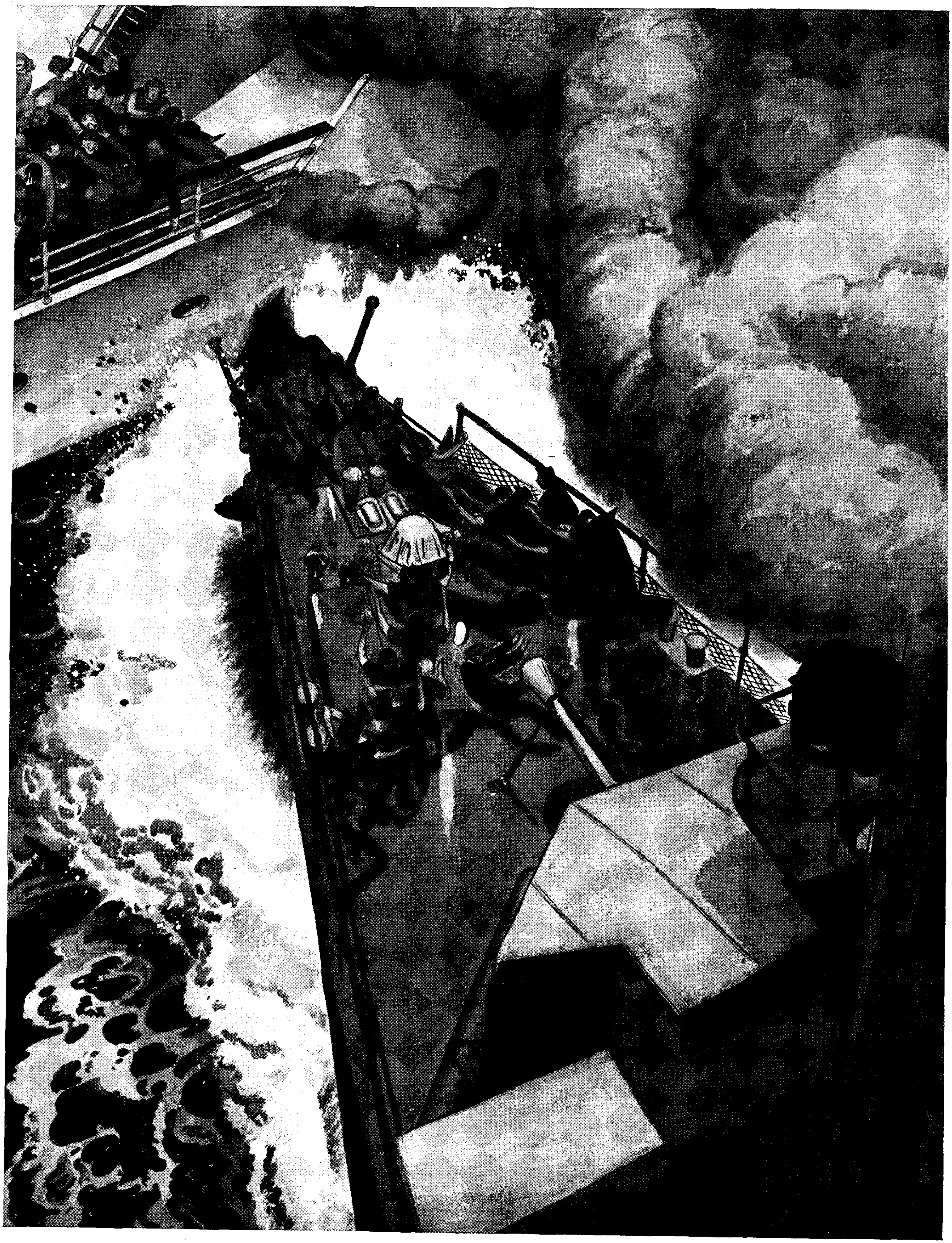
"You're feeling sorry for Neale," she whispered, under cover of a new round of drinks. "Don't. He won't mind. He has the service."

"You wait. I'm going to talk to him," I said.

Burtnett claimed her attention. Her mirthless laughter hurt. I was in a quiet frenzy to escape. Finally, I did. . . .

The sea, the good salt spittle in my face. I urged our motor sailer on with my knees. We wheeled around a cruiser and I saw our ship in the night. Her four stacks and rakish bow were gallant under the stars. Lights showed

(*Continued on page 42*)



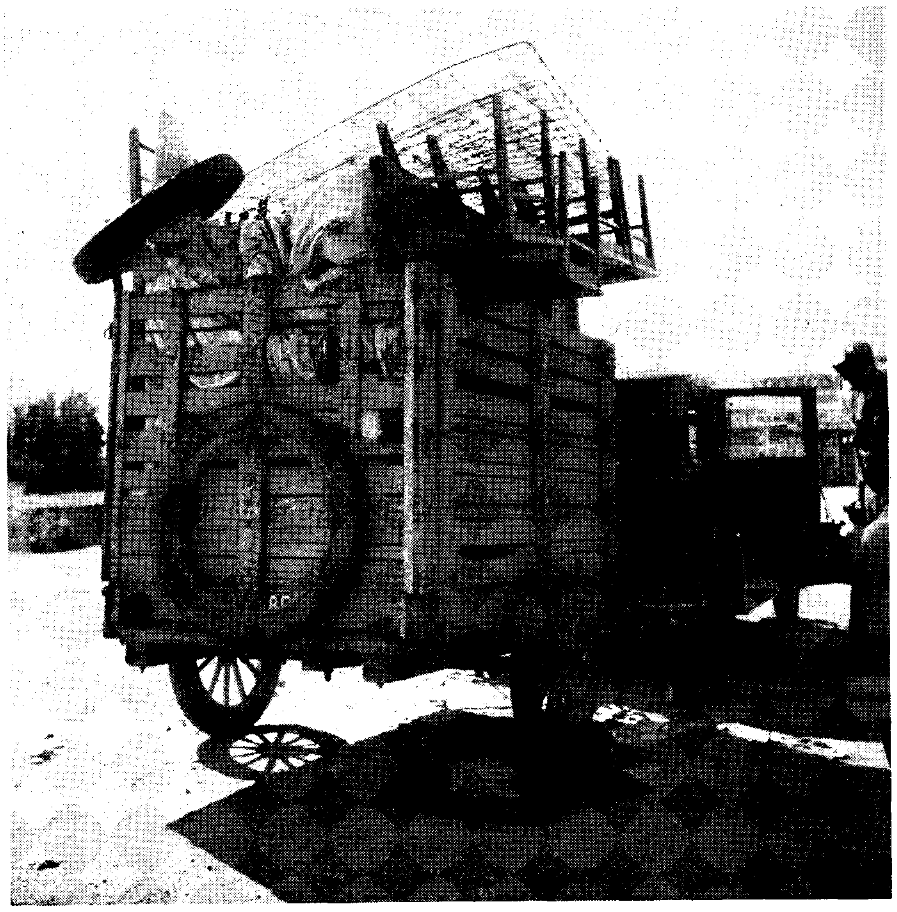
Crash! Our sharp bow drove solidly into the Western Star's plates. I was with the party on the fo'c's'le. We went down in a floundering melee

California, Here We Come

By Walter Davenport

Perhaps the native and adopted sons of California pitched their voices a note or two too high when they warbled praises of the Golden State. Anyway they got the idea across and now they're sorry. An army is marching into California—an army made up of penniless unemployed, desperately seeking Utopia. "Here we are," say the invaders, "what're you going to do about us?" And nobody knows the answer

An Arkansas squatter's home in the shanty-town at Bakersfield



PHOTOS BY CALIFORNIA E. R. A., DIVISION OF RURAL REHABILITATION

Oklahoma drought refugees arrive at the state border at Yuma

WE WERE still arguing about that freight train when we got to the bridge to Yuma. Particularly about that gondola car. Martin, who was driving, said there were seventy-five men and a couple of women in it. And maybe there were. About the women, Martin, who had braked freight in his time and knew all about such things, said it wasn't everybody who could pick them out because "after they come as far as most of those dames, they don't look any different from men."

The exact number in that gondola didn't matter anyway—merely a sample of what was going on. Nor was it an uncommon sight, Martin said. After all, we were seeing what we'd come out to see—and were going to see more. In brooding San Francisco and her big blond sister, Los Angeles, the authorities were fretting themselves sick about all this migration of the unemployed into California's wand-waving valleys. And they grew no calmer when you suggested that perhaps it was a part of their reward for all the milk-and-honey ballyhoo they had been broadcasting for years. Come live in Southern California for the good of your soul, they used to sing. In California, they once told us, you live life; elsewhere you merely spend it. And we remembered what that booklet said—that booklet a lyrical Mr. McWhinney sent us a few years ago inviting us to purchase a few of his well-nigh unbelievable lots in San Diego County: "Even the tears one sheds in California are tears of gladness," wrote Mr. McWhinney.

But now it was different. California was like Mr. Charlie Evans, whom we had visited at his cabin on a cloud-brushed bench of the Sawtooth range in Idaho. We asked Mr. Evans whether he didn't occasionally get lonely in all that vast solitude; whether he wouldn't like a few drop-in callers now and then. And Mr. Evans said he wouldn't mind provided they'd let him decide when and brought their own vittles. Under such rules of social exchange, neither would California be minding.

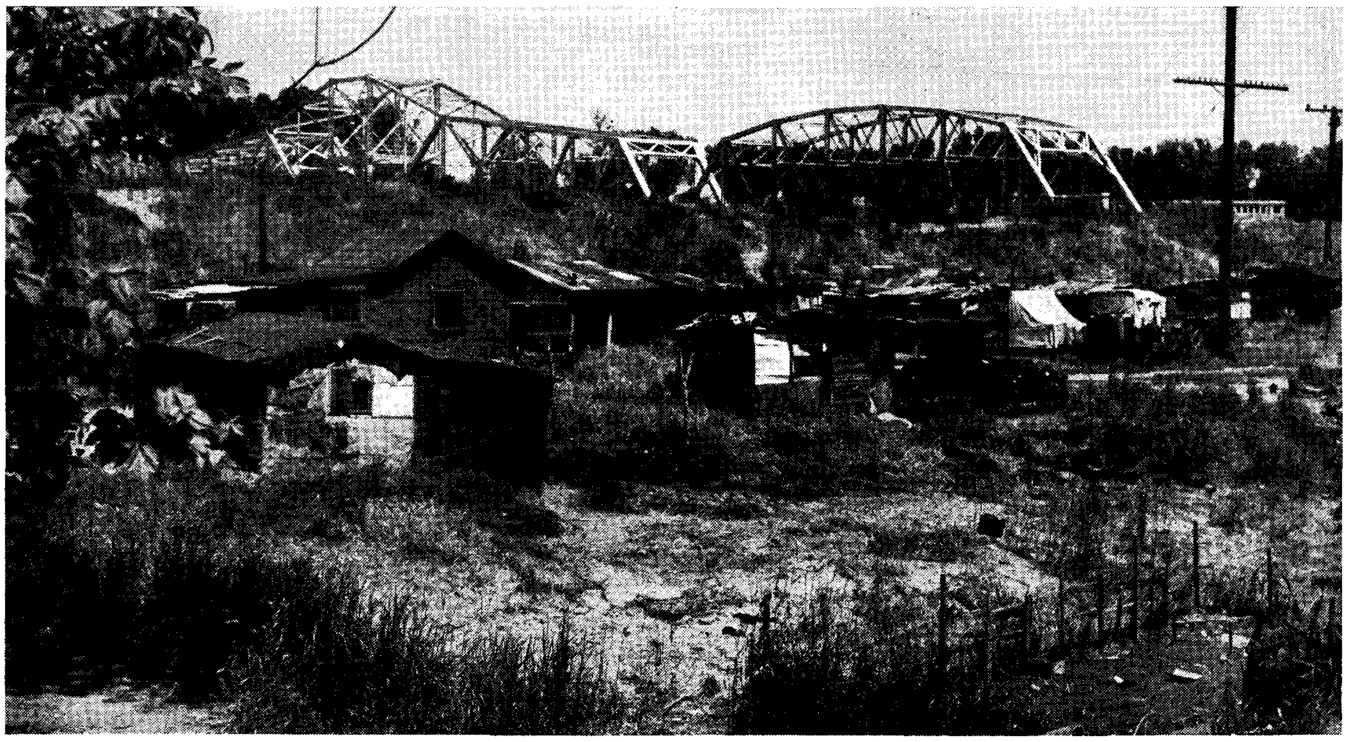
Unbidden Guests

As it is, and in addition to the 797,000 penniless children of her own she was supporting at a cost of twelve million dollars a month (most of which came from Washington), three or four thousand unbidden guests are arriving monthly fetching with them nothing but the alkali the desert covered them with, the rampageous appetites they couldn't satisfy at home, the remnants of the hope that died of the drought and a belief that in California miracles grew.

Our figures—these three or four thousand—are unsubstantial. A rueful guess. The State Emergency Relief Administration bases its calculations on applications for food and clothing. The state's agricultural sentries, stationed at her many gates to repel the Japanese beetle, the Mexican bean bug, the boll weevil, the gypsy moth, the European peach pest and kindred perils, contribute fumbling estimates of the number of out-state motorcars, trucks, trailers and hybrid contraptions that stagger daily across the state line. Their reports list cars from every state but Delaware, this doubtless due to a refusal of the Du Ponts to grant leaves of absence. But hungry pilgrims from every other state straggle in, including Floridians, these last giving Southern California the only hint of satisfaction it has been able to glean from the invasion.

They come singly, in family lots and what look like marching club and lodge formations. Twenty-two young fellows from the same hamlet in Arkansas arrived in a body feeling pretty sure that all California would be very glad to know that although they had changed freights four times and motor trucks six, they had never separated nor lost a member. Near Thermal, southeast of Los Angeles, we saw what looked like the advance guard of a Kansas Society picnic—a family of seventeen, thirteen children, parents and grandparents. They had arrived in what might once have been a taxicab and a trailer. The trailer, shy two springs and both doors, might, by crowding, have accommodated five smallish persons. The ex-taxicab could have carried four more if they were tough. The family explained that they had taken turns walking. They had been on the road twenty-seven days. While resting, the adults were reading the literature of a vegetarian cult flung to them by a lady in white who, as her car sped past, had shouted: "Peace be with you." But they weren't offended. It all helped absorb the time it would take for the rest of the family to catch up. Ma's brother and his wife and six children had shed a wheel twenty miles west of Phoenix. They were the kind of people who didn't mind relations.

From Yreka in the wooded north to El Centro, a brisk dash from Mexico, California's magnificent roads were a-crawl with them. The roadsides had a look of refugee camps. You saw groups of girls, quite young most of them, banded together for mutual comfort, safety and community giggling. They had picked each other up along the way from Heaven knows where. You couldn't find out where they were going or what they hoped for because they didn't know. You met elderly



A shanty-town on the outskirts of Sacramento, the refuge of out-of-state unemployed

couples trudging down the roads wondering whether California would be bounteous in the next town. And they were all bound for the southern counties. That's where we saw them. They had come from Minnesota, from Kansas, from Colorado. Their cars had expired in Nevada or somewhere along the Yellowstone Cutoff or somewhere east of Barstow. Or hunger had forced them to sell it to a Jap in Arizona and they had hitchhiked some and were walking the rest. Old people sat under the trees at the roadside making vague signs to you and we saw a gaffer who cradled in his arms a sleeping baby. They were quite alone. He said he was holding the baby "until the lady came along." What lady? Well, she hadn't said as to that. Who hadn't said as to that? Well, the lady who asked him to hold the baby until the lady came along. And we paused at a shanty colony because we heard screams and were told by a cursing giant with a bull-whip in his hand and wearing only a pair of dungarees to get along about our business. Another baby for somebody to hold was being born.

We saw a strip of a black skirt hanging down a tent flap. Somebody had died. And we pulled almost into the ditch to let a clanging ambulance from San Bernardino salvage a weary woman who had fallen from the seat of a consumptive truck that had fetched her from Indiana. And there was a man with long brown hair that fell to the shoulders of his frock coat that once was black. He was preaching and praying and didn't seem to care that no one was paying much attention. We saw groups of very young boys eating raw carrots and there was a toothy, sunburned young woman drawing pictures of them. There was some weeping and some laughing but for the most part a heavy apathy, a sullen resignation to stupefying weariness.

Ready for a Miracle

They straggled in across the Yuma bridge down in the southeast corner of the state looking much like war-zone refugees. There were a number of disconcerted Californians there, official and otherwise, engaged in the wholly futile business of shooing them off. There was a large, pink, breast-beating lady who, we guessed, was one of those active souls who dedicate their lives to being conspicuously present at all civic betterment demonstrations. She was standing in her motorcar, a handkerchief to her mouth and nose, removing it occasionally to give us the benefit of her mature opinions: "They probably haven't bathed in weeks. If they persist in coming and are glad to be here why don't they look more cheerful? How do we know what they're bringing in with them? At least the Japanese are clean." And so on. Martin, our driver and guide, said he sort of remembered hearing that lady sing The Star-Spangled Banner a couple of times somewhere. Seemed to him it was on the Public Library steps.

But far more active at deploring was the young man with the downy, blond mustache. We took turns guessing what he represented. He was dressed in nicely fitting khaki, long trousers, a stiff-brim campaign hat and a Sam Browne. Very erect and primly severe, he addressed the slumped driver of a rolling wreck that screamed from every hinge, bearing and coupling. "California's relief rolls are overcrowded now. No use to come farther," he cried.

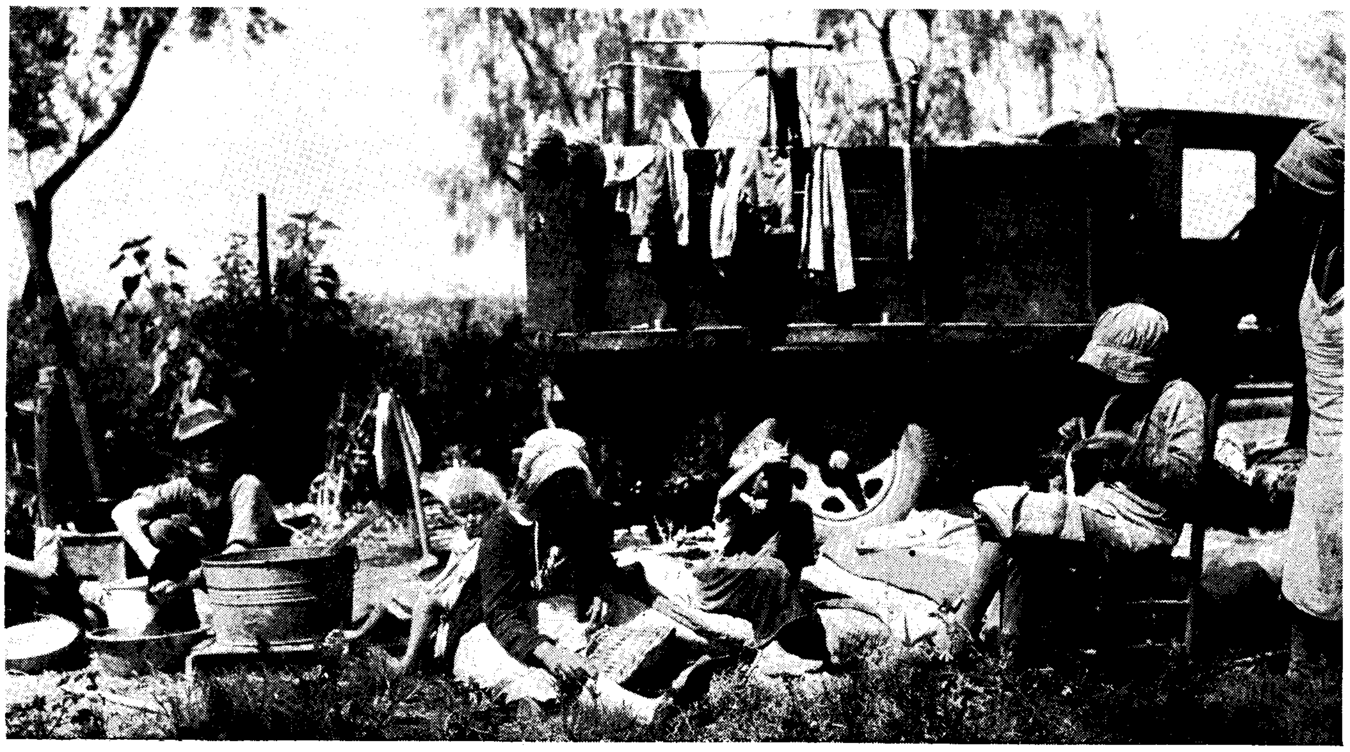
The half-collapsed wanderer ignored him—merely turned his head to be sure his numerous family was still with him. They were so tightly wedged in that escape was impossible. "There is really nothing for you here," the neat, trooperish young man went on. "Nothing really, nothing."

And the forlorn man on the moaning car looked at him, dull, emotionless, incredibly weary, and said: "So? Well, you oughta see what they got where I come from." And he drove right on, fearful, perhaps, that once stopped his car would never start again.

Anyway, here they were—at the end of the trail. Yonder swelled the ocean and at their backs the mountains mocked them. The power of illusion that had supported them through dust and flood had spent itself. Now they were ready for a southern California miracle. Here was the land of daily millenniums, the tranquil home of the simple country doctor whose heart bleeds for the old and the weary, the pulpit of Sinclair, who still promises to scotch poverty, the Happy Valley of ten thousand patented gospels and incorporated whimwhams designed to warm you with telepathy and fatten you with mumbo-jumbo. And here we saw the straggled thousands awaiting in tents and tin-can hovels and even roofless beneath the patient heavens, for the touch of the magic hand.

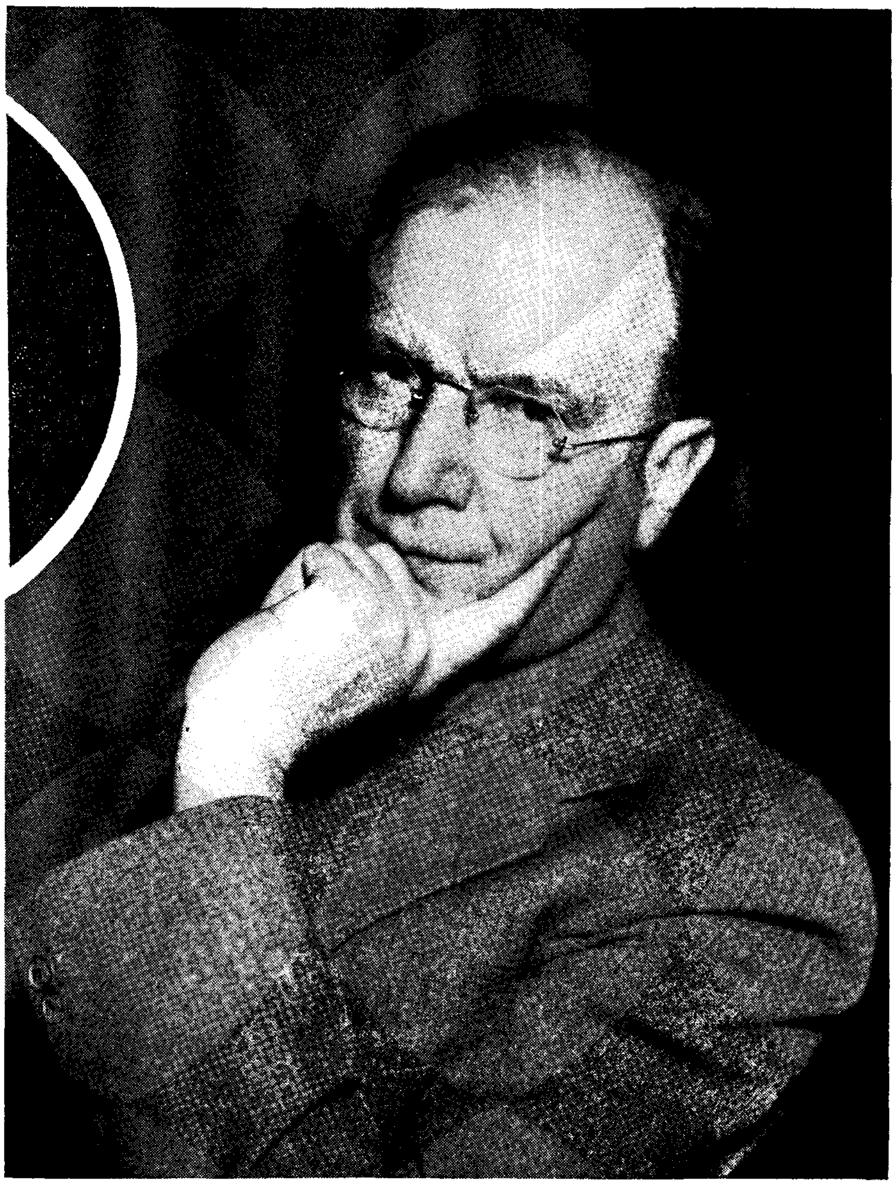
On the road, California the goal

Mother, grandmother and children, shelterless in a camp in Imperial Valley



But up north in Sacramento, where a bemused legislature was seeking like blind alchemists to transmute a bottomless deficit into gold, angry patriots were urging the adoption of an astonishing law—probably thoroughly unconstitutional—to exclude Americans as well as Japanese from California. Something had to be done, they cried, to stop this invasion of the unemployed of other states. Just how California was going to exclude its fellow citizens was not at all clear but the bill's proponents passed the ways and means

(Continued on page 47)



Burton K. Wheeler, Montana's senior senator, is respected alike by conservatives and progressives

PHOTOGRAPH BY
IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF
PHOTOGRAPHER

BURTON KENDALL WHEELER, senior senator from Montana, is a very independent man. Almost as independent, in fact, as William E. Borah. There is this difference, however. Senator Borah safeguards his independence by a policy of isolation. At the slightest sound of anything approaching agreement with any of his various positions, he uncoils a startled leap that carries him miles away from all possibility of coöperation. Many men, liking some attitude of the brooding Idahoan, have tried to take a stand with him, but as though he had been warned by a curious animal instinct, a chamois bound carries him to the inaccessible crags before the stalkers are even in sight of him.

Senator Wheeler, on the other hand, is essentially coöperative. A broad-shouldered, blue-eyed chap with a nice, friendly smile, he loves to feel other elbows touching his own. When he finds himself alone, it is usually the case that his brothers-in-arms have quit him instead of the other way around. The Man from Montana, it may be explained, is a progressive whose progressivism takes in a whole lot of territory, and anyone following his lead is quite likely to find himself far from friends and the old familiar faces.

For example, everything will be going along nice and peaceful, with all agreed on some safe party policy, when suddenly Senator Wheeler will be seen leaving his chair. "Excuse me, please," he'll murmur pleasantly. "I'm just going to introduce a bill for the government ownership and operation of railroads. Don't go. I'll be back in a jiffy." When he returns, of course, there is no one in the room except some poor wretch who has swallowed a cigar and has had to have medical attention.

This is mentioned merely as a sample of the senator's convictions. He holds firmly to the belief that the people ought to own all natural resources, and that every kind of public utility ought to be operated by the federal government, the states or the municipalities. Talk of regulation causes a perceptible foam to fleck his lips, for he looks on regulatory laws as a complete and abysmal failure. Another Wheeler idiosyncrasy that makes him know loneliness at times is his vigorous advocacy of a thing he calls Economic Democracy. It irks him no little that some two hundred great corporations, "controlled by a handful of men," should dominate the business of the United States. Taxation is his method of decentralization; taxes so heavy that only a corporation demonstrably efficient will be able to avoid breaking up into smaller units.

He hates war as much as he dislikes swollen fortunes; he believes with all his heart that it is an obligation of society to provide work for the strong and willing, and to guard old age against poverty and despair. Where he takes sharpest issue with Senator Borah, and with many of his fellow Democrats, for that matter, is with respect to the Constitution. He admires the document, even reveres it, but insists on pointing out that it was written in a day of stage coaches and tallow dips, and by men who did not dream of machines and an industrial civilization.

Strangely enough for a man whose whole adult life has been devoted to politics and the advocacy of radical ideas, "Burt" Wheeler started out both non-political and conservative. Although Massachusetts-born, he selected the University of Michigan for his law course, and on graduation picked out Butte, Montana, as a place to practice. That was back in 1905 and he was twenty-three at the time. With characteristic independence, he rented his own little office and swung out his own shingle, confident that any young man could succeed who stuck resolutely to his task.

He Wouldn't Take Orders

Butte did much to confirm his distaste for politics. What with the fierce fights waged for control by the great copper kings, both city and state had been tarred by every sort of ugly happening. For five years youthful Mr. Wheeler viewed politics as a "dirty game," and then, out of a clear sky, he suddenly found himself nominated for the legislature by a "reform wave." Even after his election he remained ignorant that this "wave" had been skillfully rolled up by large business interests, and his eyes were not opened until the legislators began to ballot on the choice of a United States senator.

"Say, you!" This was the way an authoritative, red-faced person accosted him one day. "Tom Carter's our man. Get to it."

"But," expostulated Mr. Wheeler, "I have decided to vote for Thomas F. Walsh. My inquiries convince me that he is distinctly to be preferred."

And vote for "Tom" Walsh he did, and that in the face of threats that he would be driven out of Butte and clear out of the state. Walsh was finally beaten, but in 1912, two years later, he swept things before him. Not so with young Mr. Wheeler. Now aggressively political, he had made the race for attorney-general, only to go down to a most humiliating defeat. Senator Walsh, however, liked the Wheeler style, and had him appointed United States District Attorney. Talk about a new broom! He swept Montana clean, showing no regard whatsoever for party, but prosecuting Democrats with just as much relish as he indicted Republicans.

In 1920 he ran for governor, and what the "machine" did to him comes under the head of cruel and unusual punishment. Out of his pacifism they manufactured the charge of pro-Germanism, and out of his progressivism they evolved accusations of socialism, I. W. W. sympathies and anarchism. Quite undaunted, Mr. Wheeler kept plugging away at the people of Montana, expounding his doctrines wherever he could find an unoccupied ear, and in 1922 he was sent to the Senate of the United States by an overwhelming majority.

A quiet, unobtrusive person, he went unnoticed until one bright morning when he confessed to his fellow senators that he had been nosing around, and felt that the Department of Justice needed fumigation. The announcement created no great enthusiasm, whereupon the Man from Montana took on the job himself, and never quit until Attorney-General Daugherty was out of office, and various high officials in jail. From that time on, Senator Wheeler has commanded full attention, although somewhat "jumpy" in its nature, for his colleagues never know just what dynamite he may be preparing to explode.

The conservatives in the Senate respect "Burt" Wheeler, the progressives hold him to their heart of hearts, and even the goggle eyes of Huey Long rest on him with fondness and admiration. As a matter of truth, if the celebrated Kingfish decides that there is no chance for him in 1936, it is a certainty that he would be only too happy to put himself and his Share-the-Wealthers behind the senior senator from Montana. Father Coughlin has also been heard to speak approvingly of Burton K., and Good Old Doctor Townsend esteems him highly.

As yet, at least, Senator Wheeler has done nothing that even borders on encouragement of any such idea. On the contrary, it was only recently that he gave Huey and the padre a roundhouse right that must have loosened their teeth, coming out with a vigorous attack on economic nationalism and the doctrine of an All-Sufficient America. There can be no real, permanent recovery, he declared, until we recapture our lost foreign trade, and the only possible way to sell our industrial and agricultural surpluses abroad is to permit other nations to sell to us.

A Puzzle for the Administration

An original Roosevelt man, Senator Wheeler is still a Roosevelt man, but just how strong is distinctly open to question. He affirms his Democracy, but it is not the Democracy of Pat Harrison or Joe Robinson, for instance, and he finds himself more at home with Norris and La Follette than he does with many members of his own party. Bronson Cutting was the friend of his bosom, and he deeply resented the Administration's failure to give him support in his senatorial race. Another thing that may have some bearing on the matter is the open gossip that the Democratic National Committee sent no money into Montana last year when Senator Wheeler was making the fight for his third term.

Burton K., however, is more than ordinarily close-mouthed. Few people, even his intimates, know what he is going to do until he does it. And he has a way of doing some very surprising things. All of which may explain why the White House is beginning to cock its ears at every mention of Senator Wheeler's name, betraying an almost feverish interest in his state of mind.

Berlin Billboard

By Quentin Reynolds

A memorable story of love and revenge. You won't forget it quickly

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

COMPANY after company of brown-clad storm troopers passed down Unter den Linden. Their swastikas flew boldly, triumphantly. Their bands blared forth the *Horst Wessel Lied* and occasionally a company took up the words. Crowds lined the lovely thoroughfare and the faces which watched the parade were alight with joy and hope and with something else—something which was grim and a little frightening. Germany had torn the Treaty of Versailles to bits. Germany was rearming. The world frowned but Germany said: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

This state of mind was reflected on the faces of those who watched the parade. It was, as I have said, a bit frightening—frightening if you thought that peace was something that was very important.

I stood a block from the Brandenburg Arc watching. I stood with the Baron von Genthner. He was smiling gently in a rather patronizing manner as though he were watching a carnival, a carnival that he had seen before.

"So now they are happy," he murmured. "After all these years they have finally won the war. Now they are getting ready for their revenge. They have been humiliated and they want to get back their self-respect."

"Few of them look old enough to have served in the war," I suggested.

"If they had served," the baron said simply, "you wouldn't see that exalted look on their faces. We who served have sung our song. Now we are only spectators watching a new Germany emerge for good or ill. The new Germany is the offspring of a strange union. The greed of other nations has sired it and Germany's own humiliation has mothered it. I think the first thing this lusty youngster is crying for is revenge."

"Against whom?" I asked. After all, my business is that of a foreign correspondent. The baron was not of the new government but he was powerful in that he was respected by its leaders. A few words from him might be the basis for a fine story.

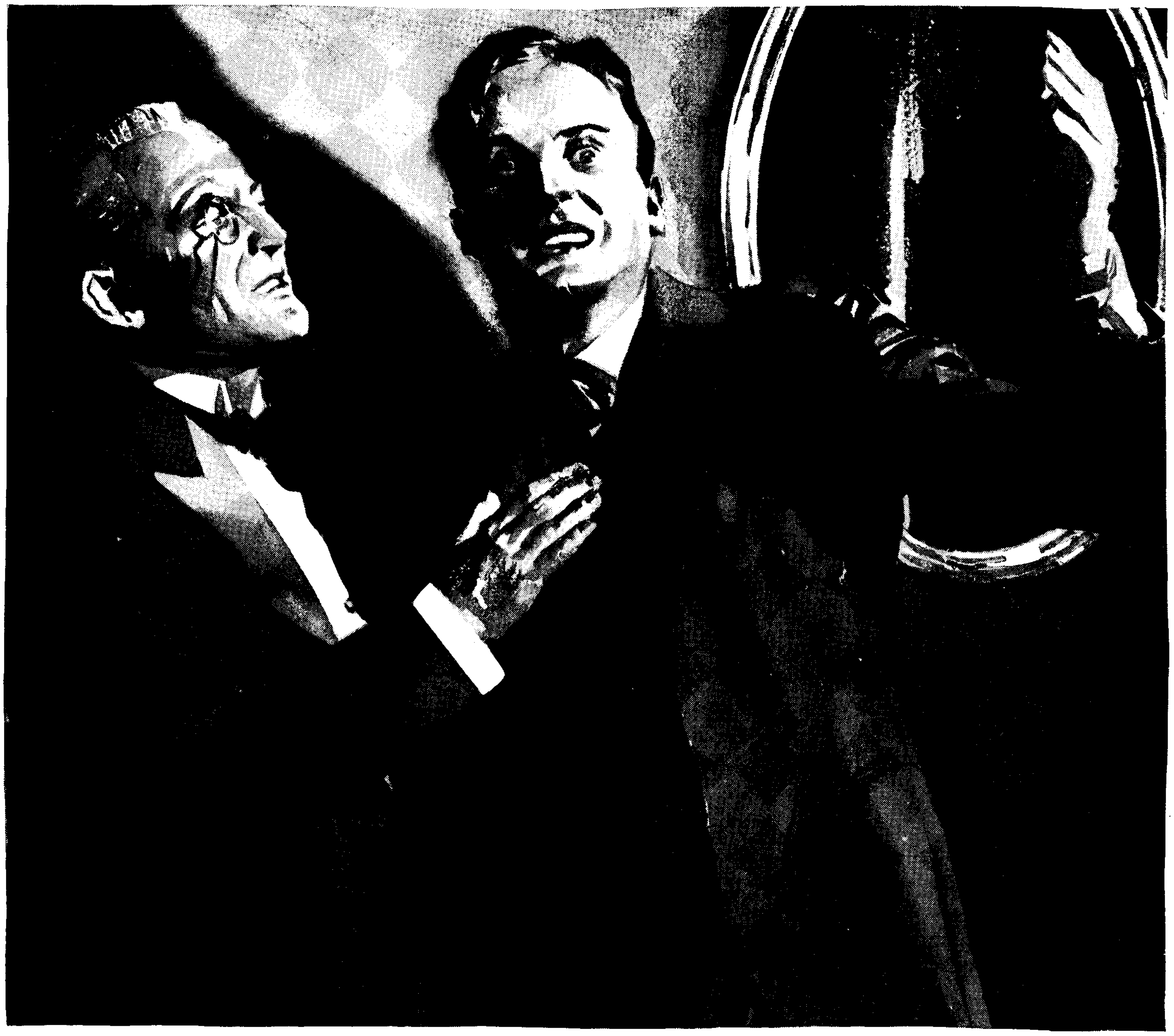
"AGAINST fate, my friend," the baron smiled. "Against a fate which brought a proud nation to its knees. The spokesmen of the government vision a bright future for my country. I hope they are right. But in all of their speeches I note a very aggressive note and I note the suggestion that old scores must be paid off before Germany can raise its head again."

"The only way for a German to die is to die on the battlefield," I said, quoting Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels, one of the three leaders in the Nazi government.

"Minister Goebbels," von Genthner said dryly, "was never on a battlefield—during the war. Yes, Goebbels is a fire-eater. He, more than any member of the government—certainly he more than Hitler—keeps preaching this doctrine which amounts to a doctrine of revenge. He should know better. Goebbels was once a scholar. He should know that no civilization ever endured which was founded upon such a doctrine. You know, what is true of individuals is true of nations. Tell a story of a boy and a girl and of their triumphs and their disasters—and you are telling the story of a nation. No man ever lived happily whose mind was distorted by convictions that he should right the wrongs which fellow men had done him. No nation ever prospered which lived only to avenge itself on those nations which had slighted it. Where, my friend, would your country be today had your Abraham Lincoln insisted that the South make retribution for its withdrawal from the Union?

"Oh," the baron made a gesture of

(Continued on page 34)



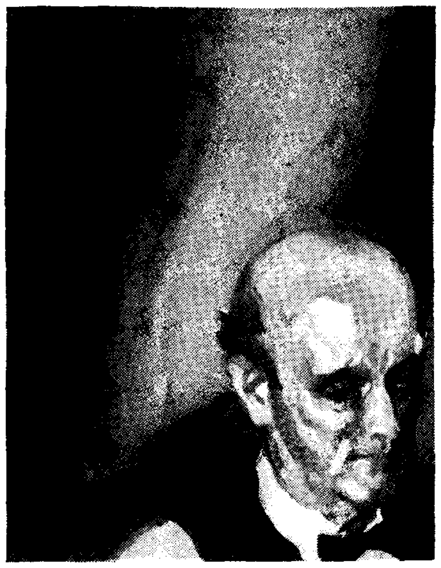
"It was Anna," he cried. "She wants me back. She cannot live without me. Everything was a mistake"

South of Heaven

By Josephine Bentham

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Now and then a girl like the heroine of this story meets her "ideal man." And then what? Inform yourself



JANET CAMERON had been known to say that she envied her daughter: if you looked at the world through Amy's eyes, you beheld such a tidy and comprehensible scheme of things. It was all very easy for Amy. The weather itself could be dismissed in a moment: either it was good flying weather or it was not good flying weather. And people were even simpler: there were the people interested in aviation and there were the people not interested in aviation. Amy Cameron, at eighteen, had broken an altitude record. She belittled this feat—as a pilot should. But her mother still thought about it with amusement—her daughter way up in the air, solemnly breaking a record.

Amy had never had any interest in anything less romantic than wheels and wings. Janet Cameron had always known that this was one record that Amy wouldn't hold: yet she was unprepared for the confession that had just been hurled at her well-coiffured head.

"I met this man, this Michael—his name's Michael Kane—at Marcia Littlefield's cocktail party," said Amy. "And the funny part of it is that I darned near didn't go to the thing. Marcia knows I don't drink. But she made a point of it and I didn't want to hurt her fool feelings. So I went there and got pretty bored listening to a lot of prattle about books and plays and all that rot, when suddenly Marcia brought over this man—his name's Michael Kane."

Amy stopped short. She had brought herself up against the man's name with a sort of thud. But there must be more to this narrative, thought her mother.

"Well—did you talk?" she demanded, practically.

"I guess I was pretty dumb, Mother. You know I can talk all right about aviation but—well, he's really in the book business. His father's a publisher and Michael's learning the business from the ground up. He—you'll be mad about him, Mother!"

"Yes," said Janet, smiling. "Have you—er—is he calling on us?"

"No," said Amy, turning very red. "He didn't ask—he isn't the least bit interested in me!"

JANET lit a cigarette, and watched a small flame streak along the match. She didn't want Amy to be hurt—that fact loomed before her quite suddenly. But she'd had a brief and rather alarming picture of her poor Amy, trying to talk about books to this wretch. Janet considered her daughter thoughtfully. The main trouble with Amy was that she had no guile. She was a good-looking youngster with tousled, copper-colored curls, direct brown eyes, and the quick, cordial smile of a good-natured little boy. The lads she knew borrowed quarters from her and argued with her by the hour, about aerodynamics. Janet drew a deep breath. Aerodynamics!

"Mother," demanded Amy, suddenly, "what would you do in a case like this?"

"Do?"

Amy made a swift, impatient gesture. "Well, I mean—what I mean is, if it were the other way around Michael could telephone me or something. If he liked me and I hadn't paid much attention to *him*—he could go on chasing me, couldn't he?"

Janet nodded, gravely.

"The rules of the game," she said. "You can't ignore them, my dear."

"I know," said Amy, briskly. "It's a funny thing, but I've never really thought about this racket. I've always been with men who—well, if you were a good pilot, that was that. You know what I mean. But a thing like this—what's a girl supposed to do?"

"The approved method," said Janet, promptly, "is to put oneself where one may be noticed by the man. Like a billboard. It's very simple—really."

"Well," said Amy, scowling a little, "I'd plaster myself anywhere Michael was looking—but the trouble is he's going out of town. Marcia told me that. He's going to cover territory for his father's firm. Little towns upstate. One-night stands, she said."

"Then you'll just have to wait until he comes back to New York," said her mother, placidly.

Amy considered this dictum in silence for several minutes. Gently she dug her heel into the ribs of the Irish terrier at her feet.

"And me with a plane—!" she muttered.

Her mother looked up in some alarm. "What's that got to do with it?"

Amy got up and strode around the room—with her fists thrust into the pockets of her old suède windbreaker.

"Well," she said, over her shoulder, "can't I get there ahead of him?"

THE town of Lowell—it being rank flattery to call it a town—was in no wise prepared for the arrival of Miss Amy Cameron. She had landed in open country and lashed down the plane—but before she was out of the cockpit a whole army of small boys was ready to escort her to the town proper.

There was only one possible hotel in Lowell—a small, ramshackle structure whose shirt-sleeved proprietor didn't quite know what to make of Amy. He swung a wad of gum to his other jowl and surveyed Amy from helmet to boots. Then he cackled respectfully and hastened to bring forth a fly-speckled register.

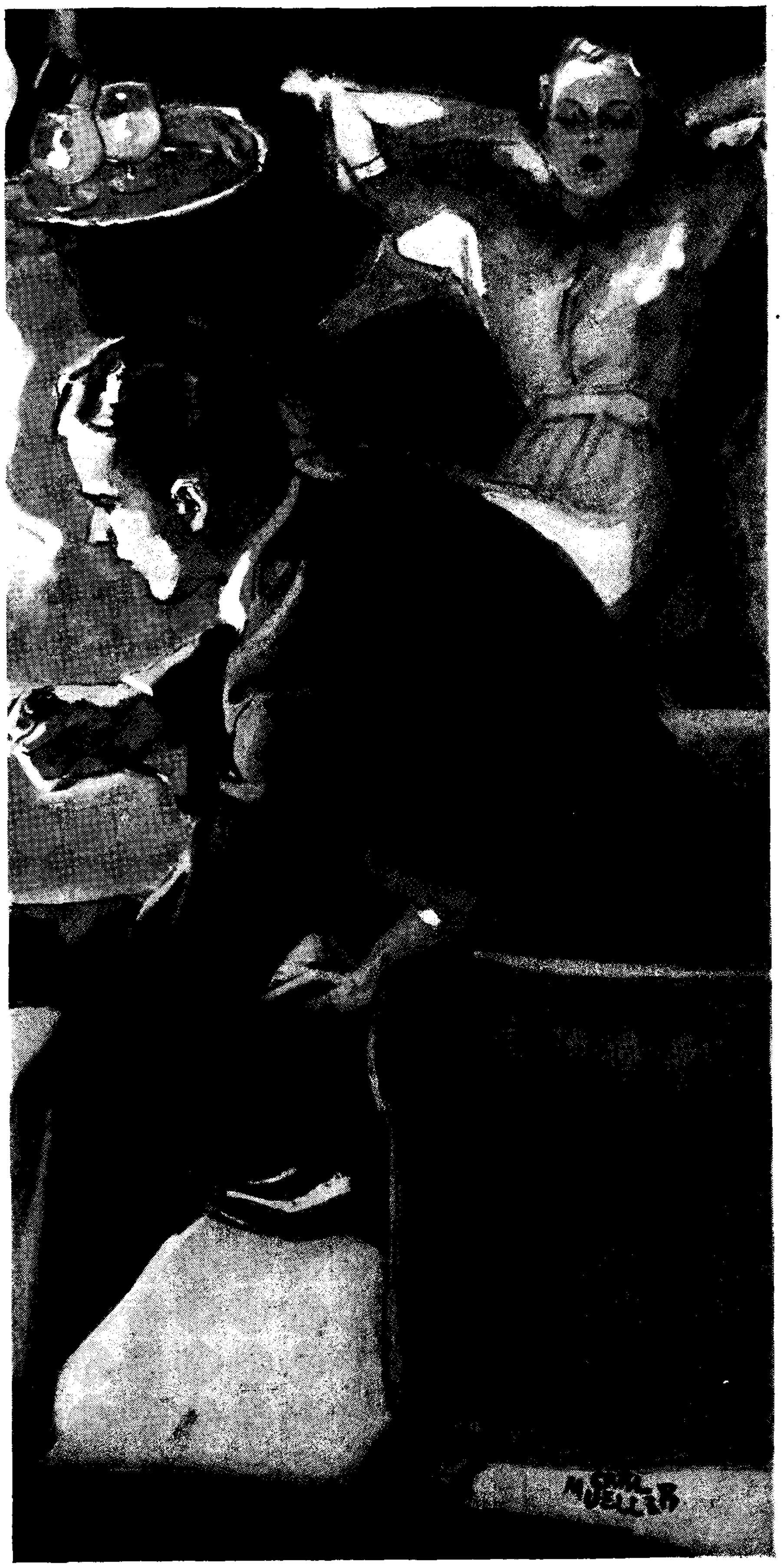
Amy picked up a pen—and one hour later Michael Kane was inscribing his name, neatly, under Amy's dashing signature. It had not been difficult for Amy to discover his itinerary. She had called on Marcia Littlefield to help her—and Marcia, being a normal woman with a penchant for intrigue, had coaxed the information, rather skillfully, from the files of Kane, Haskell and Kane.

Amy bathed herself in an old tin tub, whistling happily between her teeth: afterwards she ran a comb through her hair, banged a powder puff against her nose, and slipped into the simple blue silk dress that Janet had advised. Then she went downstairs.

By the time Michael Kane sauntered into the dining-room Amy had been served her ice cream. The ice cream looked exactly like a golf ball, nesting in a thick white china dish. Amy smiled at him, a spoon in her hand—and he crossed the room to greet her.

"What a coincidence!" he said.

"Isn't it?" said Amy.



"Oh, she'd be a little thing and blond," he said

"May I sit at your table?"

"Of course!"

So he sat down, and gave his order to the waitress, and turned to Amy with a lingering amazement.

"This is the last place on earth," he said, "that I'd expect to find anyone I knew!"

Amy thought of saying it was a small world. Then she remembered that was not a clever thing to say. So instead of that she told him the story she'd made up about the landing field. There was not one vestige of truth in this story. It had to do with a non-existent air line which had commissioned Amy Cameron to scout for a tract of land which might be purchased and converted into a landing field. Michael knew nothing about these matters: he would not press her for any embarrassing details. Yet she breathed more freely when the story had been told and he had accepted it—courteously enough, but with no vast interest.

HE WAS considering the soup that had called itself *bouillon*.

"I'm glad I'm leaving tomorrow," he said, fervently. "If the soup's like this, there's no hope for the roast. If I were a regular traveling man and had very much of these small-town hotels—"

"Here—you, take another roll," said Amy, soothingly. "They're really very nice—these rolls."

The waitress brought in Amy's coffee; it tasted like an old suède glove. But she sipped her coffee slowly, in the manner of one who prolongs delight.

"I don't suppose there's much to do at night in a town like this?" she asked him, casually.

"Well," he said, "there's a theater of sorts around the corner and over a block or two—on the main street, you know. You can't miss it!"

She couldn't miss it. Amy considered the implication of this remark—looking at him with a bright, fixed smile.

"You don't like the movies, then?"

"Oh, I like 'em well enough once in a while," he said. "But tonight I'm writing letters."

She tried to look as if it didn't matter to her whether he wrote letters or went and climbed a tree. She drank the last drop of the bitter coffee, and dug a tip for the waitress out of her purse. After all, she couldn't stay and watch Michael Kane while he ate the rest of his dinner.

He arose and bade her good night—politely.

MICHAEL arrived in the town of Hurstwood, the next day, almost two hours in advance of Amy—she'd had some little trouble taking off. This time it was Michael who strode first into the dining-room of the town's only possible hotel.

She had seen his name on the register. Her color deepening, she had put her own name beneath it. So naturally she was not surprised when she saw him in the dining-room. But any one would have thought she was surprised.

"Well," he said, rising, "this *is* a coincidence!"

"*Isn't* it?" said Amy.

And this time they had dinner together. It was a better dinner, they agreed, than the dinner in Lowell. But she could have been eating salt or she could have been eating sugar—she wouldn't have known.

It might not have occurred to anyone else that Michael Kane was other than a reasonably attractive young man who could discuss, with fair intelligence, the usual topics of the hour. It might not have occurred to anyone else that he had a devastating way of lifting one dark eyebrow—of running his hand, in impatience, over his smooth, dark head—of hurrying his words a little, eagerly, when he talked of something that interested him.

They talked about the luck of the road. He had asked her, courteously, what success she'd had with her landing field. And she had asked him, with equal courtesy, what success he'd had with his books. Yet she had realized, uneasily, that he would have talked to another man in just this fashion.

"Movies tonight?" he asked her, suddenly.

Her heart soared.

"Well, if there *is* one—"

"Yes, there's quite a good theater in Hurstwood—I've been here before. Wish I could take it in myself."

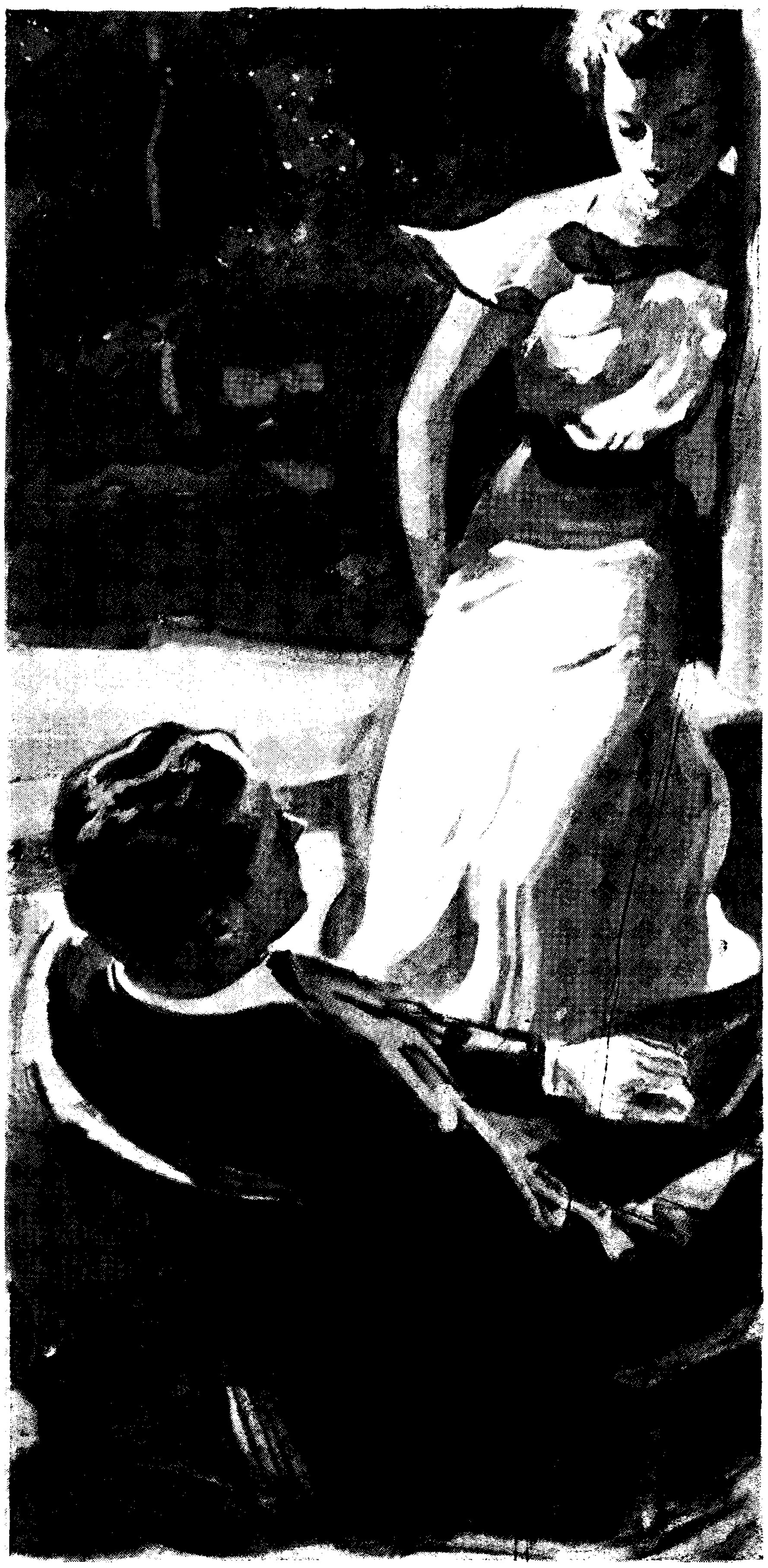
She made a curiously detached note of her heart's reaction: a tailspin. She brought her voice to the dead level of indifference.

"Can't you?" she asked.

"No, I'm going to tackle my best customer in his own lair—after dinner tonight. The old chap's a friend of my father's. And after we've talked business we'll undoubtedly play pinochle with Mrs. Ostermoor and the daughter." He considered the prospect, not too indifferently. "I don't like pinochle much—but the daughter's a darned good-looking girl!"

Amy's smile wrinkled miserably over her cigarette. Then, once again, she was dipping a tip for the waitress out of her purse. And this was the end of the second evening.

BY THE time they met in the town of Bird Center—towards the close of the third day—neither of them spoke of coincidence. He had regarded Amy's arrival as a matter of course.



"There's no point in telling you," he said, "but I've got to"

And Michael's mood was not of the sunniest. It had been, he admitted, a disappointing day. And he was very anxious to get back to New York. This was not an end of his father's business which appealed to him in the least. And, to add to his woes, their dinner that night was past any fit description. It was one of those dinners which are very funny to think about—long afterwards.

Amy began to realize that she had made a big mistake. It was quite possible that Michael would begin to associate her with tin tubs and watery mashed potatoes—that when he saw her again in New York, he would shudder faintly and turn away. And she was beginning to suffer from a cold in the head. It was at the stage where she must dab a wadded handkerchief, tenderly, against her reddening nose. No one could be alluring with a cold in the head, she told herself, fiercely—no one!

IT GREW chillier—the dining-room was riddled with nasty, treacherous little drafts—and then it began to rain. The venerable innkeeper assured them that never before had it rained like this in Bird Center. He spoke as another Noah, proud of his ark—but he had little cause for pride. Something had gone wrong with the heating apparatus, and every room in the inn was a place where you could have put a side of beef for the winter. But he promised them, hastily, that he would build a roaring fire in the lounge; the two guests could sit over this until it was time to go to bed, and be more than comfortable.

Amy went upstairs and carefully repowdered her nose. Now—at last—she had been given her chance. The very elements had conspired to help her—to say nothing of the whiskered little old man who at that moment was heaping pine logs upon kindling in the vast, blackened grate downstairs.

Within a few minutes the fire was crackling cheerfully—brave against the beat of the rain and the howl of the wind. And Michael had asked the old man to bring out a spot of good brandy. Then he had asked Amy if she'd mind his pipe—and, blissfully, Amy had shaken her head.

She wondered what her mother would think of *this*. The women of her mother's generation, she reflected, made the best of their opportunities; their trouble was that they didn't make their own opportunities.

"It's sort of an adventure," she said, looking at him shyly.

"A delightful one," he assured her.

Amy blushed. It was what anyone would have said, but still—

"You know the tradition," he said, contentedly pulling on his pipe. "The

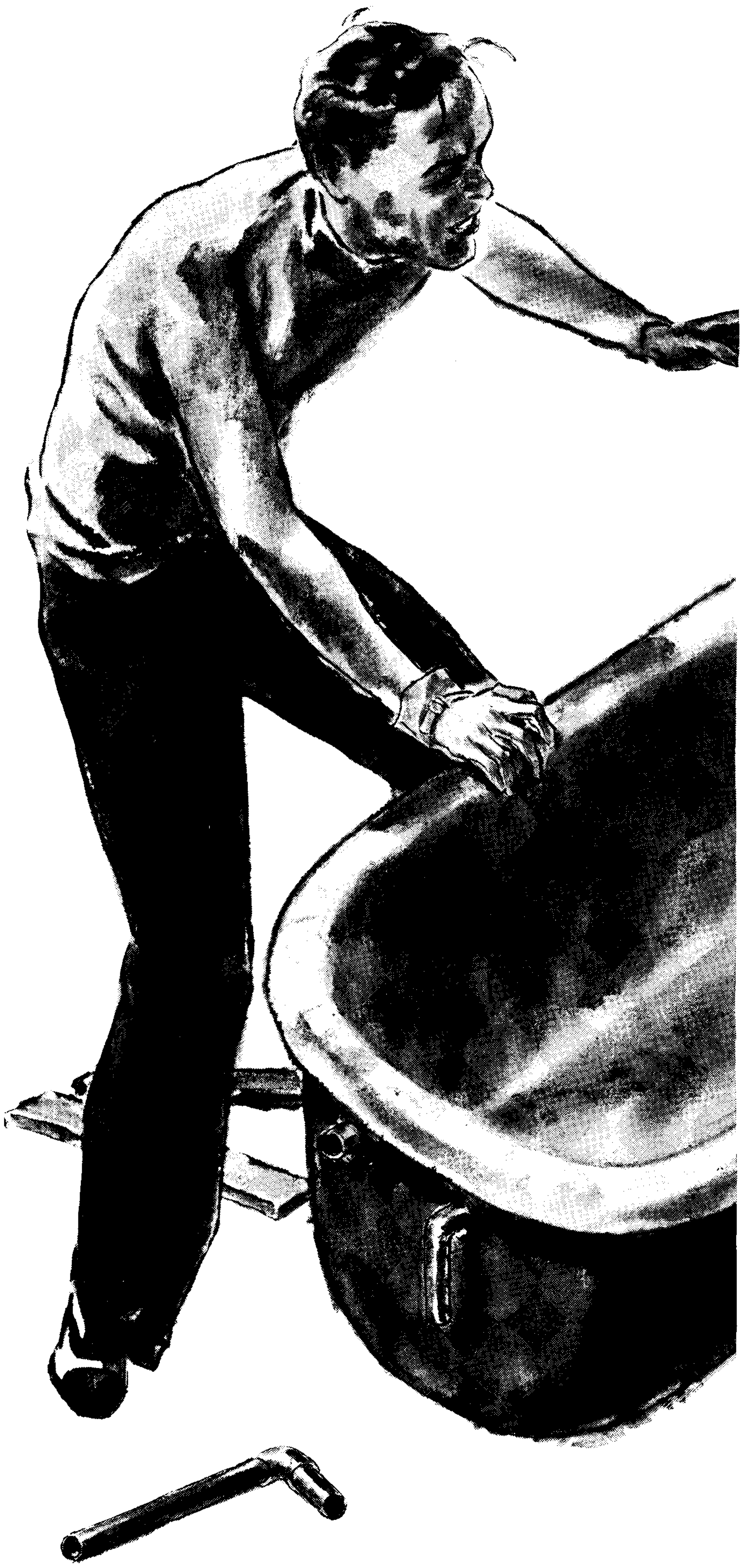
(Continued on page 29)

Secret Marriage

By Kathleen Norris

Copyright, 1935, by Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT



The tub pulled free, almost upsetting them. Both men straightened up, laughing

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING the death of their mother, Mary Burleigh and her brother, Peter, make a shocking discovery: Certain bonds, comprising most of their mother's legacy, are missing.

Dismayed but courageous, the little family—Mary, Peter, Barty, Chrissie, Lindsay and eccentric Aunt Joan—leaves the comfortable Burleigh home, in a small California town, and moves to a dilapidated house in Green Oaks, a near-by village. There, Mary secures a job in a bakery, while Peter goes to work for a lumber company.

Knowing nothing of love, Mary then meets a young man, Calvin Tait, who, sweeping her off her feet by his charmingly persuasive pleas, inveigles her into marrying him—*secretly!*

Seeing little of her husband (he works in a bank in southern California), Mary presently makes another bewildering discovery: She is not in love with Calvin; she is sorry she has married him. Then, having come to this realization, she meets Jeffery Maclean, a young New Yorker, and knows within a few days that, although he is engaged to Carol Moulton, one of her friends, she loves him.

Attracted to Mary, as she is to him, Jeffery confesses that he loves her. And Mary tells him of her secret marriage. Whereupon, he breaks his engagement to Carol and prepares to sail for China with a party of archaeologists.

All this time, Calvin is blithely unconscious of what is transpiring. But, when he is made an officer in the local bank and leaves southern California, Mary tells him. For a time he merely scoffs at the idea of Mary, his wife, being interested in anyone else; then, taking the matter more seriously, he agrees to ignore their marital status and to assume the attitude of a good friend, nothing more, toward Mary.

Whereupon, Barbara Ross, Calvin's cousin, arrives on the scene; and the gossips are soon whispering that she and Calvin are engaged. . . .

The Taits, relatives of Calvin, give a costume party. Mary is among the guests. Asked to spend the night, Mary accepts, goes to the room assigned her, and, while reading herself to sleep, is confronted by Calvin.

Mary implores him to leave. But Calvin refuses to do so. "After all," he says fiercely, "this is my wife's room—and I am in love with my wife!"

VII

THE bakery was open for an hour in the morning on New Year's Day. Mary was free to walk home at noon, feeling that she had been up for days already. She had awakened at dawn in the big, silent Tait house; had crept downstairs through rooms and halls still littered and disordered from the party, had reached home before anyone was stirring. Lindsay, descending sleepily at eight to the kitchen, had found Mary there, in businesslike preparation of breakfast. Mary had reported the party a tremendous success; had explained that she had felt anxious about the family, had felt homesick, in short, and, awakening early, had come home at once.

Through the confusion of her senses she was conscious only of a feverish, incessant prayer: "Oh, God, help me! Oh, God, help me! Show me what to do!"

Her thoughts that had dwelt upon Jeffery Maclean for so many days veered away from him now. She could not think of her family, the brothers and sisters who were awakening to New Year's morning, and shouting and clattering on the bare, wooden stairs, and descending precipitously and half-dressed for struggles in the bleak, chilly washroom beyond the kitchen. Wherever the frantic course of her reflections led her it resolved itself once again into the despairing cry: "Oh, God, help me! Help me! Oh, what shall I do?"

Least of all would she let herself think this morning of Calvin. She told herself that she hated him; it was no use. The burning, insufferable thought that, hating or loving him, she belonged to him, he would not let her go, stung her like a swarm of gnats.

Mary had put on an old checked brown gingham dress and tied a blue apron, wide and capable, about her waist. She had brushed her hair severely from her face into a red-gold cloud. She went about steadily between table and stove and sink; more butter went on a plate, rolls went into the oven, milk was poured into cups. She gathered a score of crumpled napkins that had been neglected in the basket for two weeks, put them to soak; into the dishpan she flattened a dozen greasy, discolored towels; the pungent freshness of ammonia smote her nostrils and made her sneeze; the hot, soapy water was pleasant on her hands.

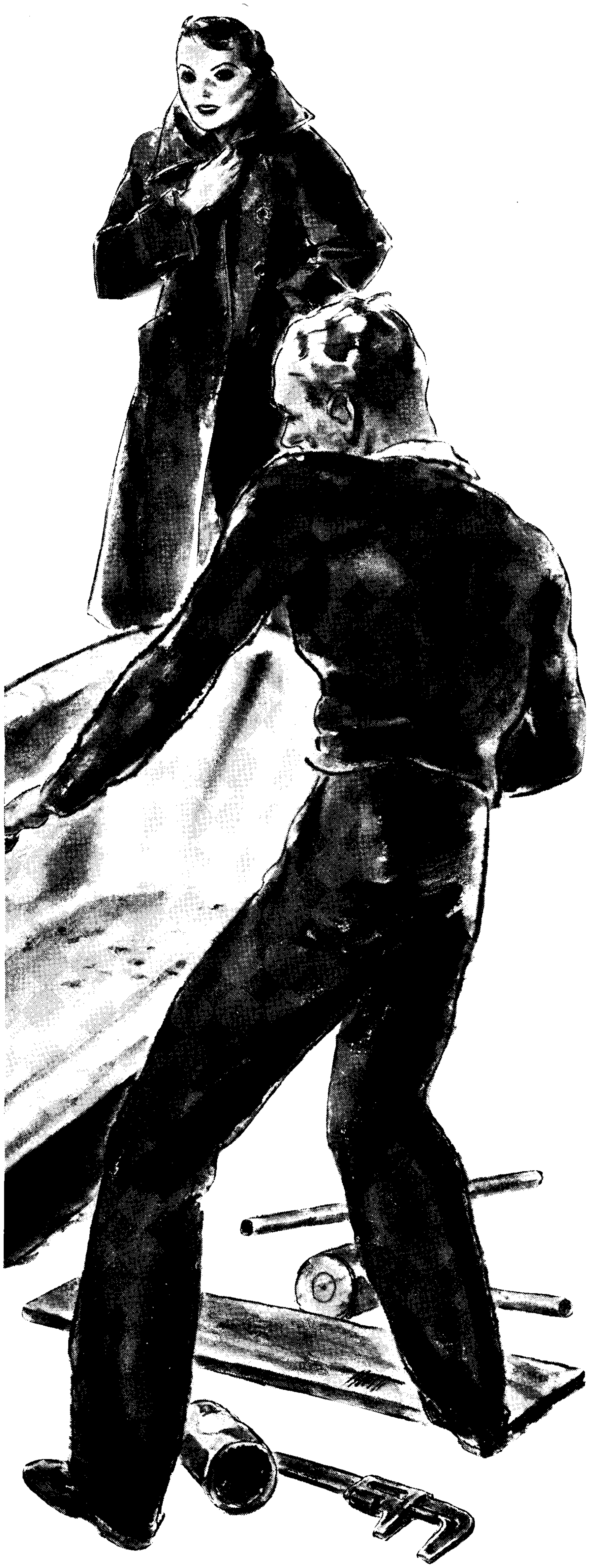
It was a cold, sharp morning, with an obscured sun. A steady wind blew over the yard; when Mary went out, doors slammed; she could hear slamming doors in the Barry and Sorenson houses and see gusts of air catching at the smoke that rose from their chimneys.

The closet was discovered to be in a dreadful state. While Chrissie sat curled sleepily on a kitchen chair, waiting for Peter to get through shaving in the shed, and Lindsay trailed Mary to and fro, helping little, but asking a hundred questions about the big party, Mary straightened spice boxes and tins and china plates, opened crushed paper bags and inspected their contents wearily, discouragedly.

"THREE jelly doughnuts! Stale as wood, too, but I'll do something with them for lunch. Put them and the onions on the sink board, Lin. Hortense Meyers? Let me think what she was. Oh, she was kind of cute; she was in a sort of Egyptian costume, selling balloons. She must have had a hundred balloons. As fast as the boys would prick them she'd appear with a fresh lot. Babs was a Dutch girl; had a wonderful time! I can't remember Marian Poett—she must have been there—oh, yes! She was a squaw, and both the Buckner boys were Indians, too. All the Careys came down from the city as cowboys and pioneers; Helen Carey looked too adorable in an old plum-colored crinoline, with a shawl and bonnet. Flurry Carey had a red beard, the most horrible thing I ever saw, and when he was dancing with me he'd say, 'Kiss me, gal, I've struck pay dirt! Thar's a sky pilot over tew China Basin an' he'll splice us,' and things like that, and we got perfectly hysterical! Who on earth put brown sugar in both these tins? Give me a spoon, Lin."

"I'm all for the Careys; I think they're swell," Peter said at the table.

Chrissie appeared in the shed door-



way, dripping soap suds. "Don't tell any more till I'm there!" she called.

The kitchen clock tinged a brisk nine; sunshine streamed suddenly through the frosted windows; Mary poured the coffee.

And all the time her thoughts ran feverishly: "Oh, God, get me out of this somehow—oh, my God, what shall I do?"

There was a sign on a fence in Las Palomas: "Visit Chicago for Seventy Dollars." Where could she borrow seventy dollars; what would happen to the family if she ran away to Chicago and tried a hazard of new fortunes? What would happen to her? Breakfast dawdled on its leisurely holiday way. Barty pleaded to go out of doors. Not until it was warmer, Mary told him absently.

PETER had on an old roll-neck sweater and slacks; he was going to tackle the bathtub question. The bathtub, discolored and upturned, lay in the lee of one of the sheds, with other pieces of fixtures and odd pieces of pipe heaped about it. Some tenant of the place years ago had been a job plumber; he had acquired the tub through some fire or the tearing down of some building; it had been imbedded in the dirt and grass of the back yard for years. Peter had drilled holes in the wash shed for pipes, had consulted with the authorities as to connections with mains; he was confident that he could do the rest himself. Bart, well muffled, lent him ecstatic assistance, as did a collection of other small boys. Out in the frosty air, under an uncertain New Year's sky, they dug and dragged, shouted and sweated enthusiastically. Mary went out to inspect.

"What do we do to it when it's in place, Peter?"

"We'll wash it five or six times with lye and ammonia and all that, and then we'll enamel it. Then we'll board-and-batten the whole place and paint it white. Then you can put up a couple of curtains and you won't know the room!" Peter was enjoying himself, panting and dirty. The wind had gone down, now that the sun was strengthening every instant; steam was rising from stables and from the disappearing frost on the grass.

"There was a turkey left from the raffle—Mr. Harrigan sent it to us. You knew that, Pete?"

"I didn't know until this morning. Aunt Joan told me. Cooking it today?"

"It's the most extraordinary thing how kind people are," Mary said. "Even the liquor-store man! I suppose that's because you carried Tim home the night he and Chris fell off our shed."

"Well, and you girls went over there every day to ask about him."

"I'M GOING to make sandwiches for lunch, Pete; I found enough odds and ends in the closet this morning to make a hundred! Roquefort cheese and peanut butter and sardines and half a tube of anchovy paste—lots of the stuff the Moultons sent us in that Thanksgiving basket. I don't know why people waste money on such junk—the tins are marked 'forty-nine' and 'sixty-five'! However, we can use it all up today."

"And chocolate, Mary!"

"Well, if the Barrys have any extra milk. Run over and see, Bart, and don't go anywhere near the baby," she said. "Oh, God, what shall I do? Help me, help me, help me!" she thought.

She went back into the house, presently proposed that they be "thorough" with their bedrooms.

"I don't see how you can be so terribly energetic," Lindsay protested. "You ought to be dead. How late were you last night? Aunt Joan says she heard Peter come in about three."

"It was about three. And then Babs and I talked!" Mary was brisk in the straightening of the last counterpane, the last chair; she drew the battered shades in the upstairs bedrooms to even lengths. "It's eleven," she said. "Shall we do our hands?"

They sat at the kitchen table manicuring, a little bowl of warm soapsuds between them. Miss Burleigh drowsed in the kitchen rocker, with Rajah heavy and somnolent upon her lap. The turkey dressing smacked sleepily now and then in its saucepan on the back of the stove and scented the room with sage and onion. Outside in the street New Year's horns made an occasional din.

"I think I'll put some butter on to soften for the sandwiches," Lin said. "Someone must ask Bart about the milk. You found some old melted chocolate in that bag in the closet and I'm going to work it off on the unsuspecting creatures!"

Mary went to the kitchen door, went out through the yard to the back of the last shed, where the volunteer plumbers were at work. Another man was there now, helping Peter. Calvin.

Calvin wore an athlete's gray, thick sweat shirt and loose slacks. When Mary arrived, he and Peter, their faces scarlet with the strain, were dragging the tub at last from its bed of earth. It pulled free, almost upsetting them. Both men straightened up, laughing.

"Whoo-oo!" Peter ejaculated. "Thar she blows!"

"Hello, Mary," Calvin said. "I said 'Happy New Year' once; I'll say it again!"

"Good gracious, you're both filthy!" Mary managed to say.

SHE could not look at Calvin. She sent Bart running for milk, watched the men for a few minutes in silence, listening to their loud directions to each other as they carried the tub into the shed, and then retreated to the kitchen.

"Calvin Tait's out there," Aunt Joan stated.

"Yes, I see."

"Stay for lunch?"

"I suppose so. It's twelve now."

"Mary." This was Lindsay. "Is Calvin in love with Babs Ross?"

"I don't think so."

"Do you like him, Mary?"

"Don't we all like him? Mash that up for me, will you, Lin, while I cut the bread."

It was an odd New Year's Day. The sun went behind a cloud and the wind came up again. Luncheon was late and jumbled, with Calvin enjoying uncounted sandwiches and two large cups of hot chocolate. Afterward there was a general sense of lassitude; Calvin and Peter had cleaned themselves before the meal; they felt none of their preluncheon enthusiasm about getting dirty again. Peter finally agreed to take Lindsay and the younger children to a movie, if someone would telephone Doctor Poett to be sure it was safe for Bart. They could walk into Las Palomas and come back on the five o'clock bus. How about Aunt Joan? Aunt Joan wanted to rest, and she was going over to church at four. How about Mary?

"Mary has a date with me," Calvin said, with a smile for her.

"I have to get the turkey in," Mary said.

When she and Calvin were presently left alone in the kitchen she made herself very busy. She brought out the big, cold, limp turkey, found a large needle and a coarse thread; took the hot dressing from the stove.

"There's a lot of work to it, isn't there?" Calvin said.

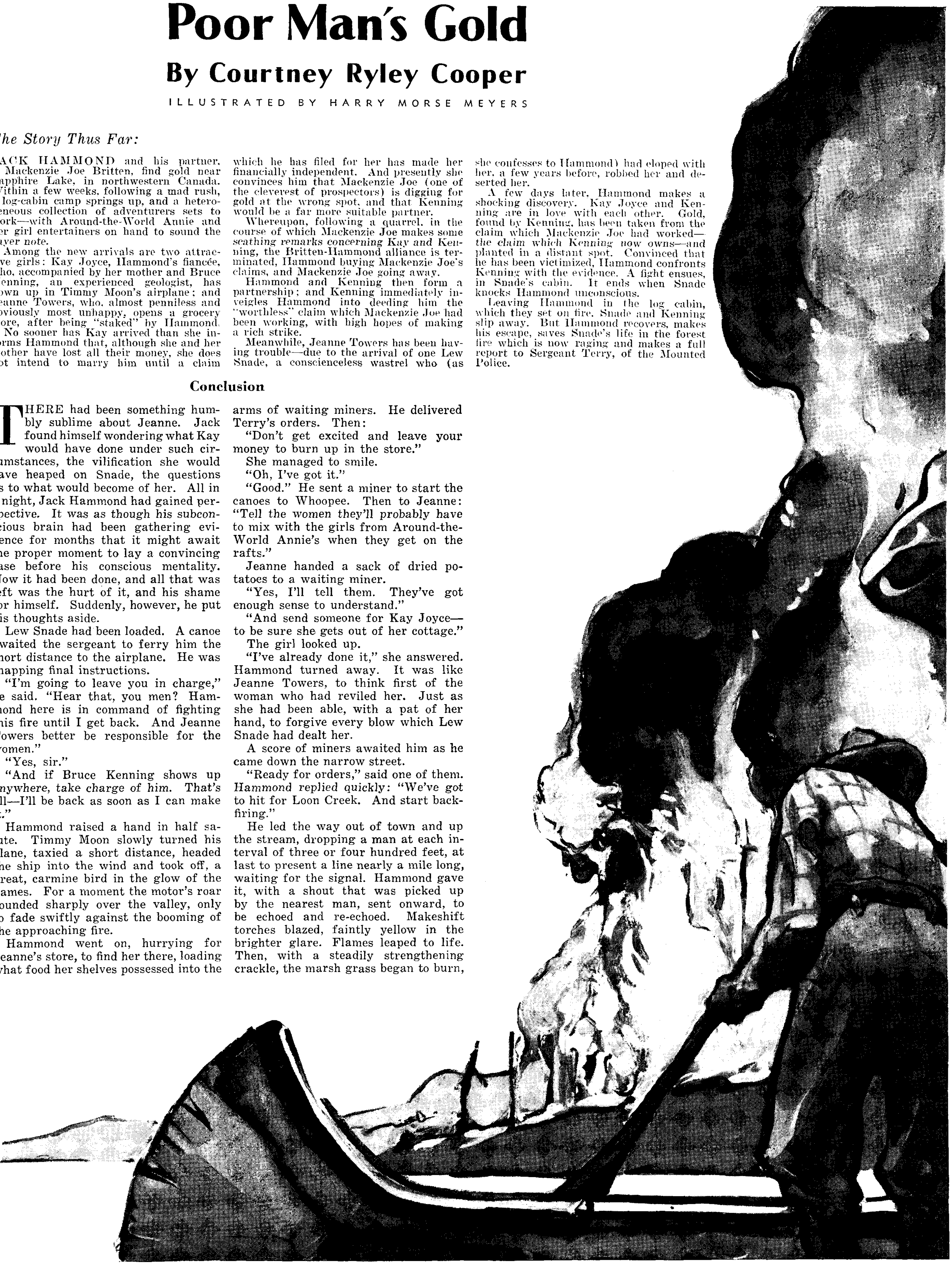
"Fussy. But it pays. We didn't have a turkey for Christmas," Mary said.

(Continued on page 54)

Poor Man's Gold

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



The Story Thus Far:

JACK HAMMOND and his partner, Mackenzie Joe Britten, find gold near Sapphire Lake, in northwestern Canada. Within a few weeks, following a mad rush, a log-cabin camp springs up, and a heterogeneous collection of adventurers sets to work—with Around-the-World Annie and her girl entertainers on hand to sound the *gayer note.*

Among the new arrivals are two attractive girls: Kay Joyce, Hammond's fiancée, who, accompanied by her mother and Bruce Kenning, an experienced geologist, has flown up in Timmy Moon's airplane; and Jeanne Towers, who, almost penniless and obviously most unhappy, opens a grocery store, after being "staked" by Hammond.

No sooner has Kay arrived than she informs Hammond that, although she and her mother have lost all their money, she does not intend to marry him until a claim which he has filed for her has made her financially independent. And presently she convinces him that Mackenzie Joe (one of the cleverest of prospectors) is digging for gold at the wrong spot, and that Kenning would be a far more suitable partner.

Whereupon, following a quarrel, in the course of which Mackenzie Joe makes some *scathing remarks concerning Kay and Kenning*, the Britten-Hammond alliance is terminated, Hammond buying Mackenzie Joe's claims, and Mackenzie Joe going away.

Hammond and Kenning then form a partnership; and Kenning immediately inveigles Hammond into deeding him the "worthless" claim which Mackenzie Joe had been working, with high hopes of making a rich strike.

Meanwhile, Jeanne Towers has been having trouble—due to the arrival of one Lew Snade, a conscienceless wastrel who (as she confesses to Hammond) had eloped with her, a few years before, robbed her and deserted her.

A few days later, Hammond makes a shocking discovery. Kay Joyce and Kenning are in love with each other. Gold, found by Kenning, has been taken from the claim which Mackenzie Joe had worked—*the claim which Kenning now owns*—and planted in a distant spot. Convinced that he has been victimized, Hammond confronts Kenning with the evidence. A fight ensues, in Snade's cabin. It ends when Snade knocks Hammond unconscious.

Leaving Hammond in the log cabin, which they set on fire, Snade and Kenning slip away. But Hammond recovers, makes his escape, saves Snade's life in the forest fire which is now raging and makes a full report to Sergeant Terry, of the Mounted Police.

Conclusion

THERE had been something humbly sublime about Jeanne. Jack found himself wondering what Kay would have done under such circumstances, the vilification she would have heaped on Snade, the questions as to what would become of her. All in a night, Jack Hammond had gained perspective. It was as though his subconscious brain had been gathering evidence for months that it might await the proper moment to lay a convincing case before his conscious mentality. Now it had been done, and all that was left was the hurt of it, and his shame for himself. Suddenly, however, he put his thoughts aside.

Lew Snade had been loaded. A canoe awaited the sergeant to ferry him the short distance to the airplane. He was snapping final instructions.

"I'm going to leave you in charge," he said. "Hear that, you men? Hammond here is in command of fighting this fire until I get back. And Jeanne Towers better be responsible for the women."

"Yes, sir."

"And if Bruce Kenning shows up *anywhere, take charge of him.* That's all—I'll be back as soon as I can make it."

Hammond raised a hand in half salute. Timmy Moon slowly turned his plane, taxied a short distance, headed the ship into the wind and took off, a great, carmine bird in the glow of the flames. For a moment the motor's roar sounded sharply over the valley, only to fade swiftly against the booming of the approaching fire.

Hammond went on, hurrying for Jeanne's store, to find her there, loading what food her shelves possessed into the arms of waiting miners. He delivered Terry's orders. Then:

"Don't get excited and leave your money to burn up in the store."

She managed to smile.

"Oh, I've got it."

"Good." He sent a miner to start the canoes to Whoopee. Then to Jeanne: "Tell *the women they'll probably* have to mix with the girls from Around-the-World Annie's when they get on the rafts."

Jeanne handed a sack of dried potatoes to a waiting miner.

"Yes, I'll tell them. They've got enough sense to understand."

"And send someone for Kay Joyce—to be sure she gets out of her cottage."

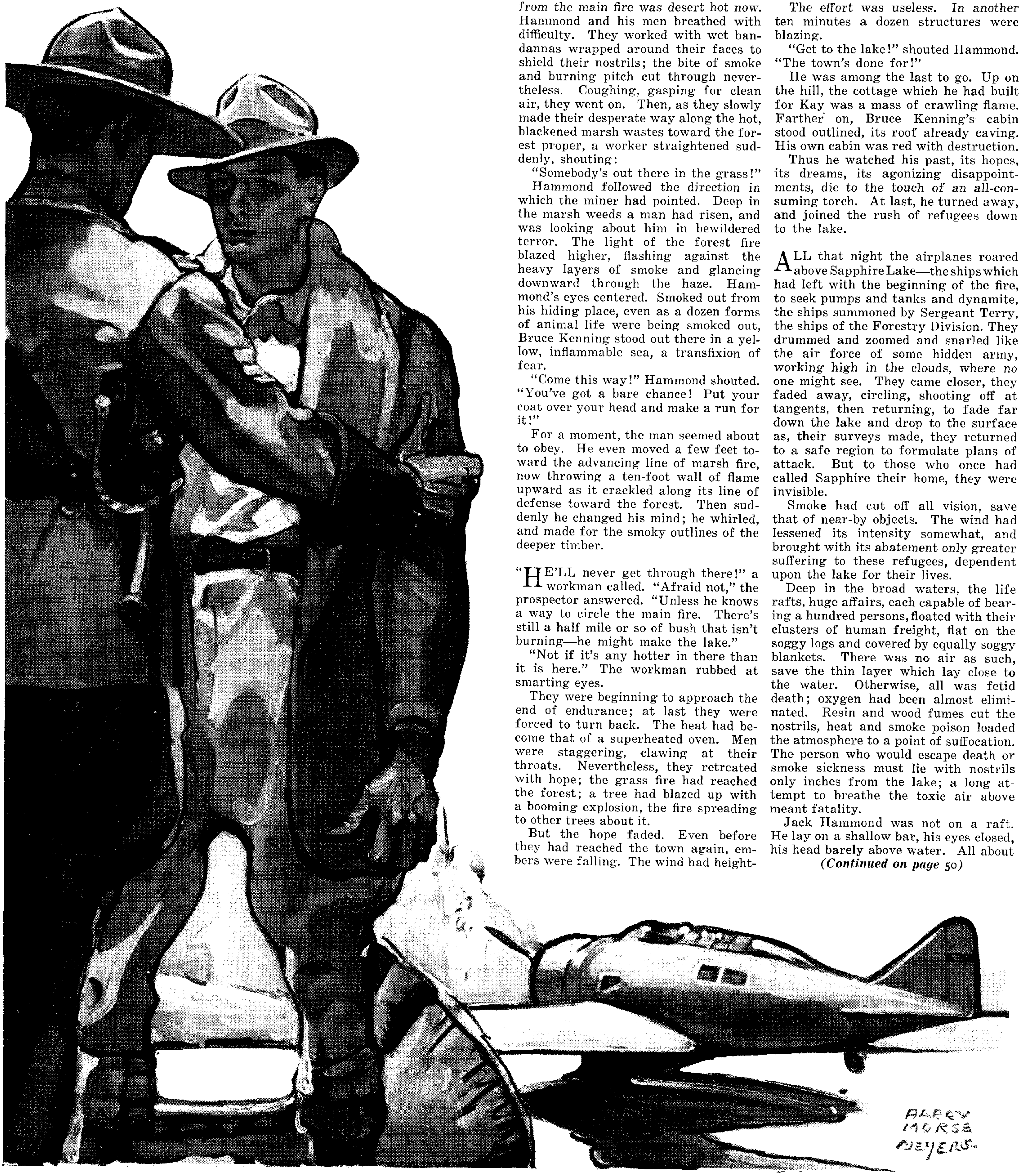
The girl looked up.

"I've already done it," she answered. Hammond turned away. It was like Jeanne Towers, to think first of the woman who had reviled her. Just as she had been able, with a pat of her hand, to forgive every blow which Lew Snade had dealt her.

A score of miners awaited him as he came down the narrow street.

"Ready for orders," said one of them. *Hammond replied quickly:* "We've got to hit for Loon Creek. And start backfiring."

He led the way out of town and up the stream, dropping a man at each interval of three or four hundred feet, at last to present a line nearly a mile long, waiting for the signal. Hammond gave it, with a shout that was picked up by the nearest man, sent onward, to be echoed and re-echoed. Makeshift torches blazed, faintly yellow in the brighter glare. Flames leaped to life. Then, with a steadily strengthening crackle, the marsh grass began to burn, "I'm going to leave you in charge," he said. "Hear that, you men? Hammond here is in command until I get back"



while the workers under Hammond followed it slowly, to reignite it at spots, and to be ready, once they reached the forest, to apply even more fire if, for any reason, the sweep of this onslaught did not take root there. It was the only chance the town had for salvation—to send a fire against the wind and into the forest, that flame might meet flame and thus constrict its area of destruction.

It was slow, choking work. The wind from the main fire was desert hot now. Hammond and his men breathed with difficulty. They worked with wet bandannas wrapped around their faces to shield their nostrils; the bite of smoke and burning pitch cut through nevertheless. Coughing, gasping for clean air, they went on. Then, as they slowly made their desperate way along the hot, blackened marsh wastes toward the forest proper, a worker straightened suddenly, shouting:

"Somebody's out there in the grass!"

Hammond followed the direction in which the miner had pointed. Deep in the marsh weeds a man had risen, and was looking about him in bewildered terror. The light of the forest fire blazed higher, flashing against the heavy layers of smoke and glancing downward through the haze. Hammond's eyes centered. Smoked out from his hiding place, even as a dozen forms of animal life were being smoked out, Bruce Kenning stood out there in a yellow, inflammable sea, a transfixion of fear.

"Come this way!" Hammond shouted. "You've got a bare chance! Put your coat over your head and make a run for it!"

For a moment, the man seemed about to obey. He even moved a few feet toward the advancing line of marsh fire, now throwing a ten-foot wall of flame upward as it crackled along its line of defense toward the forest. Then suddenly he changed his mind; he whirled, and made for the smoky outlines of the deeper timber.

"HE'LL never get through there!" a workman called. "Afraid not," the prospector answered. "Unless he knows a way to circle the main fire. There's still a half mile or so of bush that isn't burning—he might make the lake."

"Not if it's any hotter in there than it is here." The workman rubbed at smarting eyes.

They were beginning to approach the end of endurance; at last they were forced to turn back. The heat had become that of a superheated oven. Men were staggering, clawing at their throats. Nevertheless, they retreated with hope; the grass fire had reached the forest; a tree had blazed up with a booming explosion, the fire spreading to other trees about it.

But the hope faded. Even before they had reached the town again, embers were falling. The wind had heightened, blowing the smoke clouds over the huddled little settlement, like great billows of black-red fog. The forms of men now were only faintly visible as they worked at the burying of stores, or strove to lug down to the lake the possessions they deemed most valuable, their dogs snarling and fighting about them. Then a cry came, high-pitched, frantic.

"Help me, somebody! Help me with my cabin. It's caught fire!"

The effort was useless. In another ten minutes a dozen structures were blazing.

"Get to the lake!" shouted Hammond. "The town's done for!"

He was among the last to go. Up on the hill, the cottage which he had built for Kay was a mass of crawling flame. Farther on, Bruce Kenning's cabin stood outlined, its roof already caving. His own cabin was red with destruction.

Thus he watched his past, its hopes, its dreams, its agonizing disappointments, die to the touch of an all-consuming torch. At last, he turned away, and joined the rush of refugees down to the lake.

ALL that night the airplanes roared above Sapphire Lake—the ships which had left with the beginning of the fire, to seek pumps and tanks and dynamite, the ships summoned by Sergeant Terry, the ships of the Forestry Division. They drummed and zoomed and snarled like the air force of some hidden army, working high in the clouds, where no one might see. They came closer, they faded away, circling, shooting off at tangents, then returning, to fade far down the lake and drop to the surface as, their surveys made, they returned to a safe region to formulate plans of attack. But to those who once had called Sapphire their home, they were invisible.

Smoke had cut off all vision, save that of near-by objects. The wind had lessened its intensity somewhat, and brought with its abatement only greater suffering to these refugees, dependent upon the lake for their lives.

Deep in the broad waters, the life rafts, huge affairs, each capable of bearing a hundred persons, floated with their clusters of human freight, flat on the soggy logs and covered by equally soggy blankets. There was no air as such, save the thin layer which lay close to the water. Otherwise, all was fetid death; oxygen had been almost eliminated. Resin and wood fumes cut the nostrils, heat and smoke poison loaded the atmosphere to a point of suffocation. The person who would escape death or smoke sickness must lie with nostrils only inches from the lake; a long attempt to breathe the toxic air above meant fatality.

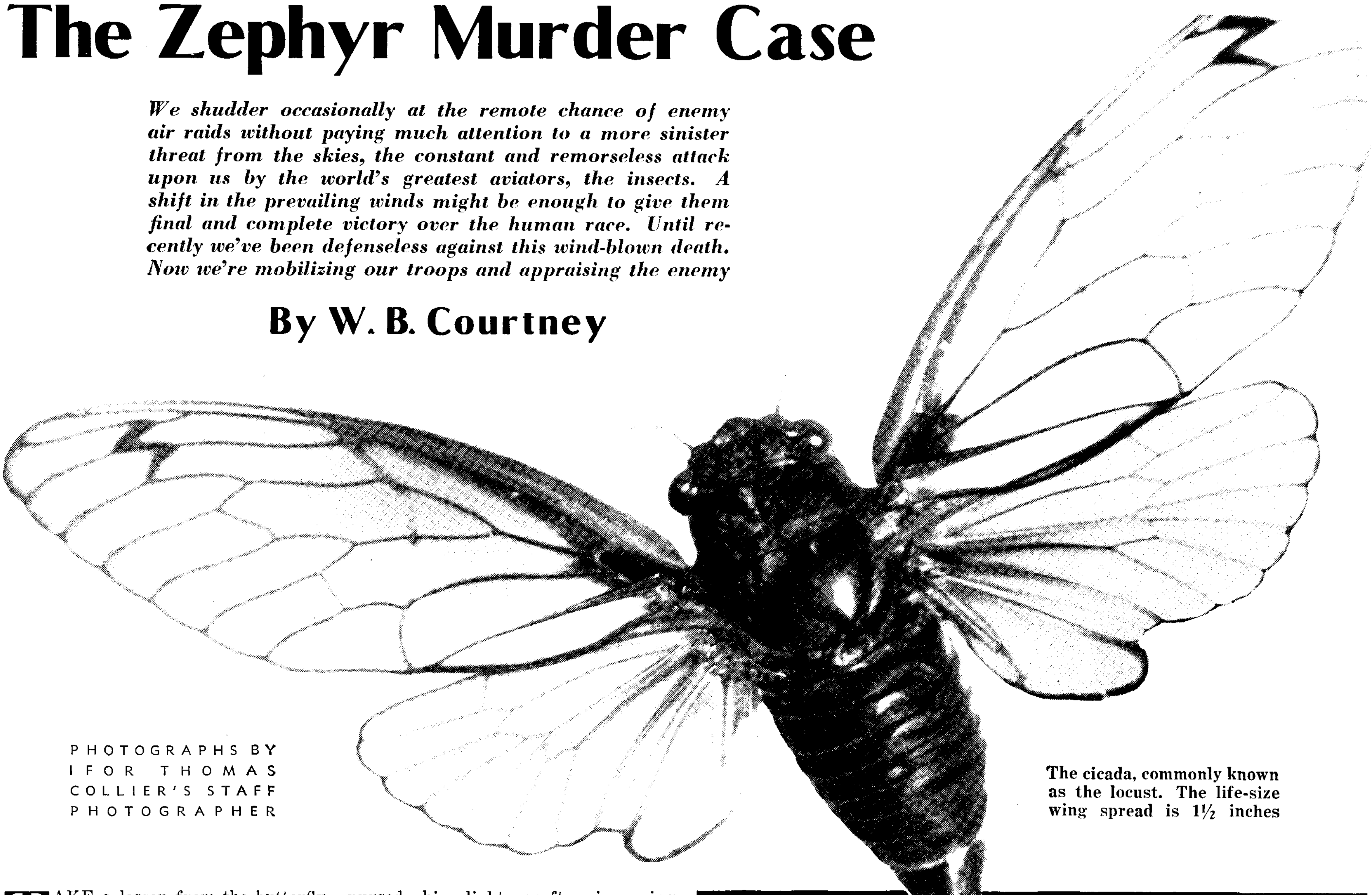
Jack Hammond was not on a raft. He lay on a shallow bar, his eyes closed, his head barely above water. All about

(Continued on page 50)

The Zephyr Murder Case

We shudder occasionally at the remote chance of enemy air raids without paying much attention to a more sinister threat from the skies, the constant and remorseless attack upon us by the world's greatest aviators, the insects. A shift in the prevailing winds might be enough to give them final and complete victory over the human race. Until recently we've been defenseless against this wind-blown death. Now we're mobilizing our troops and appraising the enemy

By W. B. Courtney



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF
PHOTOGRAPHER

The cicada, commonly known as the locust. The life-size wing spread is 1½ inches

TAKE a lesson from the butterfly. Herr Kronfeld did, and thereby won a coveted prize in a contest that had defeated the best glider pilots of Europe and set them down on their belly-skids throughout the lovely Auvergne countryside in France. The match idea was to slide from the mile-high top of the Puy-de-Dôme and coast across the wide valley and hurdle the summit of the Bonne d'Ordanche on t'other side. Not a simple feat, you will agree, when you remember that gliders are the sailboats of aeronautics, with nothing but the pilots' instinct for the wind's will to have and to hold them aloft; and when, further, you recall that the air currents among the basaltic peaks of the great Monts Dore, and over the lush valleys roundabout, are infamous among airmen for their waywardness and cunning.

For the start of such a trial, the choice of Puy-de-Dôme was twice apt; its top is a smooth and treeless field, and thereon, nearly three hundred years ago, Pascal made his first observations of the weight of the atmosphere. Herr Kronfeld, awaiting his turn, saw one after the other of his rivals float off into the sun-laved bowl of Auvergne; only to fail in their high quests for upcurrents and scud ignominiously to the bottomlands. Then Herr Kronfeld got his word and sat in the cockpit of his little sailplane and was catapulted, by the elastic rope of the ground crew, from the top of Puy-de-Dôme.

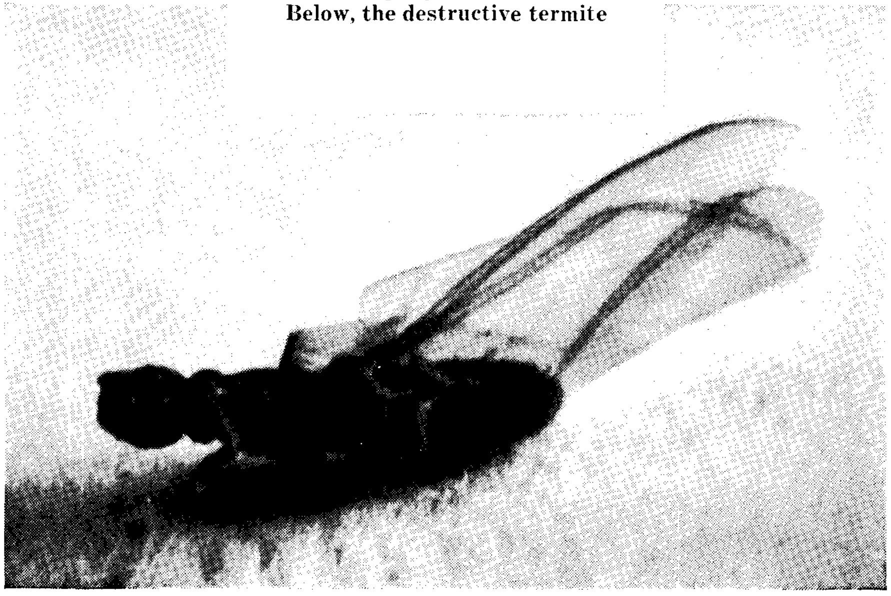
He could see the gliders scattered and pressed to earth far and wide below him, like giant, vari-colored moths abandoned by the wind. The "feel" of the air offered him scant hope that his fate would be more triumphant. He banked and he planed and he spiraled; now hovering in the sparkling air like a dragonfly; now darting ahead like a yellowhammer that has sighted a fly. With consummate patience and skill he nursed his light craft, zigzagging across the valley as a mule tacks up a hill; yet the summit of Bonne d'Ordanche was above him now and looming higher every moment. Herr Kronfeld resigned himself to defeat and began to look for a bit of clear valley floor upon which to land.

All at once he saw a cloud, a host of golden butterflies, dancing against the dark and shaggy pine forests of the mountainside; fluttering toward the heights. Herr Kronfeld nosed gently among the frail telltales and was, in company with them, wafted up and over the Bonne d'Ordanche. Once on the other side the canny Herr landed and was acclaimed and honored; while his friends of the updraft quivered on their aimless way and passed out of sight—but not out of mind.

Danger in the Skies

For those butterflies, through Herr Kronfeld's profitable and expert observation of their wind riding and his subsequent report of the adventure, furnished important weight to the evidence, lately accumulating in the field books of entomologists, of dangers in the air. It was not so much that the incident emphasized the potentialities for mischief inherent in butterflies—although when in their larval, or caterpillar, stage these sometimes exquisite, always lovely, vagrants of the summer countryside are often responsible for serious crop and garden depredations. The great value of the episode to science was, rather, the proof it added of the alliance between wind and air currents and insects; and its demonstration of the possibilities of raids from the heavens upon us in the ageless war between men and insects to determine which shall inherit the earth—raids, by the way, against which we are virtually defenseless at present.

Above, the gypsy moth. Life-size wing spread, 2 inches. Below, the destructive termite



Only in recent years have entomologists been able to picture, with accuracy and form, the threat to mankind's health and prosperity which fills the atmosphere over our heads. Pollution from gas fumes and smoke and dust has been measured, and definite gains have been made in the fight on it. But that is not all; there was something else—something grave, and incredibly widespread. The upper altitudes are freighted with fearsome and stealthy living travelers; not only insect pests, but disease spores, enemies of human life against which all the most advanced quarantines and sanitary precautions are but partially, if at all, effectual.

Mysteries of Insect Movement

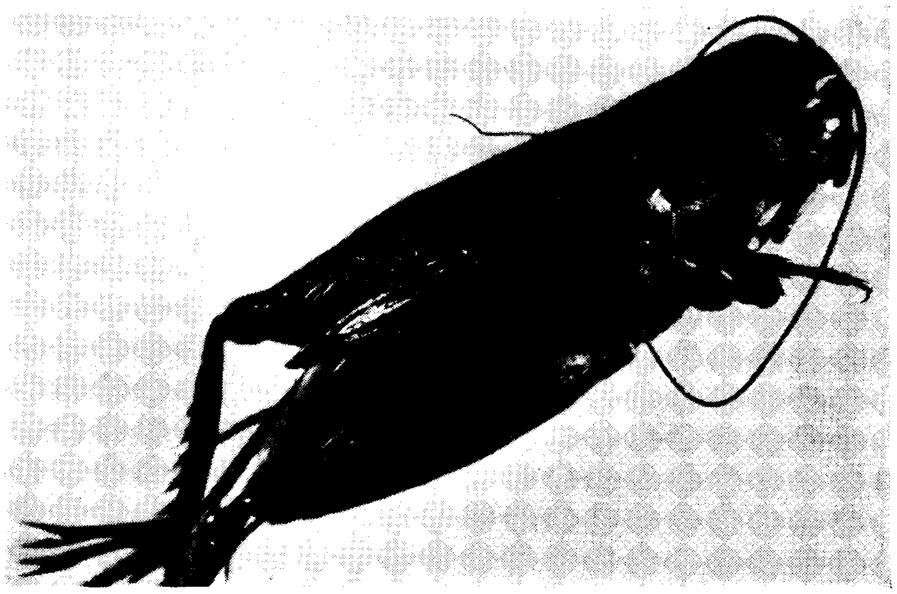
You can thank some unknown New York business man, who stayed in his office after hours, for opening the practical eye of science to the situation. He may really have stayed late to work. He may have stayed to dangle his secretary on his knee. He may have told his wife awful fibs. But he kept the light burning in his office, high above the surrounding rooftops of New York, and that makes him one of entomology's passive heroes.

Science's other eye—the visionary one, that deals in conjectures rather than in specimens—had long been focused on certain mysteries with regard to the movements from continent to continent of insect pests that, if winged at all, were equipped only for relatively short flights. The responsibility of all forms of commerce is well-known, of course: ships, automobiles, trains, airplanes. Migrating birds, too, are unwitting hosts to insect marauders. You can blame the presence of mosquitoes in Hawaii, once an insectless paradise, upon the fresh-water casks wherein they bred aboard old-time sailing vessels from the American mainland. You can blame on later freight steamers the fruit fly's introduction there. But there are insects, including butterflies, on Hawaiian uplands that were obviously not borne thither by animal or commercial agencies.

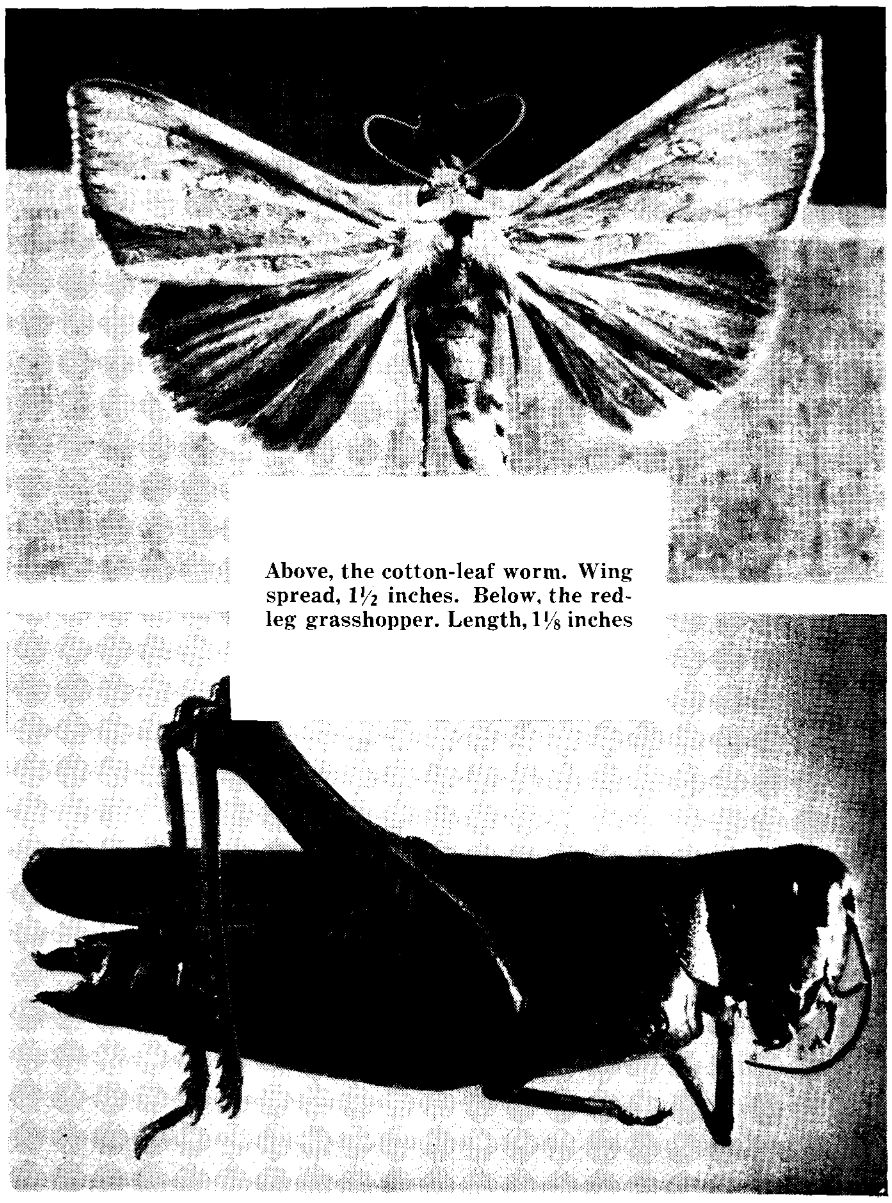
Elsewhere in the world are similar posers; dozens of them. Spruce aphis from the Kola Peninsula found at Spitzbergen, 800 miles across stormy Arctic seas. Butterflies, various beetles, occasionally altogether wingless creatures, alighting on ships hundreds of miles offshore. A vessel, bound from Bordeaux to Boston and more than 1,200 miles from land, abruptly infested by locusts. Weak-flying African insects appearing suddenly, and in great numbers, in South America.

It is not known how many *species* of insects there are in the world: the estimates vary from hundreds of thousands to millions. For example, you have heard of termites; these delicate and tiny white ants have been in newspaper headlines, especially in the eastern and southern United States, in modern years because of the enormous damage—about $50,000,000 in 1934—they have wrought eating away foundation timbers of public and private buildings. But have you heard that there are more than 1,000 identified species of termites alone; with some entomologists believing that that number does not represent one fifth of the total? Scientists, generally, admit that insect families outnumber all other forms of animal life put together. There is reason to believe, also, that insect species outnumber all plant species on earth. Long before the first boat made by man was shoved from a prehistoric shore; long, indeed, before conditions on earth were suitable for human life, these uncountable insect families in unimaginable hordes were riding up and down and around our planet on the four winds, even as they are today.

The greater part of this wind-voyaging is, perhaps, unwitting, aimless; and it is shared by wingless insects as well as by those prepared, in one degree or another, for flight. On the other hand there is testimony that some insect species take reasoning advantage of the air currents to make their ordained journeys. The gypsy moth caterpillars, for example, control the time if not the duration or direction of their flights. These caterpillars have hollow, or "balloon" hairs which become filled with air as they feed progressively up the tree. When they have defoliated the top of the tree—or eaten off the choicest leaves, at least—they deliberately give up the hold their numerous legs have upon the tree, and let themselves go in the wind, and the buoyancy of their balloon hairs is so great that they sometimes cover twenty-five miles in a single "hop." Only the fact that our prevailing summer winds in the northeast are from the west saves the rest of the nation from being despoiled, as New England has been, by the gypsy moth. There is, moreover, proof that virtually all known insect pests avail themselves of air transportation.



The cricket. The life size of the body is 1 inch



Above, the cotton-leaf worm. Wing spread, 1½ inches. Below, the red-leg grasshopper. Length, 1⅛ inches

Who Shall Inherit the Earth?

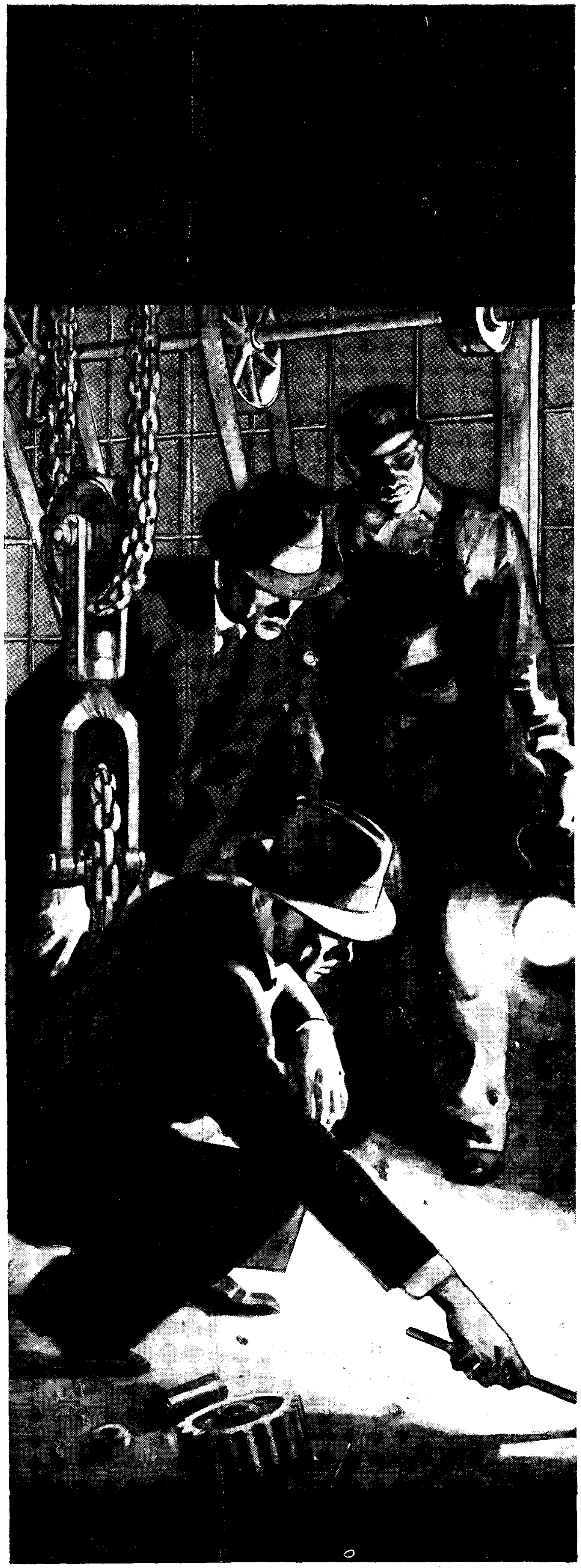
Insects were ancient on earth before man's time here began. Indeed, we have only faith and reason and ideals to convince us that insects are not the rightful children of the earth; that it was not made for them rather than for us. Most of them are better equipped by nature for the physical vicissitudes of life than we are; most of them are far more ingeniously made, and have better social habits, among themselves. Most of them are far more adaptable to "things as they come, here below" because they have had far more experience in their present form. Once there were giant insects in this world; roaches of two-foot wing spread, say. But the ordinary modern cockroach, which is your city neighbor's bane, is in appearance today just the same as he was forty million years ago. If anthropologists discover that you have been on earth more than half a million years they will have to throw away their old tables and write new ones. Doctor L. O. Howard, former chief of the Bureau of Entomology, U. S. Department of Agriculture, touched a fantastic element of this difference between the great antiquity of insects and the comparative youth of man when he indicated the average of eight generations a year for insects against one human generation each twenty-five years. That Croton bug, for example, has gone through more than three hundred million generations while you have been enduring a scant twenty thousand. That is why insects have been able to develop relatively fixed types. It is why they thrive where no other form of life is possible; beyond timber and bird line in the Himalayas, and deepest in the globe's crust.

There is another difference, too. All your girl friends, happily, do not turn out to be Madame Dionnes. One is quite enough—and doing nicely, thank you. Whereas each blessed event among the bugs is counted in three to six figures, more or less. Multiply 4,879 newborn insects by 320 million generations—well, that's your homework for tonight. When you lay down your pencil you may not see anything outlandish in the prophecy of Doctor W. J. Holland that after every other living thing on earth—man, animal, plant—has perished in the remote (let us hope, remotest!) future there still will be insects sitting on dead lichens and clicking their mandibles defiantly!

We have chills when we think of the next great war between nations, with planes latticing the skies amid the white rosettes of shrapnel bursts. We shudder at the fancy of bombs hatched upon us from midnight skies. But if you are interested in the danger without the spectacle, you don't need to wait. There is a war in the air always with us. Daily we are bombarded by a variety of perils which bear a latent capacity for damage vastly in excess of man-made visitations. Sir Malcolm Watson, principal of the Department of Malaria Control of Ross Institute and Hospital for Tropical Research in London, England, has warned the public health profession that one airplane could very well be the means of starting an epidemic that might spell disaster for the entire modern world. The wings and feet and bodies of insects might as easily spread the doom of mankind around the earth in the form of disease germs. Modern entomologists know that the grass-fire speed of many historic epidemics of the plague, typhus, malaria and yellow fever may have been due to the wind movement of masses of germ-carrier insects.

Aside from the perils to your health, the inroads made upon your pocketbook by the itinerant bugs are monstrous. The crop loss alone in the United States will be, perhaps, a score of times as much as the national fire loss. The

(Continued on page 53)



THEY got a guy at the station-house that won't talk," O'Malley said. "I got to see what I can get out of him. A dame got found dead in Riverside Drive and they thought a car had hit her, but they found out she had been beat to death. She had on a new coat. It was Sunday, but they got hold of the guy that had sold the coat and he said it had been delivered to a Mrs. Lindel and it turned out that was her. I don't suppose I'll be no help to 'em."

"Who's the man at the station-house?" I asked.

"Her husband. The neighbors say she hadn't been seen around her place for several days, and it proves she had been seen going with a guy. The idea is Lindel found it out and knocked her off. They're probably right because he won't say nothing about his wife at all."

We saw Lindel at the station-house. He was young and, I thought, not bad-looking. He appeared to be a mechanic.

"When was the last time you seen your wife?" O'Malley asked him.

He wouldn't answer.

"The neighbors say she ain't been seen around since last Thursday. That's over three days now. How come you didn't report that she was missing?"

"That's *my* business."

"Not no more it ain't. It's ours now. Who was this guy you found she had been going with?"

He stared at the floor and wouldn't say anything.

"An innocent man, O'Malley," I said, "will always talk. Silence is usually confession."

Lindel only looked at us.

WE DECIDED we would see where the Lindels had lived. It was in the north end of Manhattan. It was a huge apartment building and the Lindels had a small apartment. A uniformed cop was in the hallway.

"They don't find no signs of trouble between them people in this place," the cop informed us.

He let us in. Some detectives were still working there. The kitchen was untidy and looked as though a man had been keeping house alone. The two other rooms were in great disorder, but that had been done by the detectives.

"You lads find anything?" O'Malley asked.

"Boy, we found plenty. It wasn't one guy this dame run around with; it must have been a dozen. She had their letters in her dresser."

The drawers of the dresser had been broken open.

"Did Lindel bust them drawers?" O'Malley asked.

"Oh, no. We done it. It looks like the dame always kept 'em locked. See here."

They opened the drawers and showed us the contents. There were silks and delicate fabrics not in keeping with the simplicity of the apartment. There was quite a lot of inexpensive jewelry. We read some of the letters. They were love letters and the men hadn't signed their names, but only nicknames or initials.

"You'll trace them letters," O'Malley advised the cops.

"Oh, sure; we'll try, but whoever wrote 'em wanted to make that hard for us."

"Where was it this guy worked?"

They gave us the address. I saw that O'Malley meant to go there.

"There's no use going there tonight," I objected. "It's getting dark. There won't be anyone there."

"Yeah, I don't want to go there neither, but I'd ought to see it."

THE place was near the river. It was a foundry and machine shop and a dingy sign across the front said Mizzen & Company. The chill, darkening streets were deserted and the low building was dark except for one window, which was lighted. We pounded on a door beside the lighted window and a young man let us in.

"You the boss here?" O'Malley asked.

"If I wasn't I wouldn't be working on the books at this time of night."

"That sounds reasonable. Your name must be Mizzen, then. Does a guy named Lindel work for you?"

"He does."

"You mean he *did*."

"What's that idea—'he did'? Lindel didn't come to work today. Has something happened to him?"

"Has he been working regularly? Did he work Friday?"

"Yes; every day until today."

"You show us where he worked."

Mizzen led the way back into the foundry. Lindel worked at a lathe and there was some work piled by it. An old man came and pottered about, observing what we were doing. He proved to be the night watchman.

"What's all this about?" Mizzen demanded.

"This Lindel got into a little trouble. How's he been acting for a while? How was his work?"

"Well, there's what he was working on."

O'Malley studied the pieces. "Is it up to standard?" he inquired.

Mizzen examined it. "Quite."

We looked around the place a little more and then the watchman showed us out.

"Did you find out anything, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"Going there turned out no dice. We looked at everything and we don't know no more than we did at first. Mizzen says Lindel done his work all right and it looked that way to me. About all we got on him is the guy won't talk."

"That's plenty."

"Well, maybe. I suppose I got to

(Continued on page 46)

The day we'll always remember

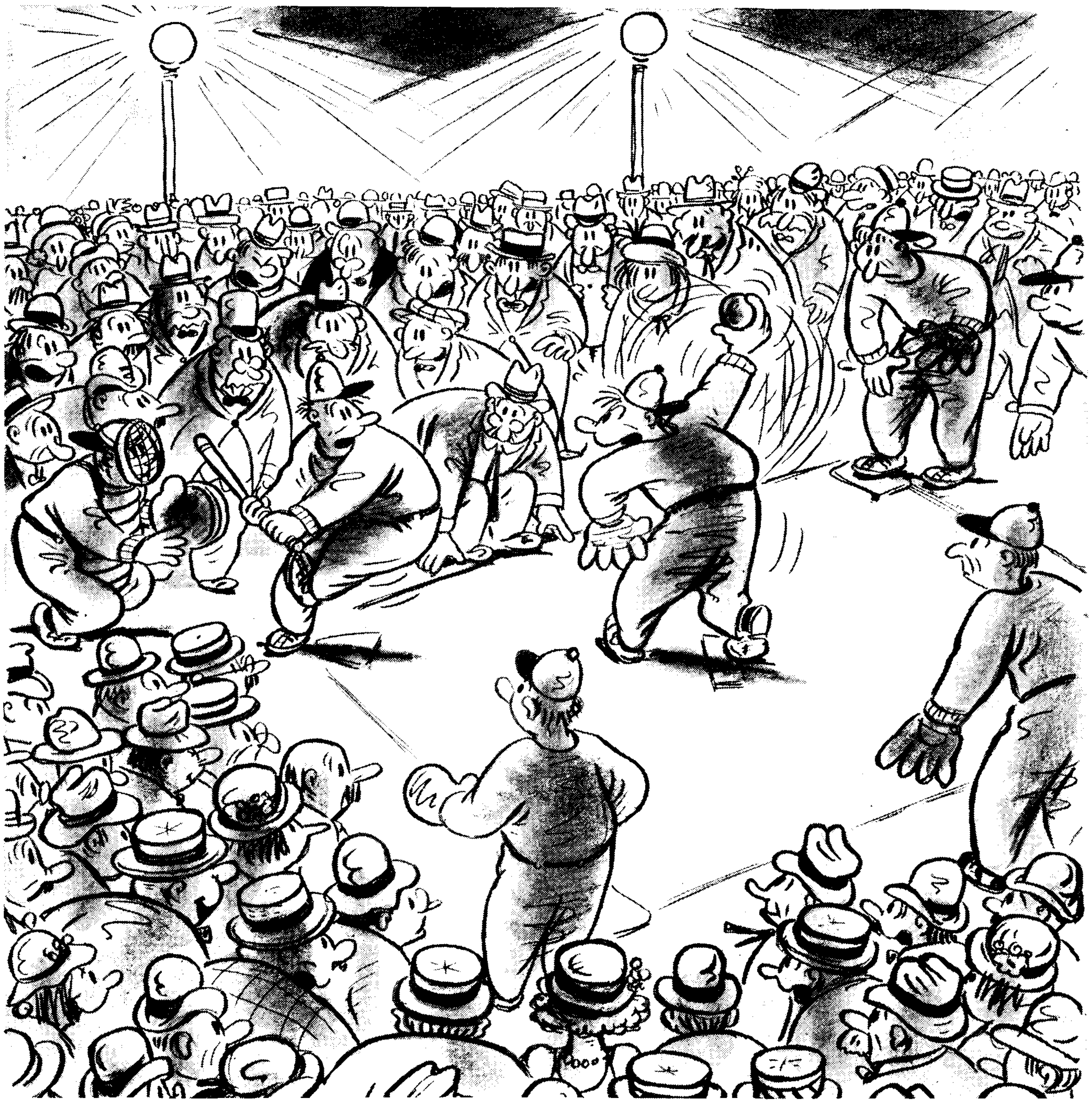
The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow you must take Today

WITHOUT snapshots, even the most important days soon lose their sharp edge in memory . . . How important that you take these pictures, and get good ones. Your camera is at its best when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Your snapshots are clear and expressive—true to life. Always use Verichrome and be sure. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Not So Soft

By Kyle Crichton

It's called softball, mushball, kittenball—anything you like—but don't let the name fool you. It's a jazzed-up version of baseball and it's fast and hard. Take a look at this new evening pastime and at the able president of the American Softball Association—Mr. George Sisler



The diamond is small and fans are accustomed to being close to the players

ON THE face of it, the thing was preposterous. There stood George Sisler and a rotund gentleman who was waving his hands under the Sisler nose. Anybody with the ghost of a sporting memory will recognize Sisler as one of the great baseball players of all time. The pudgy little man was evidently not concerned with that. What he was saying in excited tones was this:

"If we have to play again with an umpire like that Jones, I'll withdraw our team from the league!"

Confronted with this disaster, Mr. Sisler looked cool and courageous. It was plain that when it came time for Jones to umpire again, he would umpire whether the little man liked it or not.

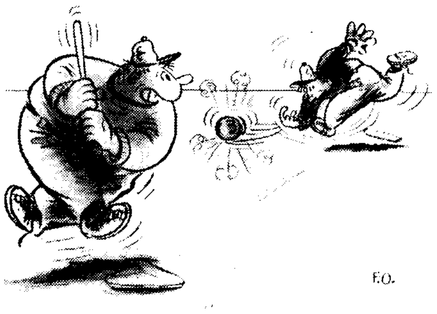
What was happening was the morning-after session of the president of the American Softball Association—to wit, Mr. George Sisler. He had come in quietly and a bit apprehensively through the rear door of his sporting goods store in St. Louis as if hopeful that he could escape the ordeal for once, but the usual complainants were on hand to tell him his umpires were robbers and the opponents crooks.

The batter might just as well close his eyes and take a swing

"You'd think it was a World Series every day," said Mr. Sisler, resignedly. "It's like this every morning. Do you know who that fellow was who just bawled me out? . . . He's one of the biggest bankers in town. And do you know what he was kicking about? He was sore because Jones had called one against his girls' team last night. Not the big team, but the girls' team. It's as if J. P. Morgan went down before breakfast to put the blast on Judge Landis. That's how nutty they are about this softball game."

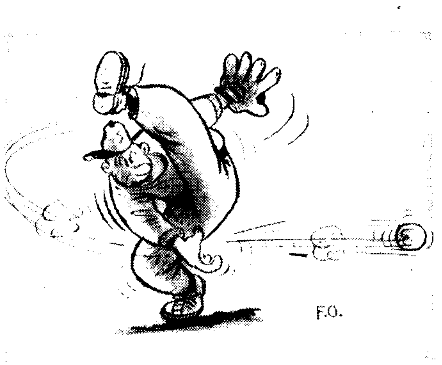
Anybody who travels of an evening through the Middle West can testify on the subject. According to the sporting goods manufacturers, who are not ordinarily ruled by sentiment, softball is the fastest growing of all sports. There are girls' teams, league teams, church teams and teams which have wandered out on an open lot and are endeavoring to break all the windows in the apartment house across the street. There are 950,000 players now organized into various leagues. The national tournament of the Amateur Softball Association last year in Lincoln Park, Chicago, had a crowd of 100,000 for the play-off. One of the finest teams in the tournament was the Jewels from Phoenix, Arizona, who lost out in the semi-finals to the Crimson Coach Tobaccos of Toledo. The championship was won by the Ke-Nash-a team of Kenosha, Wis.

"The name is cockeyed, if you ask me," said Sisler. "Wait'll you see these big guys lay them up against the fence, 300 feet out. We had a catcher who kept thinking it was softball and wouldn't bother wearing a mask. A foul tip spread his nose all over St. Louis County the other night. Me play? Nothing doing. It's too fast and rough for me. It's a jazzed-up version of baseball. Everything on a smaller scale and everything fast as the devil. The bases are 60 feet instead of 90 feet as in baseball, and it's a question of grabbing them and throwing them on the fly."



The bats are not more than 34 inches long and 2⅛ inches in diameter

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK OWEN

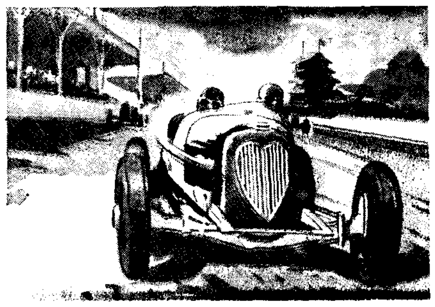


An underhand motion is used, but there's plenty of stuff on the ball

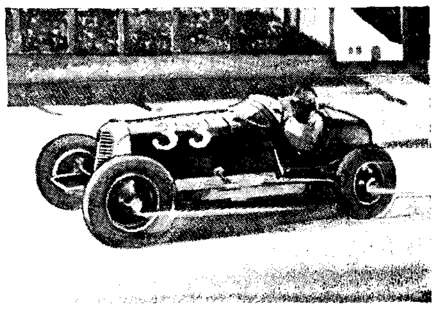
The game was originally known as indoor baseball and was played in large armories with a ball which was much larger and softer than the present ball. When it ventured out into the sunlight, it was called mushball, kittenball, diamondball and a dozen other names. From daylight it has progressed—particularly in the Middle West where the insanity is at its height—into a night game under lights. This development was brought about by Phil Rosier of Chicago, who took the sport when it was wandering about under its various sissified names and made it respectable as the National Softball Association. At the present time there are approximately 1,000 lighted parks for softball, and it is growing by the hour.

Softball is a variation of baseball. The ball is 12 inches in circumference and is now so hard that everybody but the pitcher uses the usual baseball gloves in handling it. The bats are thin and light, being made of wood and not more than 34 inches long and not more than 2⅛ inches in diameter at the thickest part. Because the action is so fast in softball, the bats are required to have a taping on the handle. The hitters bring them around at such a pace that if they ever slipped out of the

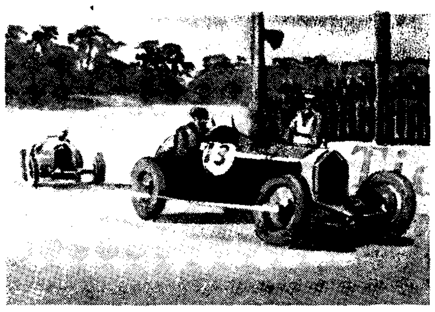
(Continued on page 38)



INDIANAPOLIS—*Kelly Petillo drove his Champion-equipped Gilmore Speedway Special to a thrilling victory in the annual 500 Mile Race, setting a new record of 106.24 m.p.h. and making the 12th consecutive time Champion Spark Plugs have helped to win this event.*



INDIANAPOLIS—*Rex Mays, daring young race driver, won the pole position in the 500 mile Memorial Day Race by qualifying at the amazing average of 120.736 m.p.h., a new track record for two-man cars. Mays used Champion Spark Plugs.*



ENGLAND—*Luis Fontes, just over 21 years old and a comparatively unknown driver, won the J. C. C. International Trophy event with his Champion - equipped Alfa - Romeo. Freddie Dixon, who was close behind, finished second in a Riley using Champions.*

WASHINGTON—*Fred Jacoby, using Champions, won all outboard competition in Class A, B, C and F and the Inter-Shrine championship in Shrine Convention Regatta. All inboard winners in this event also used Champions.*

If perfect performance is important
SPARK PLUGS
are Vitally Important
CHAMPION
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
USE THE
SPARK PLUGS
CHAMPIONS
USE

The only thing that matters to you as a spark plug user is to know which spark plug gives your car the best performance. On this score Champion Spark Plugs stand unqualifiedly alone as proved by twelve consecutive years of supremacy in racing throughout the world. In the last Indianapolis 500 mile race every car to finish was Champion-equipped.

KEEP YOUR ENGINE YOUNG . . . CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES

Grandstand Stuff

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Donald Gibbs

MRS. ARTHUR J. (CANNONBALL) McSHANE, the former Lulu Martel, of Hollywood and Broadway, posed her glamorous, streamlined self—Jubilee blue sports suit, silver fox, the silliest of hats—in the center of the de luxe suite at the Bartmont. She placed her hands on her slim hips and pirouetted slowly, humming a few bars of the Martel success, Tootsie.

Mr. McShane was slumped down in an armchair, one striped flannel leg over the port side, and a copy of the Morning Tribune was clamped in his oversized paws.

"The dumb tramps," he chuckled, and he did not look up.

"How do you like my new hat, darling?" purred Mrs. McShane. "Isn't it ducky?"

Now, any one of the picture directors who, a few months back, had the job of getting along with the great Martel, would have recognized the storm signals in the limpid Martel eyes, would have caught the warning hidden in the syrup of the Martel voice. But not Mr. McShane of the Panthers' hurling staff.

"The dumb tramps, trying to make out as if I was fading!"

The heel of a smart oxford dug into his right foot.

"How do you like the hat?"

Mr. McShane looked up briefly.

"Very nice," he said, and went back to his reading. But not for long. Mrs. McShane swooped down on him. She ripped the paper from his grasp and tore it in two. She tore it again and threw it on the floor and stamped on the pieces.

"Phooey to your old paper," she said, "double phooey."

Mr. McShane's face turned the color of ripe liver. He floundered in his chair, glaring helplessly about the room. His glance lit on the hat.

"Personally," he said, "as long as you go acting this way, I'll come clean. Personally, I think that hat looks terrible."

"Why, you—you—" Mrs. McShane was Janice Witherspoon in Lady Betrayed. "You—to say such a thing—"

"Furthermore," Mr. McShane continued, "it doesn't look to me much like a hat anyway. If you want to know, it looks to me like a pancake. And, furthermore, I don't like it!" He struggled to his feet. It was a new Mr. McShane who rose from that chair, and the light in his eyes was unhusbandly. He made a grab at the goofy little bonnet perched atop the Martel curls, and he scaled it out the window.

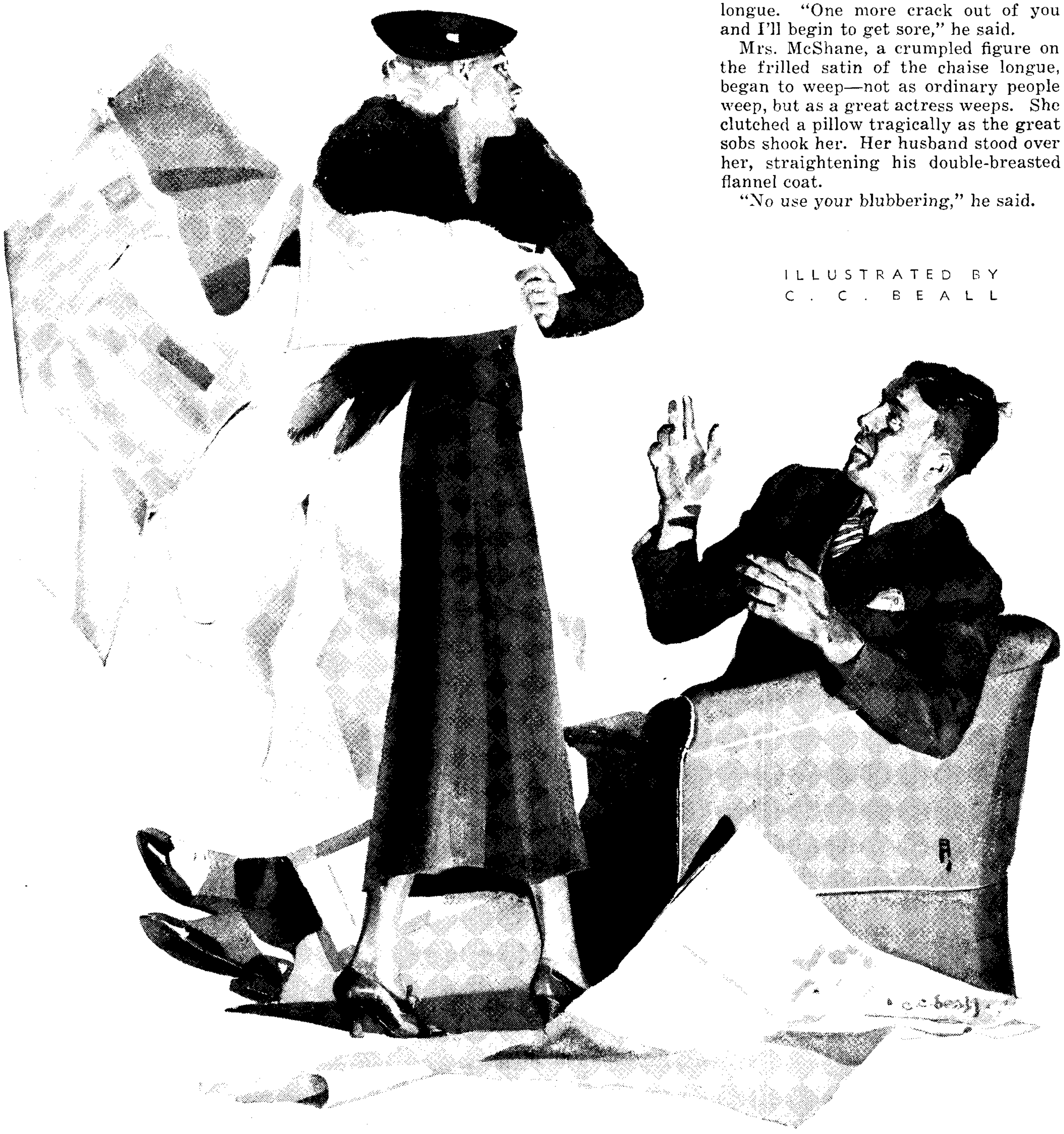
FOR a second Mr. McShane, Panther pitcher, was the male triumphant, the male dominant. But only for a second.

"How dare you! You beast!" It was the Lulu Martel of Tiger Woman who flew at him with her polished and tapered nails. This was too much for Mr. McShane. He picked up the Tiger Woman and flung her onto the chaise longue. "One more crack out of you and I'll begin to get sore," he said.

Mrs. McShane, a crumpled figure on the frilled satin of the chaise longue, began to weep—not as ordinary people weep, but as a great actress weeps. She clutched a pillow tragically as the great sobs shook her. Her husband stood over her, straightening his double-breasted flannel coat.

"No use your blubbering," he said.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



Mrs. McShane swooped down on him. She ripped the paper from his grasp and tore it in two

"Blubbering?" Lulu Martel leaped from the couch with a shriek. She raised both hands to strike him dead. For a long moment she held the pose. Then she ran swiftly the gamut of a half-dozen emotions, starting with amazement and ending with loathing the bitter kind. Her voice was frappéed vinegar. "Arthur McShane, I never blubbered in my life! And I want to tell you something. I've had just about enough of you. All you do is sit here and read these papers and tell yourself how good you are. Either that or let a lot of little fellows who couldn't swing a small-sized swizzle stick knock you all over the lot. My mother told me never to marry a ballplayer. She should have said never to marry a poor one. Cannonball? Humph. Mothball McShane."

The light of battle gleamed in Mr. McShane's eyes. "We'll skip your mother," he said, "but if an ace pitcher in the big time isn't good enough for a second-rate chorine to hang around with, why . . ." Mr. McShane was hissing like a new radiator, " . . . why, go ahead back to your old two-a-day. Go on back; I'll sign waivers."

"Repeat that," said Mrs. McShane, her eyes twin points of fire. "Just repeat that."

Mr. McShane repeated it, with additions.

"All right!" Decision was written all over Lulu. "You may be interested to know that Sid Levinski, of Super-World, is right here in this hotel now. And he's been after me for weeks trying to get me to quit playing stooge to a second-rate ballplayer who has had his day and return to show business."

"Give him my regards," said McShane bitterly.

LULU tossed her head and marched into the next room. She picked up the telephone.

"Cut out the grandstand stuff," said Mr. McShane. Lulu did not listen.

"Operator," she said, and her voice was rose petals and plush. "Will you connect me with Mr. Sid Levinski? I think he's in Room 806." Her small left foot tapped a neat double tempo on the gilt leg of the phone stand. Mr. McShane's mouth was hanging open like the mouth of a wounded codfish. He looked as if Shirley Temple had slammed one of his best deliveries across the state line.

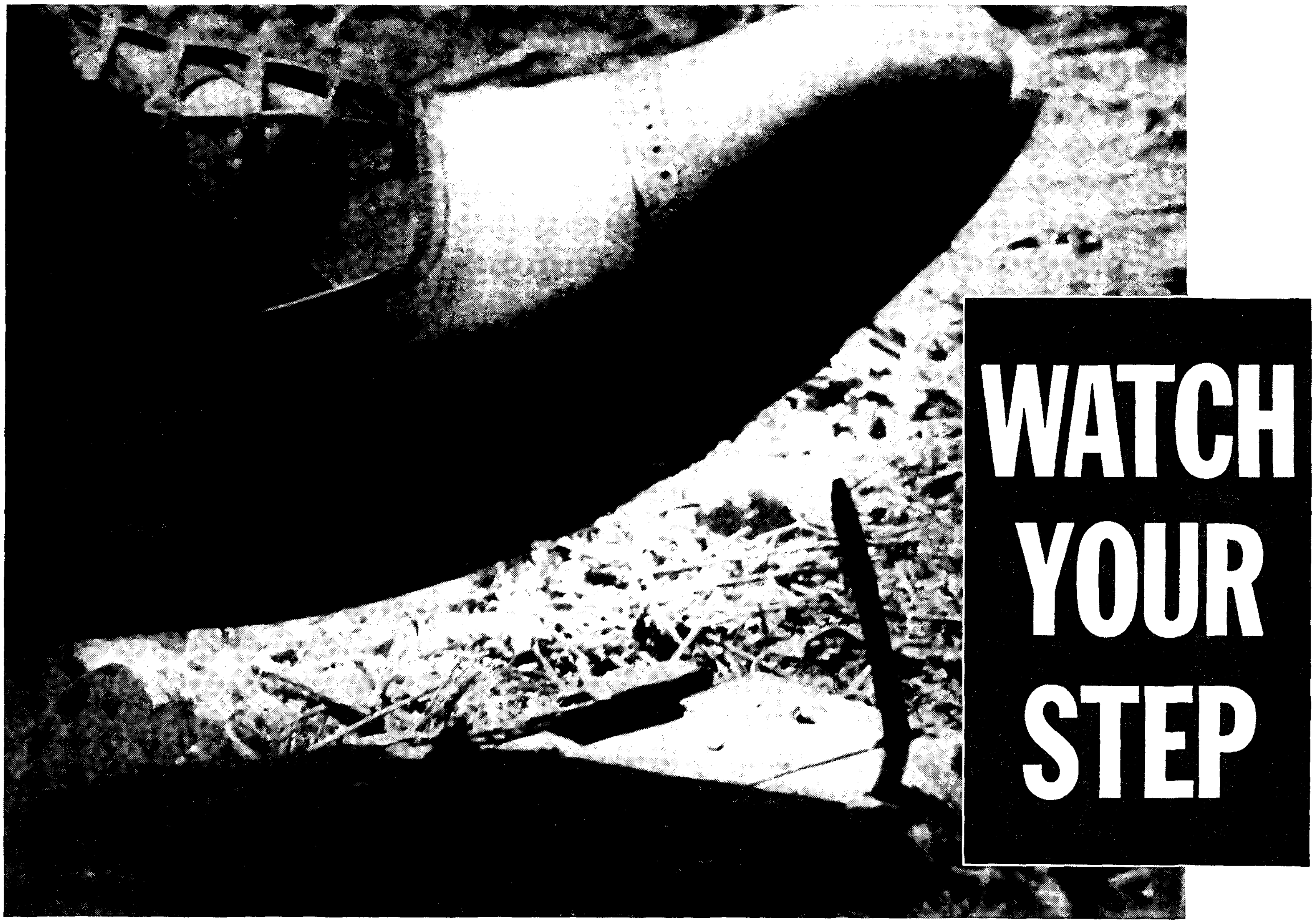
But he recovered quickly and leaped toward the door. Lulu slammed it in his face and turned the lock.

"Listen, you," he yelled, and his voice was stronger than a bleacher tenor's. "You can't do that. You can't run out on a fellow. Listen, I'll . . ." He beat on the door with the McShane pitching knuckles. "Listen. You call this guy Levinski, I'll knock his block off. Yeah, his and a lot of other guys', too." Mr. McShane was beside himself. "Who said I wasn't a good ballplayer? I'll show you—listen, you—you unlock that door and come out here."

Mrs. McShane smiled the smile she used so effectively in Mona Lisa of the Prairies. She took her finger off the hook and spoke softly into the mouthpiece.

"Mr. Noonan, in seven eighty-four."

"Hello, Mike. This is Lulu Martel. Yeah, start him this afternoon. Only tell him to lay off the bean ball. He's kind of excited."



YOU CAN SEE THE RUSTY NAIL
*ATHLETE'S FOOT IS INVISIBLE

> ★ **The U. S. Public Health Service asserts:** *" . . . it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it (Athlete's Foot) at some time"*

WHILE thousands of people every year step on rusty nails and suffer variously as the result, still the cause of the suffering is visible and can be avoided. But the fungus which causes Athlete's Foot lurks unseen, unfelt at time of attack, ever ready to dig into your bare feet, and in the places you would least expect it. Your bathroom floor, the decks and diving boards of swimming pools, the locker room of your favorite club—all may harbor this menace to foot health and comfort.

How to Recognize It in Time

The first you'll know that Athlete's Foot has attacked you probably will be redness and itching between your lesser toes. Tiny, white blisters may appear. Excessive moisture, cracking, peeling, soreness and pain—any of these signs calls for immediate action. Don't neglect these dangerous symptoms. Prompt treatment is necessary to avoid chance of serious trouble.

Absorbine Jr. Kills the Fungus Quickly

At the first sign of Athlete's Foot, douse on cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. morning and night. Keep this up until you are sure infection has been removed. Reputable laboratory tests show that the fungus which causes Athlete's Foot is killed within 30 seconds after Absorbine Jr. penetrates to it.

Keep Constant Watch During Warm Weather

You can be reinfected again and again, especially during warm weather when the scourge is at its worst. Even your socks must be boiled 15 minutes to kill the hardy fungus.

Keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. in your medicine cabinet and in your locker at your club or swimming pool at all times. Use it after every bath to refresh and rest your feet and to kill the fungi you may have picked up, before they can dig in.

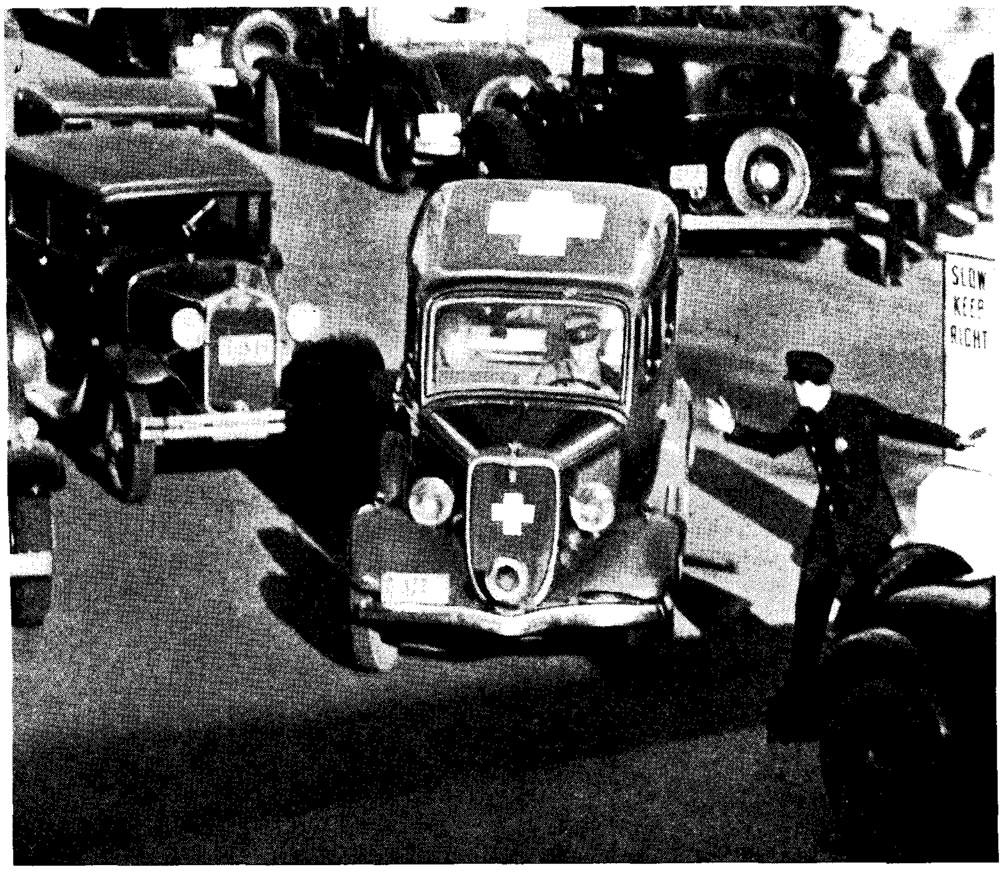
Don't be a victim of the switch racket. Good dealers will give you genuine Absorbine Jr. when you ask for it. Refuse substitutes. It's thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. To obtain free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness and SUNBURN

At all druggists
$1.25 a bottle

CITY EDITOR



TEXACO
U.S. GOVERNMENT SPECIFICATIONS
TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF
TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

A TIP FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

News travels fast in the nation's capital.

Whenever Government officials make a decision, millions of people want to know what it is.

There's a Government decision about *gasoline,* for instance, that made thousands of motorists stop and think.

It's this: Gasoline for the Government's *emergency* duty must pass a more rigid set of specifications than that for ordinary use.

If you ever drove an ambulance, you'd know why Government buyers demand a faster-starting, more powerful gasoline for their emergency vehicles.

But you *don't have to be* an ambulance driver to get a gasoline like that!

You can buy it all of the time . . . and without extra cost . . . at any Texaco Fire-Chief pump.

That's not a claim. It's an actual fact.

Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline has been matched against the Government's higher, emergency specifications.

It gives you all of the power the Government insists its ambulances and fire-engines must have.

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF

When you buy at a Texaco pump you get a gasoline that meets the Government's emergency specifications* for fire-engines and ambulances . . . . ***at no extra cost!***

*** Federal Specification VV-M-571 for emergency vehicles**

South of Heaven

Continued from page 15

stormy night in the tavern—the weary travelers snug by the fire—we should tell each other weird, blood-curdling stories, shouldn't we?"

"Yes—and then suddenly the mysterious stranger over by the corner tells *his* story and goes out into the night—and no one ever sees him again—"

"But both our lives are changed from that moment—"

"And we look at each other fearfully over the dying embers—"

"Here!" he said, laughing. "Have a spot of brandy!"

They lifted their glasses in a toast that had the ease of old companionship. And after that they talked effortlessly of many things. It was not strange that they should have talked, at last, of marriage.

"Of course I have a romantic streak," he admitted, refilling his pipe. "But somehow I believe that one day I'll be walking along the street and—bang!—there'll be the girl!"

Amy stared at him.

"*What* girl?"

He glanced at her, rather sheepishly.

"You know the theory," he said. "The one in the world—the predestined one—"

Amy struggled—it was as if somebody had clapped an ether cone over her nose. At last she managed to speak—but faintly.

"What would she be like?"

"Oh, she'd be a little thing, and blond—I'd hold out for a blonde. And she'd have blue eyes—the sort that would make me feel no end masterful and important!" He bent forward and prodded a log that had fallen from the blaze. Then he smiled at Amy, confidingly. "I suppose I need reassurance—but she'd have to need me, she'd have to be as helpless as a kitten!"

AMY stared down at her own hands. They were deft, strong hands that could grip a propeller and swing it with ease; she had always been proud of those hands!

"Now I've told you the worst," said Michael. "How about you?"

"Me?"

"Yes. How about the man you'd pick out? That's fair enough! Would he be another pilot?"

Janet Cameron would have been amazed and charmed to hear her daughter now.

"Not necessarily a pilot," said Amy, "but he'd have to be a big—big—you know, the viking type? He'd be a terribly active person—the sort of man who wouldn't open a book from one year to the next—and certainly he wouldn't be a *business* man—he'd be a sportsman of some kind, a big-game hunter or maybe an explorer!"

Michael lifted his glass.

"May you find him!" he said.

Amy lifted her glass too.

"May you find her!" she said.

And that was the end of the third evening.

Amy threw a ball for the terrier to retrieve. And he came back, wagging his tail.

"Well," said Amy's mother, gently, "you might be a little more—communicative."

"Nothing to communicate," said Amy, still intent upon the dog.

"I feel as if I'd been reading a story," said Janet, plaintively, "that had ended right in the middle!"

"Well, that's what this one did," her daughter declared. "I'm just washed up on this love business—it's asinine! I'll stick to flying—a lot easier on the nervous system. And as far as Michael Kane's concerned—Mother, I *hate* the man!"

"H'm," said Janet.

And she said no more. But three days later Amy came in from the field to find Michael having tea with her mother. And her heart fairly zoomed—because, of course, she was surprised.

"Hello!" she said, carelessly. "I didn't know you knew my mother."

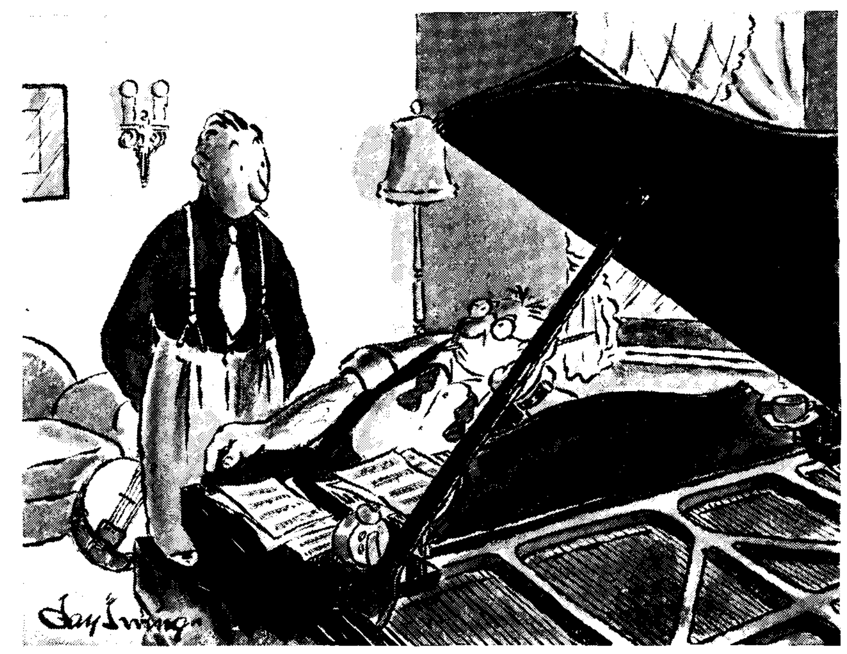
"Well, I had to introduce myself," he said, smiling. "I came around to find out if you were all right, Miss Cameron—you cut short your trip so suddenly—"

"Oh—that!" she said, looking him straight in the eye. "I had a wire calling me back—somebody else had found a field."

Janet Cameron averted her glance. Then she poured a cup of tea for her daughter. After that the conversation continued almost haltingly between Michael and the older woman. Amy contributed no more than a few monosyllables; she played with the dog.

"You were almost rude," declared her mother afterwards.

"Can't help it, Mother!" said Amy, briskly. "I simply can't stand the man!"



"I guess there must be something to that there reincarnation business. Everything I write sounds like Chopin" JAY IRVING

"Why, I thought he was charming!"

"Did you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't," said Amy, smiling grimly. "I think he's impossible—and I hope I never have to see him again as long as I live!"

THIS was a vain hope. She saw Michael upon the following day. And she couldn't have expected to run into him at an aviators' luncheon! But Michael's father was publishing the autobiography of the guest of honor—and Michael was attending the affair as his father's representative.

He smiled at Amy.

"What a coincidence!" he said.

"*Isn't* it?" cooed Amy.

"I'm beginning to believe in Fate," he told her.

"Yes?"

"We might as well break down and admit," he said, solemnly, "that there's no such thing as coincidence."

"Oh, isn't there?"

"No, it's all Fate—she's been hurling us together, you know—and the old girl usually knows what she's about."

"Well, maybe she's sort of callous," said Amy, "but I can't believe she's downright *cruel!*"

He stroked his cheek, reflectively.

"That," he said, "was a fast one."

Amy looked at him as if he were already receding into the distance.

"I really must toddle along," she said.

"But wait a minute!" he pleaded. "I wanted to ask you to see a play with me. It's called South of Heaven—and it's all about aviation—I read about it in the Times."

"I never see plays about aviation," she told him. "They always seem a little absurd—to an aviator, you know."

And with that she left him.

SHORTLY after this conversation had taken place, Marcia Littlefield invited Amy to a party. It was to be an informal dinner party, with dancing, in Marcia's rambling old country house in Connecticut. And Amy accepted the invitation—not because she was sure Michael Kane would be there, but because she did not want to hurt Marcia's feelings.

Michael sat at the other end of the dinner table—and Amy was very glad of that. She had greeted him with a coolness that, as Marcia said, would have frozen lava.

Amy herself had been seated next to a man who was no humdrum publisher of books. Steven Carew was a magnificent specimen of the more desperate sex. He had done almost everything that any active man had ever thought of doing. He had augmented his renown as a track star by further renown as a big-game hunter. He was, on the side, a crack polo player. And he could talk of any of his exploits with no false modesty whatever. Marcia beamed down from the head of the table; at last she had provided a man who was worthy of Amy.

Amy smiled back—feebly. Then, out of pure curiosity, she tried to discover how Michael was faring. His smooth, dark head was bent over a little platinum-haired trifle whose blue eyes were lifted, in a sort of worship, to Michael's eyes. So, thought Amy, he'd met her at last—his ideal girl, his dream woman, his perfect microbe—

"I'm glad you're a pilot," young Carew was saying. "I do like a girl who can do things! On an expedition, for instance—"

It was funny, thought Amy, how everything worked out. If you waited long enough, you'd be sure to find the one person who could speak your language. In one night Michael had found his microbe, and she had found this perfectly wonderful man, this man who was nothing less than a hero—

The lights seemed to be hurting her eyes. Then she realized that there was nothing the matter with the lights but that she, Amy Cameron, was on the point of bursting into tears.

An orchestra was playing. She danced with Carew.

"I—I'm thirsty!" she said, as the music came to an end.

Carew told her that he would get her something to drink. He told her just where to wait for him. But when he was safely around the corner Amy fled.

She knew just the retreat—for a famous woman pilot about to burst into mid-Victorian tears. This was a small veranda which formed an "L" around the left wing of the house. But here she found the tip of a cigarette, glowing fitfully in the darkness. Then her eyes found the splash of a white shirt front and, a moment later, a most familiar face.

"Well!" she said, catching her breath. "Isn't this a coincidence!"

"Yes," he said. "But isn't—where's the viking?"

"I don't know. But where's—what are you doing out here?"

"Sulking."

Amy sat on the veranda rail; she curled a bare brown arm around the ivory pillar, and pressed her flushed cheek for a moment against the cool, smooth wood.

"You seem to be having a swell time," said Michael, suddenly.

"Yes. Oh, you can't imagine how interesting a person like Steven Carew can be—a person who's been everywhere and seen everything and done everything! I've just been so fascinated all evening—you've no idea!"

"I'm getting the idea," he said.

AMY hugged the pillar. The music drifted from the big room to the veranda. It was a heavenly night, and Steven was waiting to dance with her—and tears welled, unreasonably, to her very eyes.

"I hope you haven't quarreled with Miss Bryson!"

He shook his head.

"Oh, no—it's just that I don't like to mix business with Marcia's good highballs. Miss Bryson's the novelist, you know—one of my father's top-notchers. And we've been talking royalties for three solid hours—"

Michael broke off with a sigh. Then he flicked his cigarette over the veranda rail.

"There's no point in telling you," he said, "but I've got to tell you! When you didn't show up at Casson's landing—that was the next stop after Bird Center, you know—well, I guess I realized—the dinner was even worse than the others, and there wasn't any movie I hadn't seen, and I didn't want to write letters and all the time I was watching the door and—well, it was an awful jolt, darling. And of course I know I haven't a chance in the world against this chap who's been everywhere and seen everything and done everything—"

Michael paused here—looking very young and wistful.

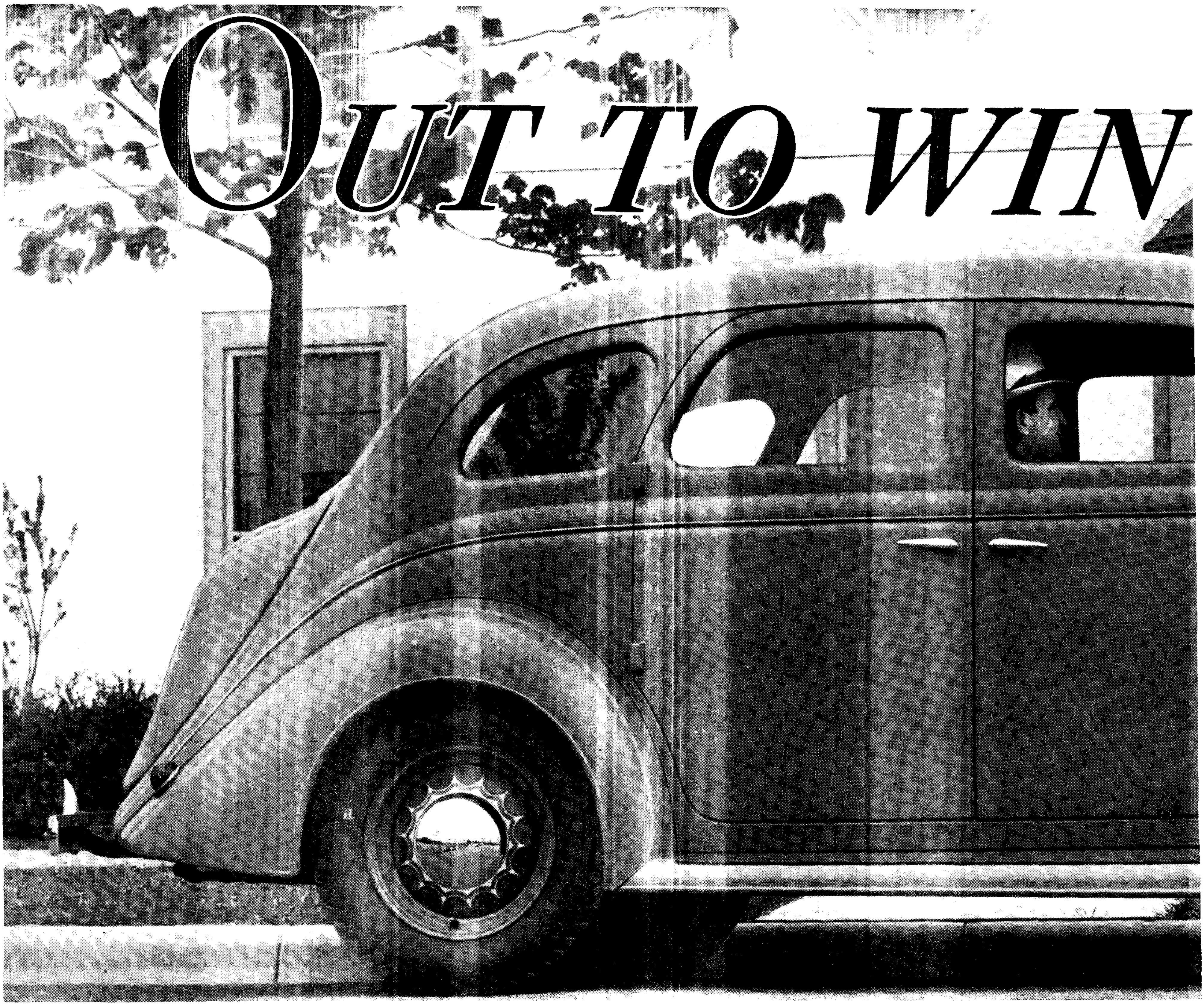
"But he bores me!" whispered Amy. "He *bores* me—Michael darling!"

"Then—" said Michael, uncertainly.

"Why, then—" said Amy, firmly.

He swung her down from the veranda rail; then she was in his arms.

And so a very bad-tempered viking found them at last. Amy was clinging to Michael by that time—she was, actually, as helpless as a kitten.



The dramatic story of America's most amazing automobile value!

and what made this value possible

If you could see, absolutely and without doubt, that the newest car in the lowest-price-field was stronger, bigger, roomier, safer in every way . . . would you try it? Then if you could see how Nash, in order to win new customers quickly, has put the highest-priced engineering features in this car, wouldn't you want to own it?

Well, that's exactly what Nash has done.

In order to get a big share of the lowest-price field, Nash—one of the four financially strongest manufacturers in the industry—is making this 1936 LaFayette the greatest value ever offered!

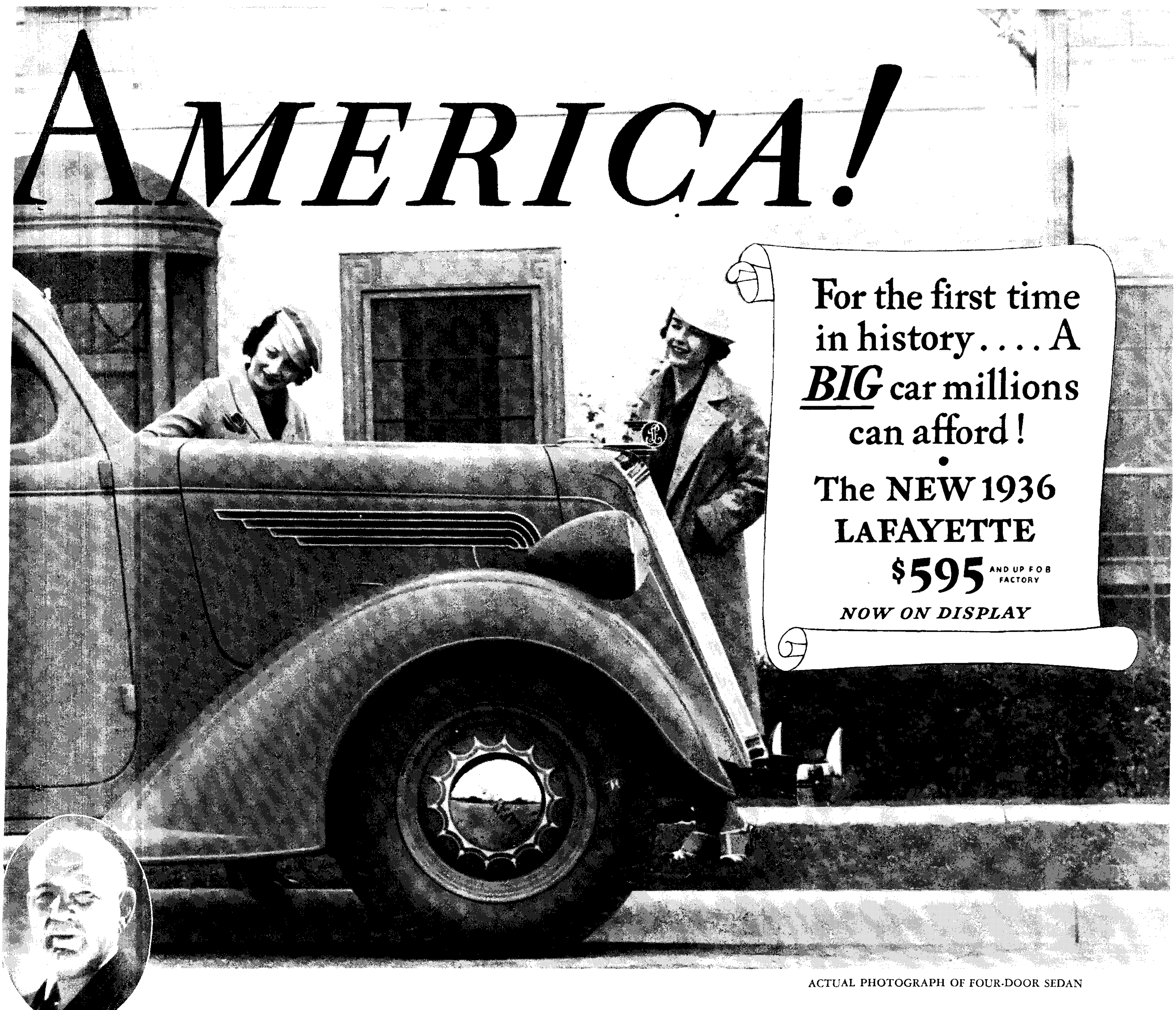
We know this sounds like a strong statement, but it's true! So true that you can see it with your own eyes . . . in any Nash-LaFayette showroom.

X-Ray Reveals Everything

The revealing X-Ray system shows you, quickly, in fascinating new pictures, exactly what you get in all of the lowest-priced cars.

To see action views and "X-RAY shots"

AMERICA!



For the first time in history.... A **BIG** car millions can afford!

•

The NEW 1936
LAFAYETTE
$595 AND UP F O B FACTORY

NOW ON DISPLAY

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF FOUR-DOOR SEDAN

"Without regard to present profits, we're going out to win America on value alone"
— C. W. NASH

You see the HIDDEN things. The things the high-priced cars include . . . the things the low-priced cars ave out! And you see that LaFayette ALONE gives you or 8 vital features that expensive cars never omit!

You also see the difference in LaFayette's SEAM-SS one-piece, all-steel body and other bodies you ight THINK were all steel!

You see . . . not simply hydraulic brakes . . . but versized hydraulic brakes big enough to stop a uck. Think what this means in super-safety . . . in rake linings that will last for years!

You see a time-tested and powerful 80-mile-an-our engine that dealers say has the LOWEST up-eep and service costs of any motor ever built. hat's because it's the only low-priced car with a -bearing crankshaft and rifle-drilled connecting rods that lubricate each cylinder separately with every stroke of the piston!

Any schoolboy will be pretty much an auto expert after looking at the lowest priced cars through this X-Ray System. It's fun. It's fascinating. And it's a whole lot better than selecting a car out of habit . . . or on somebody's say-so!

A Thrill Small Car Owners Shouldn't Miss

And when you get in the car, you get the biggest thrill of all. You're in a great big SIX PASSENGER automobile! With a much wider FRONT seat than your present car's back seat! With more head-room than you'll find in cars costing over $2,000.

So why penalize yourself!

Why be satisfied with less room—less leg-room, head-room and narrow seats—when LaFayette gives you so much MORE room and costs little or nothing more than the smallest cars? Why be satisfied with low-priced engineering methods when LaFayette—from bumper to bumper—is complete with engineering features used in cars costing hundreds of dollars more?

Now remember, you'll SEE all this. In any Nash-LaFayette showroom! So in fairness to yourself, see LaFayette before you buy ANY car.

If you're not going to buy a new car right away, keep this issue of Collier's as a reminder of the remarkable features you get in LaFayette!

But don't wait too long. Nash is very frank about this proposition to you. Right now, this year, we're giving you amazing EXTRA value so this new LaFayette will quickly become one of the leaders. You may have to pay more for a car like this in the future! The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

of this remarkable car . . . turn page →

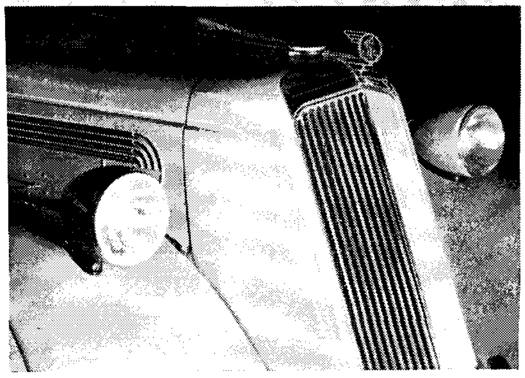
Six passengers! WIDER FRONT SEATS THAN HIGH PRICED CARS

Three passengers—six footers, big people—ride in either seat with room to spare!

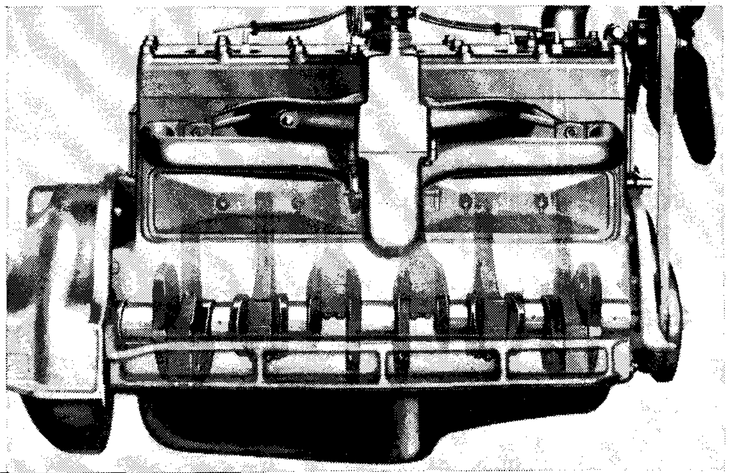
More head room THAN IN CARS COSTING OVER $2000

You'll like such ample headroom. It's safer, too.... And cooler in hot weather!

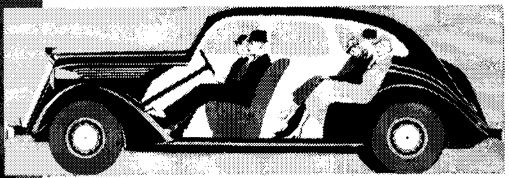
See WITH YOUR OWN EYES THAT IT'S *more powerful,*



LaFayette is fully stream-lined; yet look at this beautiful modern hood, stylish and unique in the low-priced field!



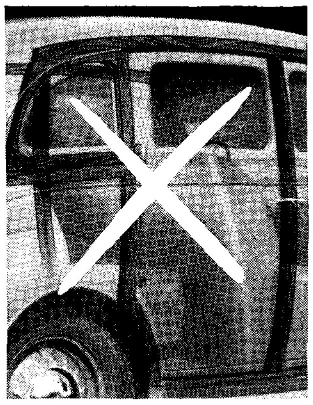
The finest engine ever put in a low-priced car. Vibrationless! 83 H.P.... Only LaFayette and more expensive cars have 7-bearing crankshafts and rifle-bored connecting rods.



Utter comfort and relaxation. Engine moved forward 10 inches. No other car combines mid-section seating, balanced weight, and Synchronized Springing on all four wheels!

New X-RAY plan differences in all the

For instance, you see the hidden things ... INSIDE... such as wood pillars, in some cars, supporting steel tops. Or else steel bodies, with only wire mesh and fabric over your head. But in LaFayette *only* do you see a *complete*, seamless all-steel body, top, sides and



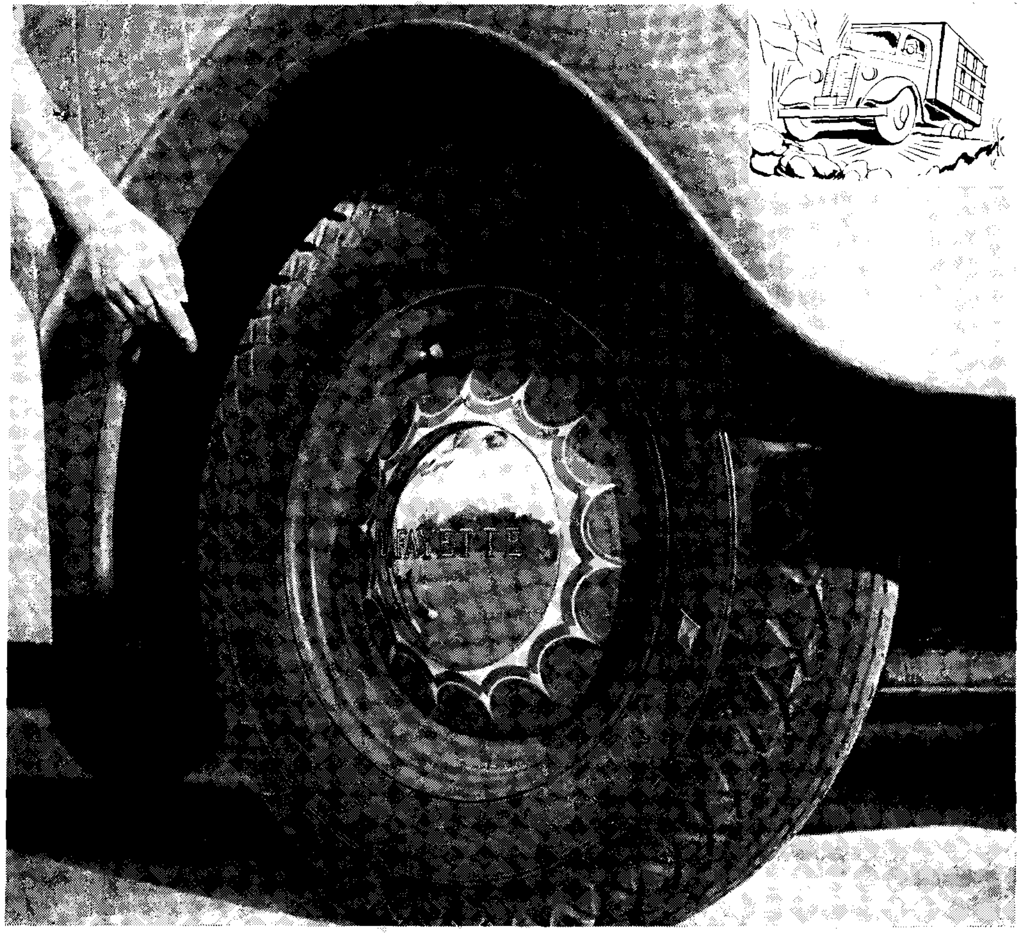
Not this .....

Not this ....

See announcement on preceding pages

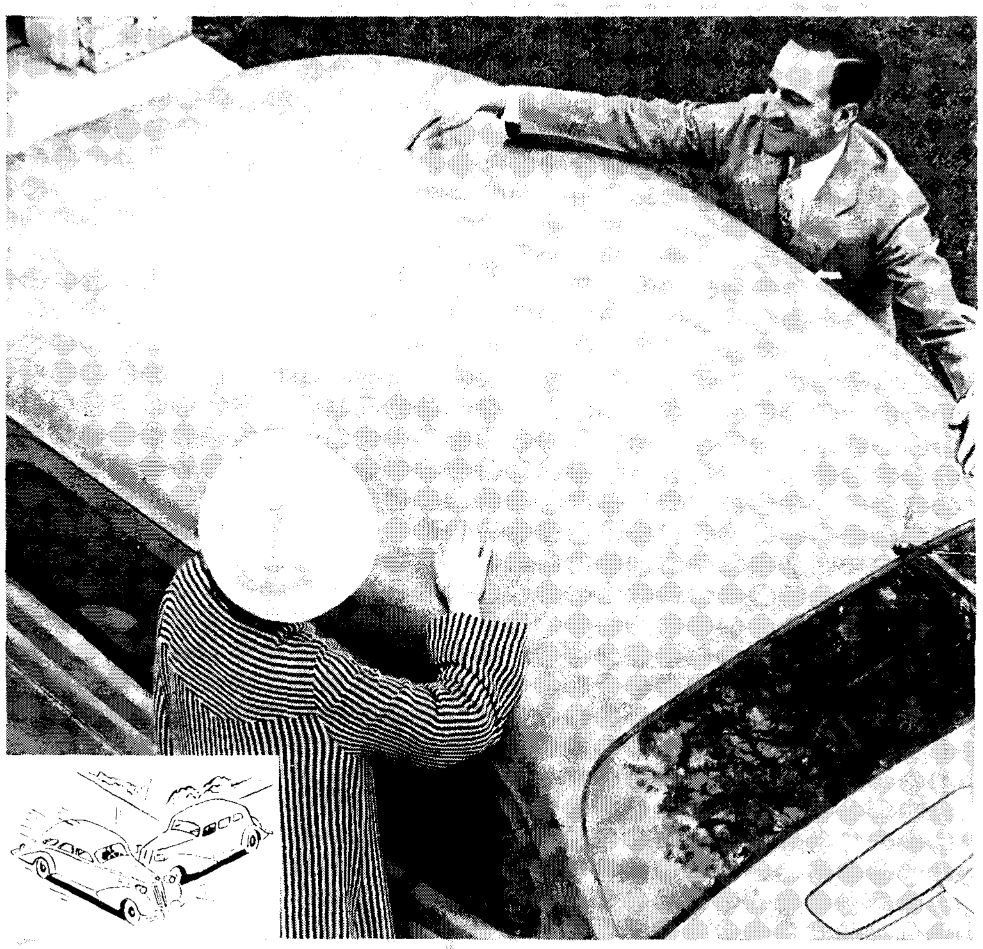
1936 LAFAYETTE

Oversized hydraulic brakes BIG ENOUGH TO STOP A TRUCK!



Hydraulic brakes as large as those on one of America's fastest selling 1½ ton trucks.

WORLD'S ONLY *Complete seamless one piece steel body*

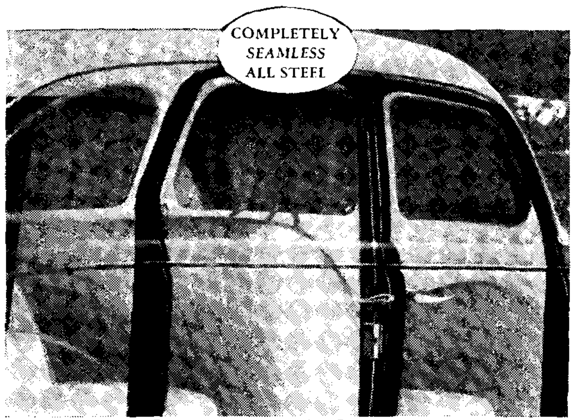


Only LaFayette and Nash have girder-steel frame, seamless steel top, floor and body!

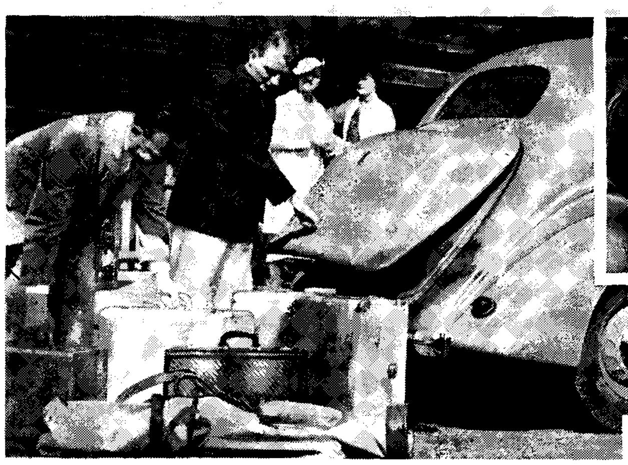
stronger, better engineered IN A DOZEN VITAL WAYS!

reveals astonishing lowest priced cars!

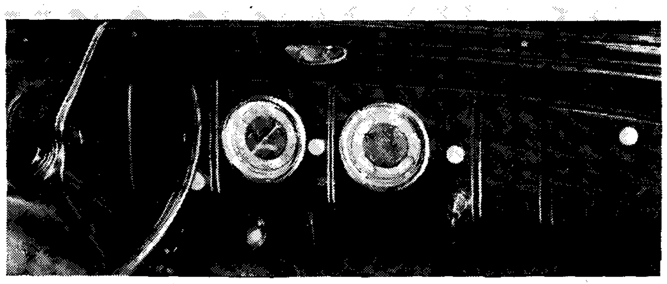
floor with steel-girder frame. Astonishing? Yes, and the illustrations below are merely diagrams of the graphic way you actually see *this* and other vital points revealed, simply and plainly, by the fascinating X-Ray system. . . . See it in any Nash-LaFayette showroom.



But THIS in LaFayette!



All the luggage shown here, along with the spare tire, was comfortably stowed away in the LaFayette trunk. Easy of access, you need only lift the door. Large, roomy luggage compartments are provided in all models. Full streamlining. Spare tire never exposed.



Mahogany hued instrument panel with removable ash tray and large, roomy package compartment. Wired for radio controls and dials. Ignition lock on the dash. All necessary gauges are shown under two modern dials illuminated by a concealed light.

No side pillars to interfere with arms or vision. LaFayette's patented ventilation system is operated by a single control. With cowl ventilator, it forms a powerful vacuum, supplying an abundance of fresh air without drafts.

DEALERS!

Would you rather sell *this* car or sell against it?

Face the facts without prejudice. Have you ever heard of such a value for anywhere near the price?

Get the full story, not only about LaFayette, but about the remarkable new 1936 Nash "400" and the complete Nash "Out-to-Win-America" Franchise!

"Out to win America" $595

and up f. o. b. factory. Special equipment extra. New 1936 Nash "400" prices start at $675. All prices subject to change without notice.

Berlin Billboard

Continued from page 13

disgust. "Revenge is a stupid thing, whether it be a man, a woman or a nation which seeks it. And yet . . ."

He broke off and I looked at him. His eyes were raised to a billboard which was perched atop a building across the boulevard. He looked at it and laughed.

"Amusing," he said, half to himself. "I have just remarked how futile it is for one to desire revenge to the extent that he would die to obtain it, haven't I? And there, there we have the perfect example."

"The cigarette advertisement?"

The baron nodded. Of course I had seen the cigarette advertisement all over Germany. In Germany, as in America, cigarettes are often advertised by billboards showing a picture of a beautiful girl with perhaps a few words of advertising. This particular advertisement had caused widespread comment because of the beauty of the girl. Her features were regular. It was her eyes and mouth and the way her hair was brushed back that gave the distinctive touch to her face. Her lips were full and they were pouting and there was a smoldering light in her eyes. The picture was undoubtedly the work of a real artist, but he certainly had a provocative subject. There was a look in the girl's eyes which puzzled you. It was a half quizzical, half beckoning look. Certainly a disturbing look.

"Do you know the girl who posed for that?" I asked the baron.

HE WAS smiling half to himself. "Revenge is an absurd emotion because it springs from the heart—not the mind. Like love. But so many, especially so many women, refuse to believe that. The ancients knew it. You remember the Satires of Juvenal? *At vindicta bonum vita jucundius ipsa. Nempe hoc indocti.*"

"What the devil does that mean?" I asked irritably. Sometimes the baron's erudition annoyed me.

"It means literally, 'Revenge is sweeter than life itself—so fools think.'"

"Well, what has that to do with this parade we're watching and with that girl on the cigarette advertisement?"

"Everything," he said simply.

We turned back through the crowd and made our way toward the Adlon. "Whatever got you started on this nonsense about revenge, Baron, anyhow?"

"Oh, the parade first—and then you asked me if I knew that girl on the billboard. I might tell you her story. It is an interesting one."

"In which case I'll buy the beer." The baron had once told me a story about a friend of his and I had sold it for eight hundred dollars to an American magazine.

"You are a mercenary soul," the baron said, following my thoughts.

We walked through the revolving doors of the Adlon. A man ahead of us walked slowly, tapping the marble floor with a cane.

"*Guten Tag, mein Herr*"—the maître d'hôtel hurried to him and spoke graciously. "Your usual table, sir?" He led the way to one of the tables near the palm trees which separate the lobby from the main restaurant.

"I see that poor blind chap here nearly every day," I told the baron. "He sits there drinking coffee and seems happy enough. No doubt another wreck of the war. If those marchers outside could see some of these hang-overs from the last war they wouldn't be yelling so for revenge."

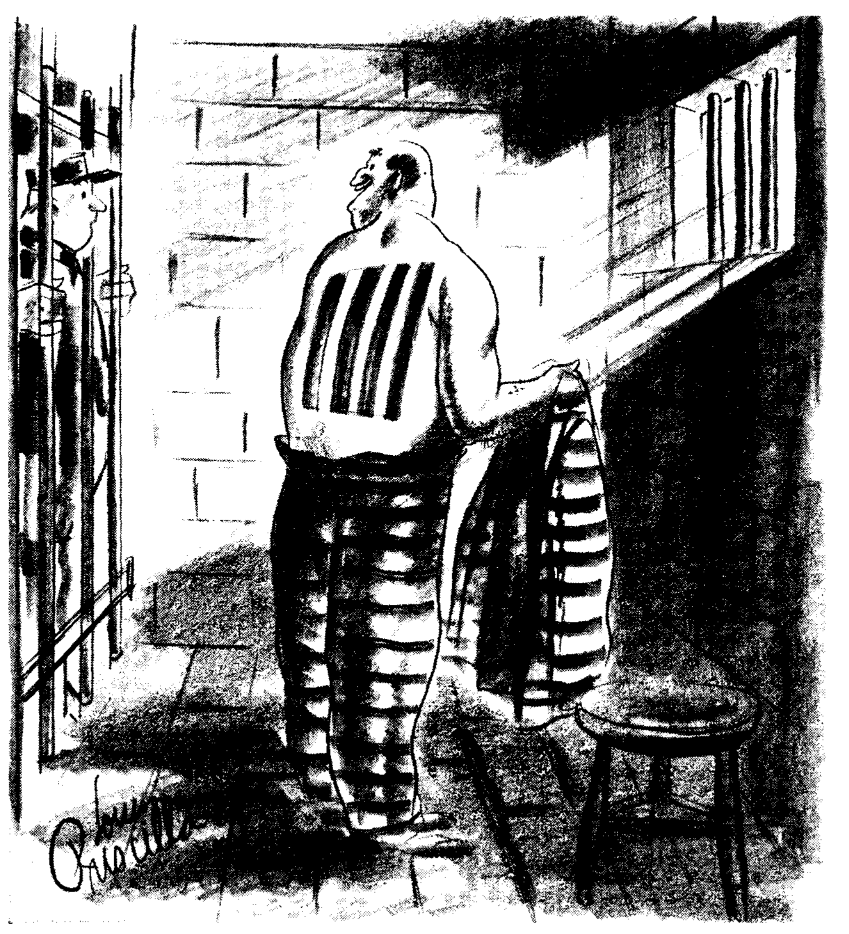
"Come, now," the baron laughed. "You talk like a pacifist. You know Germany doesn't like pacifists. And as for that blind man. . . . Well, no matter, let's tackle that beer. *Zwei helle*," this to Fred, the bartender.

Fred brought the drinks and we raised our glasses.

"*Grüss Gott*," the baron murmured.

"*Grüss Gott*," I answered. "It's a pleasure to drink with you, Baron. You're the only German I know who toasts God instead of Hitler."

"I DON'T know Hitler very well," the baron said a bit stiffly. "But God? Three times during the war I was very close to God. I feel—I say this with due reverence—as though I know Him. . . . But you wanted to hear my theory of revenge substantiated by the story of the girl on the billboard. I do not know whether it will mean anything to you. I find something curious about you and your journalistic colleagues here in Berlin. You are always so busy listening that you seldom hear a word that is said to you."



"How's this for a sunburn?"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

"Now you are so busy talking," I snapped, "that you're saying nothing."

"The girl's name was Anna von Woolwerth," the baron began. "She lived in Göttingen—which is a large town to people who live in, say, Reichenhall, but which is a small town to people who live in Berlin. When Anna was eighteen years old she was probably the most beautiful girl in Germany. Truly.

"She was mature for her years," the baron mused. "She was a girl who smiled very easily and, like the girl in Browning's poem—you remember, 'My Last Duchess'—her smile fell everywhere. But in that case the duke gave orders and 'all smiles stopped together.'"

"I only went as far as the fifth grade, Baron," I said humbly. "Spare me your learning, my friend."

"Her smiles fell upon Franz von Woolwerth and I know this story because Franz was a friend of mine. He and Carl Diehls served under me during the war. You recall the war, I trust?"

"Just vaguely." I waved the war away. "That was the war America won if I remember correctly."

"Nobody won that war. Franz and Diehls were only boys when they came to my command during the last six months of the war. We took anyone then, of course—these two lads were art students and they had as much business fighting a war as—well, as I would have in an art school. And so help me, they both became officers before the armistice was signed.

"They kept up their friendship after the war and then Franz met Anna. I have said her smile fell on him and from that moment he was her slave. He loved her with the reverent love of an artist for something far more beautiful than he himself could ever create. I think he felt as some artists feel when they see a sunset. It is beautiful almost beyond human understanding. It has a divine quality about it which cannot be put on canvas. Do you follow?"

"I could do better with one more beer. *Bitte schön*, Fred? *Noch zwei.*"

Fred brought two more beers.

"FRANZ VON WOOLWERTH was not a great artist," the baron went on. "For one thing, he had too much money and too much education. Diehls had little of either. Diehls was potentially a great artist. In any case Franz married Anna and for a time they were very happy. Certainly he was very happy. At first he tried painting Anna but it was no use. He had so idealized her that he kept trying to paint the Anna he saw—and that Anna was such a paragon of all virtues that no man could put her on canvas. His efforts turned out to be a cross between a Madonna and an ingénue film star. But it wasn't Anna.

"Diehls would joke good-naturedly about it: 'Franz, you are so blind that you can't see Anna. Let me paint her. I'll really put her on canvas.'

"Franz was delighted. So was Anna. Franz realized that Diehls was a potential genius. He was undoubtedly the best portrait painter in Germany, but in the Germany of today portrait painting is not a very remunerative profession. Between portraits Diehls did commercial work—painted models which were used as advertisements.

"So Diehls started his portrait of Anna. He saw that half quizzical look, the half inviting look in her eyes and he, being an artist, knew what they meant. He knew that they were the reflection of a shallow soul. But he resolved to paint her that way. Franz was too much in love to analyze the painting and, besides, he lacked the perception of Diehls. Diehls knew this but liked Franz none the less for it. He felt toward Franz as any strong man feels toward a weaker one who is his friend. He was tolerant of the weakness and perhaps was the more fond of him for it. Then one day while he was painting Anna he caught her gaze upon him—and suddenly, for the first time, he realized that Anna was in love with him. How did he feel? Flattered a bit, perhaps. Nervous, certainly, and of course a bit contemptuous of her.

"He ignored it at first. Each day she visited his studio and each day her love for him hung in that room. Was it love? It is hard to say. She wanted this man above everything. Now she recognized Franz for what he was: a charming, rather fatuous and inept gentleman. Anna had had enough of tame love.

"Diehls became more and more disturbed by Anna. He was constantly conscious of her even when she wasn't sitting for him. She had entered his consciousness and he couldn't get her out of it—though, to do him justice, the poor fellow tried.

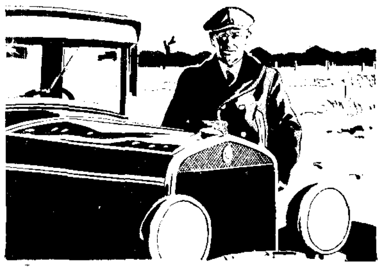
"WELL," the baron sighed, "I know of no case either in our time or in antiquity where a beautiful woman who wanted a man did not eventually succeed in getting him. Cleopatra set the precedent, I suppose. I tell you, no mere man is proof against the determined resolve of a woman. What were those lines from 'A Light Woman'?—'When she crossed his path with her hunting noose, and over him drew her net'—Browning—wasn't it?"

"Pilsener," I said. "Two more, Fred."

"Diehls finally, what shall we say, succumbed? He really never had a chance. Finally he was head-over-heels, desperately, madly in love with Anna; and Franz, dallying with his water colors, never suspected a thing. In more lucid moments Diehls must have been tortured by contempt for himself. Diehls and Franz had been officers together, and, although Prussian officers are no plaster saints, they have their code. Pardon me," the baron said, "if I talk like a British schoolmaster.

"Now comes that part of the story which I find especially horrid and hard to believe—though I know it to be the truth. Anna's first infatuation for Diehls had by the force of his love transcended the bond which usually surrounds such an affair. It had reached the stage of being a grand passion. Life without Diehls was unendurable. It was she, I am sure, who persuaded Diehls that the only thing for them to do was to run away—go to America. Your country is the land of opportunity, *nicht wahr?*"

(Continued on page 36)



● **I'M FROM MICHIGAN**

"My 1929 Chrysler had lost its power and was using lots of oil. Since Perfect Circle Piston Rings and Perfect Circle Piston Expanders were installed, the piston slap is gone, she runs like new and I'm getting 1000 miles on a quart of oil"—Edw. E. Rutz, 7140 Mackenzie Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

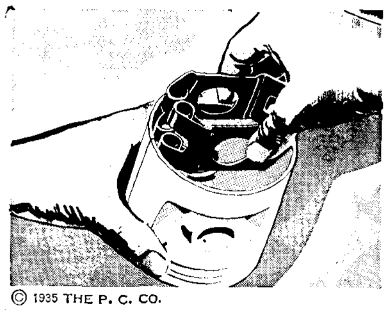
● **I'M FROM COLORADO**

"We maintain daily service between Denver and Chicago, operating at an average speed of 30 miles per hour. We drain and refill the crankcase at each end, and rarely find it necessary to add oil. We have been using Perfect Circles in our ten units for three years."—Laurence Cohen, 1531 16th St., Denver.

● **I'M FROM DELAWARE**

"Before I had Perfect Circle '70-85' piston rings installed in my 1929 Chevrolet, it was using one quart of oil every 200 miles. Now I never add any oil between changes. Gas mileage has been increased from 12 to 18 miles per gallon."—Charles Marvel, R.F.D., Houston, Del.

PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON EXPANDERS FOR ALUMINUM PISTONS



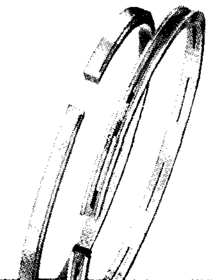
● Whenever a car equipped with aluminum pistons has run 20,000 to 25,000 miles—long enough to need new piston rings—*the chances are it also* needs Perfect Circle Piston Expanders. These expanders already are giving phenomenal results in hundreds of thousands of cars. They permanently restore the fit of your old pistons and stop piston slap.

© 1935 THE P. C. CO.

DO YOU check your gasoline and oil mileage regularly? Have you forgotten how economical your car was when the piston rings were new and functioning at their maximum efficiency? You can soon waste the price of a complete new Perfect Circle installation by ignoring the extra gasoline and oil you have to buy. It actually costs less to keep your motor at its best, to say nothing of the added satisfaction you get from having new motor performance all the time.

If you have driven your car 20,000 to 25,000 miles, you may be sure it's time to install Perfect Circles. Your own dealer or repairman will make the installation, in just a few hours, and at a most reasonable cost.

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANIES • HAGERSTOWN, IND., U.S.A., and TORONTO, CAN.



PERFECT CIRCLE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Piston Rings

Berlin Billboard

Continued from page 34

"Three cheers for the red, white and blue," I murmured.

"There was the problem of money. Diehls had very little. Anna solved that. 'Your marvelous portrait of me,' she said. 'You can sell it to those cigarette people who have been after you. It will bring us more than enough to get to America, and there, my darling, your talents will be recognized.'

"Diehls, hating himself but unable to help himself, finally agreed. It was easy to sell the portrait. It was a marvelous work, you know. 'This will be on every billboard in Europe,' the delighted cigarette people told Diehls. 'It will be in every magazine, every newspaper.'

"Anna's pride in her beauty was flattered by this. She was very happy, Anna was, and she made plans. Franz was away climbing mountains and painting fleurs-de-lis in the Tyrol. Now was the time to go. She hurried Diehls.

"Now"—the baron lit a cigarette—"we have arrived at the point where Anna and Diehls had agreed to run away. Fortune, so far—that's a silly name to give the Deity, isn't it?—had smiled upon them. What I should say is that the plan worked out, the pattern laid down, by that supreme mathematician had so far worked in their favor.

"ANNA hurried to her home to pack. Diehls called for her with tickets for the Hamburg train which was to take them to the boat. Anna was in the very act of packing and Diehls was standing there urging her to hurry—undoubtedly hurrying from a conscience that must have been torturing him. Then what happened? Melodrama, my friend. It happens on the stage every day—and in life a thousand times a day. Yes, Franz came home unexpectedly and walked in upon them.

"Diehls, of course, had always been an intimate of the household and Franz's first delighted greetings were almost uttered when he saw Diehls' face. Then he looked at Anna. There was rage, frustration on that face—but no welcoming look such as he had expected.

"'Yes,' she screamed at him, 'we are going away. Away from you and your silly, futile water colors. I love Carl. He loves me. We never want to see you again.' Hysteria gripped her as she looked at Franz, who stood there frozen. 'You fool, say something. Try to stop us if you dare.'

"But Franz wasn't looking at her. He was looking at Diehls. And Diehls, God help him, was looking at Franz. As he looked it was as though a blurred curtain through which he had seen Anna had suddenly been lifted. The fog which his infatuation had thrown around his heart and mind evaporated and now he saw himself clearly. How could he have done this thing to Franz? How could he repay? For a Prussian officer there was only one way."

The baron dropped his cigarette on the marble floor and stepped on it. "Diehls, without a word, turned and left the room. Diehls went home and put a bullet through his brain."

I frowned. "That was bad."

"That was good," the baron said softly.

"Nonsense," I told him. "Why should Diehls have felt so bad? If he hadn't had this affair with Anna someone else would have—"

"Don't be so American," the baron snapped. "Now comes the part of the story which has always amazed me. It developed that Anna had really loved Diehls. She was almost literally mad about him. Of course she blamed Franz for his death—but Franz had left that night and had never returned. Actually he was staying with me.

"Anna's love for Diehls increased even after his death. It was as though he had deified himself in dying. Somehow or other Anna felt that he had died for her—and that you know, is rather a compliment to pay a woman, the supreme albeit most foolish of compliments. He hadn't, of course, done anything of the kind. He had died because he felt that he couldn't live with himself any more.

"As Anna's love for Diehls grew, so did her hatred for Franz grow. Weeks went by and Anna, brooding on her lost love, became frantic. I think at this time her mind was on that borderline between hellish sanity and divine madness — divine because real madness would have killed her hatred for Franz and obliterated the memory of her love for Diehls. So love for Diehls and hatred for Franz struggled in her heart and her mind—and hatred won. She would have her revenge on Franz."

NO
RKING
W. von Riegen

"Home, James!" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"AT LAST we come to it," I said.

"There were many pictures of Diehls about the house," the baron went on. "Every time she looked at one of these her love for him became a torturous fire that seared her heart. It wasn't so bad when she didn't see the pictures. But she wouldn't destroy them. She would sit before them tense, shaking, cold, burning by turns, not knowing that madness lay that way. No woman, she felt, had ever suffered. No one would. . . .

"Suddenly she became calm. Revenge? At last she had it. Within a few weeks there would be pictures of herself all over Europe. What had the man said?—'This will be on every billboard in Europe. It will be in every magazine, in every newspaper.'

"What exquisite torture this would be for Franz von Woolwerth. Wherever he went he would see her face—that face he loved so well. He could not escape it. But this torture, Anna reasoned, would be tempered by the thought and the hope that some day she might return to him. As long as she lived she would not be irrevocably lost to Franz. She decided deliberately to kill herself."

"Just to punish Franz?" I asked.

The baron made a gesture of annoyance. "You don't understand. There is a difference between punishment and revenge. Our German poet says, '*Menschlich ist es bloss zu strafen, aber göttlich zu verzeihen.*' 'It is manlike to punish, but godlike to forgive.' Punishment is a deterrent—revenge is a useless gesture. Especially if you must die to make it.

"Anna was very crafty about securing what she felt would be the full measure of revenge. She must kill herself without impairing her beauty. She must kill herself painlessly so that afterward when Franz gazed upon her she would be still beautiful. And most important of all, her death must be a severe shock to Franz. Her plans complete, she managed to locate Franz at my home. She phoned him. I will never forget his face when he rushed to me to tell me of her call. 'It was Anna,' he cried. 'She wants me back. She cannot live without me. Everything was a mistake. It was all the fault of Diehls, Anna says. I am to go back now, right away.'

"It didn't ring true to me. I asked him to wait a day, to think it over. But he was as one possessed. The past had been wiped from his memory by the pleading voice of Anna over the phone. His only thought was to hurry to his Anna.

"I let him go, sadly. He rushed home but the house was in darkness. He hurried into the house, ran upstairs calling for Anna. Not even a servant was in the house. Anna had sent them away for the night. And not a light was burning. By now a vague sense of foreboding seized him. The empty rooms whispered ghastly suggestions to him. He ran from room to room, then hurried downstairs. He went through the dining-room and tried to open the kitchen door. By now, of course, he was frantic. The door held but he burst it in and then was almost overpowered by a sickening odor. So numbed was he that the poor lad didn't recognize it for what it was. He only knew that something was wrong—and that the room was in darkness. He whipped out a match, struck it—there was an explosion and he was hurled across the room against the wall. There he dropped limply beside the body of Anna who had killed herself by gas. The explosion aroused the neighbors and Anna and Franz were found there side by side."

"Was he dead?"

The baron arose. "This bar is stuffy. Let us leave. Was he dead? No, but he was pretty severely injured. He recovered, but he'll never entirely get over his injuries."

WE WALKED out of the bar into the lobby. There was something lacking in the story. I couldn't find it for a moment. What was it the baron had said about everything being an ordered pattern? Somehow there seemed to be one mosaic missing from this picture. We walked by the palm trees that separate the lobby from the main restaurant. Then—

"But, Baron," I cried, "you were wrong after all. She died, it is true, but she did get her revenge. You can't lift your eyes in Berlin without seeing her picture on that cigarette advertisement. He is alive. He must be suffering as she suffered when she looked at those pictures of Diehls."

"Just a moment." The baron smiled, stopping. He turned toward a chair near the palms. "How are you, my friend?" he said. "I am von Genthner."

The man sitting there turned vacant eyes toward us. There was an uncertain smile on his face. "Von Genthner," he said, in a pleasant voice. "Yes, of course. Have you seen my Anna? I was to meet her here. She is very beautiful, my Anna. I am lucky, am I not, von Genthner, to have such a lovely wife? You must come and see us. Only this morning she was saying . . ."

I pulled von Genthner away and we walked out into the sunlight which streamed through the lindens of the boulevard. We blinked a bit in its glare and both unconsciously raised our eyes to the cigarette advertisement atop the building across the way.

"Blind and mad!" I shuddered.

"But completely happy," the baron reminded me. "He has Anna now more completely than he ever had her when she lived. Yes, my friend, poor, foolish Anna was frustrated of her revenge."

The parade was just ending. The last few lines of storm troopers were marching past now. Their faces were eager, a bit grim, there was a light of anticipation in them.

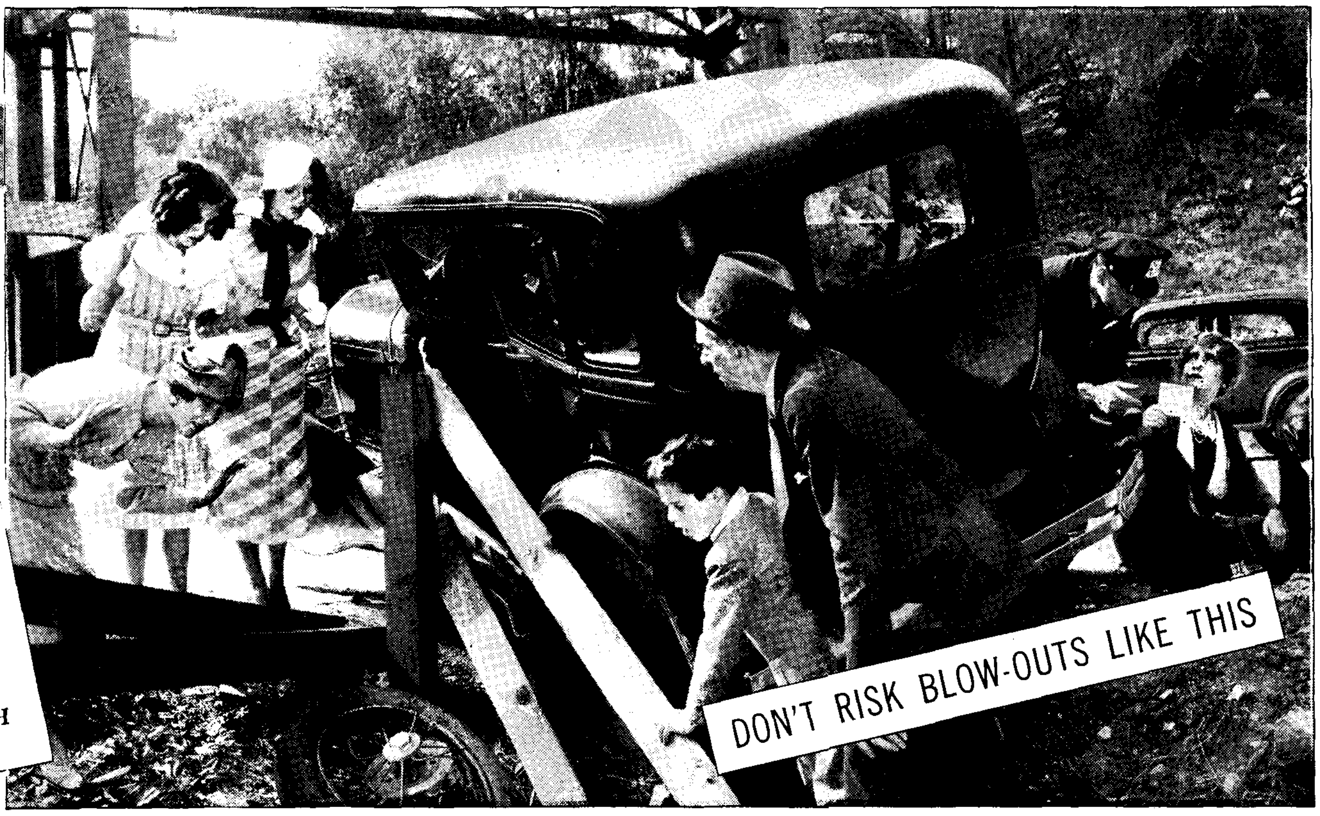
The baron frowned. "Revenge is sweeter than life itself—so think fools," the baron said sadly.

"BEAN-BALL PITCHING IS NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE BLOW-OUT I HAD"

says **FRANK FRISCH,** *Mgr. World's Champion St. Louis Cardinals*

● "It's a nerve-wracking business to face big league pitchers day in and day out. And it's no fun at all to watch a high hard one streaking straight for my head. Just a few inches out of the groove and I'd be finished for life. But these vicious pitches are nothing at all compared to the blow-out I had. At least I can watch a pitcher wind up—see him deliver that bullet-like ball. But who ever saw a blow-out coming? I didn't. I was just breezing along at 45 miles an hour when—BANG!—she blew—and over I went. I certainly don't want to face another blow-out. That's why I *now* have Goodrich Silvertowns on my car,"

says FRANK FRISCH


DON'T RISK BLOW-OUTS LIKE THIS

WHO ELSE WANTS REAL BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

THIS is the kind of weather that gives you the urge to hop in your car and "step on the gas". But remember, it's mighty important to have real blow-out protection between those flying wheels and today's fast highways.

You get no warning

And here's why a tire is apt to blow out. Speeds of 40, 50 and 60 miles an hour generate terrific heat *inside* the tire. And when tires get hot on the *inside* here's what happens without your seeing it. Rubber and fabric begin to pull apart. A tiny blister forms. If *only* you could get a distress signal right then and there! But no. This blister gradually grows bigger and BIGGER. It may burst quickly or the blow-out may not happen for months. Just the same, that blister, as long as it *is* in the tire, is a real driving hazard!

That's why thousands of motorists all over America have stopped gambling on tires and switched to Goodrich Safety Silvertowns. By resisting internal tire heat, the Life-Saver Golden Ply that's built into every Goodrich Safety Silvertown keeps rubber and fabric from separating—keeps blisters from forming. Thus, treacherous high-speed blow-outs don't even get a start.

Don't risk your life

If you have the safety of your family and your friends at heart—if protection against treacherous high-speed blow-outs is what you really want—put a set of Goodrich, spelled G-O-O-D-R-I-C-H, Goodrich Silvertowns on your car. For *only* in Silvertowns will you secure the priceless protection of the Life-Saver Golden Ply.

Don't forget—the *outside* of the Goodrich Safety Silvertown is just as amazing as the inside. See that big, rugged husky cleated Silvertown tread at your Goodrich dealer. Press your hand on the tread. Feel it *grip*. Then you'll realize why Silvertowns are so sure-footed on wet, slippery roads—why they also give you such marvelous protection against "tail spin" skids that are always so dangerous.

And if you're looking for tires that will give you months of extra, trouble-free mileage, by all means see your Goodrich dealer about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns. Remember, they're *safer,* they're *tougher,* they'll *last longer.*

No extra cost

Remember, that invisible blister—that blow-out in the making may be in your tire *right now.* So don't try to squeeze another few hundred miles out of unsafe, tread-worn tires. Don't be satisfied with anything but the SAFEST tires for your car—especially when Goodrich Silvertowns cost not a penny more than other standard tires.

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS—THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 547, The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.

The NEW Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

Copyright, 1935, The B. F. Goodrich Co.

Not So Soft

Continued from page 24

hand, somebody would certainly be decapitated. These are changes from baseball, but in essence softball is the old pitch and slug and run business.

"It's baseball," said Sisler, "but you have to remember that extra outfielder, the fellow they call the shortfielder. That brings the team to ten men and he roves around out there somewhere between second base and the center fielder and causes a lot of misery for the hitters. The pitchers are confined to an underhand motion. We use a pitching distance of 35 feet, the National uses one of 37.8, and I understand the Chicagoland League has it now at 40 feet."

Mr. Sisler said something when he remarked on the pitching. At the moment, the game seems overbalanced, with a good twirler getting as many as 18 strikeouts a game and the scores being very low. Such men as Freddy Gelmacher or Santo Catanzaro of St. Louis will go three or four games without a run being scored on them. Other great pitchers are Bill Pecnick, the southpaw star of the Ke-Nash-a Club, Kay Strominski of the Bendix team of South Bend, Ind., and Cannon Ball Bailey of the Kentucky Colonels. In the 19-inning national tournament game last year against Newport, Ky., Harry Kraft of Ke-Nash-a struck out 38 men and allowed only 6 hits in winning 2-1.

The rules vary on running bases. Sisler allows the runner to take a lead but he must go back and touch the base before he tries to steal, and in no case can he go before the ball reaches the plate. Under National Association rules, the runner stands with his foot on the base at all times and can steal only after the ball reaches the batter. So there is little stealing. No bunting is allowed and no runner can score unless the ball is hit.

Atta Girl

The most important development of softball is the lighted park. Sisler has two of his own in St. Louis and controls the competition in three others. John Leaver operates two other parks under a National Softball Association franchise. A park seating 4,000 can be built for $3,500. The admission is 10 cents and there are two games a night. It costs between $15 and $30 a night to put the games on. The attendances this year were never less than 1,000 and often sold out to standing room. Sisler is said to have paid for his first park in less than a month. One of the Leaver parks grossed $18,000 last year.

What has contributed to it is softball for girls. These games are seven-inning contests and go on at 7:30, to the accompaniment of more screams, moans, shrieks and general excitement than was ever before heard on earth. The young ladies have all the enthusiasm of the professional ball player and even exceed him in mannerisms. They stand in the little circle waiting their turn at bat, they knock the imaginary dirt from their shoes, they swing three bats and throw two away when they step into the batter's box. On the defense, the infielders throw the ball around between batters in the approved big-league manner, they walk in from their positions to comfort the pitcher, they smack their gloves and give vent to their howls of encouragement.

The big games, with men players, are the real stuff. The pitching is fast and the fielding and running are dazzling. Everything is done at top speed because of the size of the diamond. Who couldn't play in a little cut-down dump like that? That's what the baseball birds said till they tried it.

"We had a series of games here last fall," said Sisler. "The baseball outfit had Paul and Lloyd Waner, Heine Meine, Mowry and McManus of the Boston Braves, Johnny Tobin, Jim Bottomley and Wally Schang. They played three games and didn't win a one. Those pitches came up so fast, they couldn't see 'em. When they did hit it, the twist on the ball made them pop it up."

Phil Rosier, who, if Sisler is czar of the American Association, is czar of the National Association, is also an old-time baseball player and sports writer.

"There's no competition between baseball and softball," says Rosier. "We really act as a feeder for them. Baseball is a daytime game and softball is a natural night game."

However, some experts doubt that.

Keep Your Eye on Softball

Rosier has plans for a big-league softball circuit, with professional players and a regular schedule. If things break right there will be a National League next year, with teams in Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Toledo, Detroit, Milwaukee, South Bend and Kenosha.

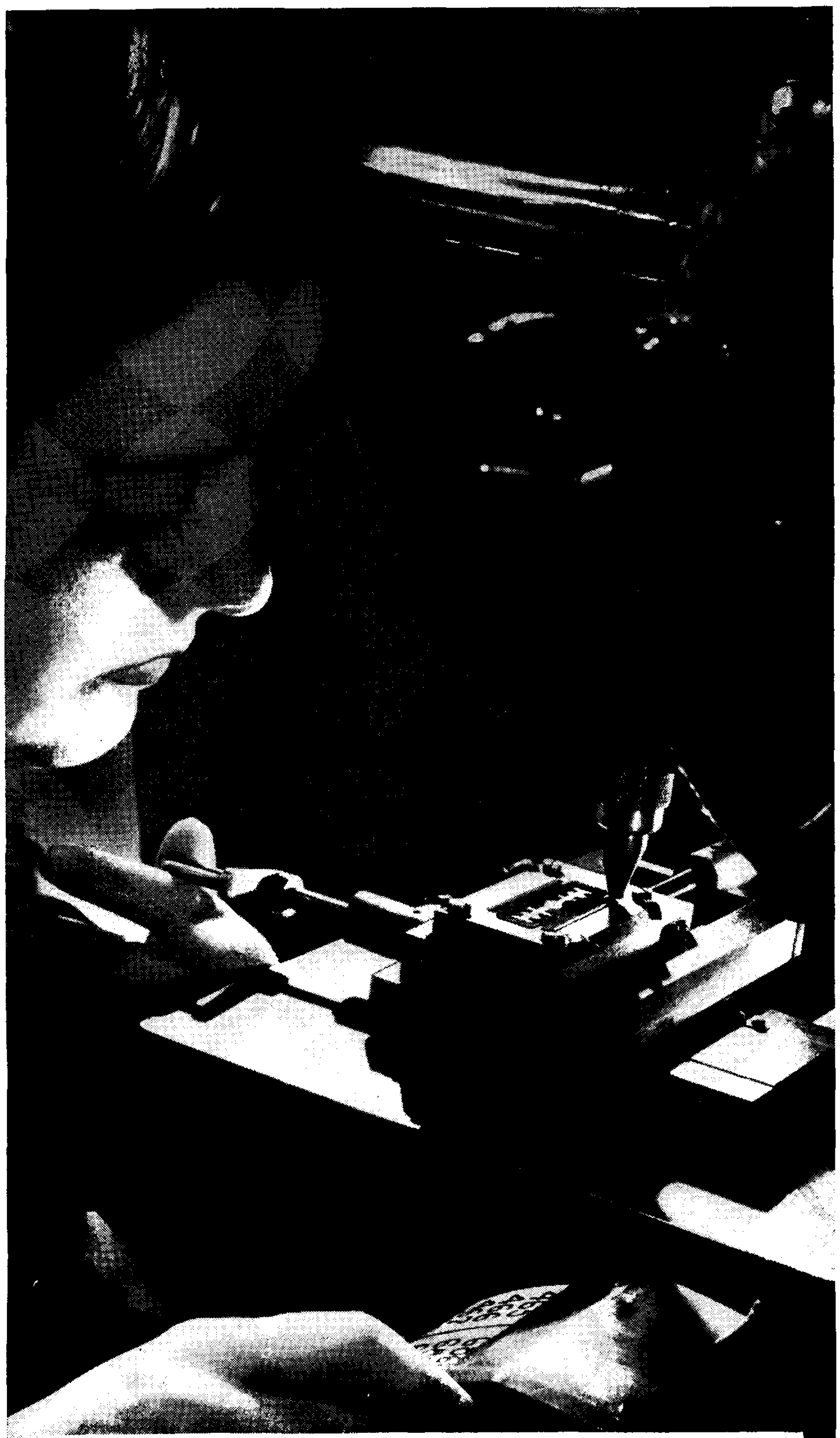
Not only is a major league planned but the sport has already found its heroes. Just now, with the short distance from the mound to the plate, the emphasis is on pitching, but there are stars such as "Two-Gun" Joe Hunt of Phoenix, who plays first base and has a national reputation. Other great pitchers are Russ Johnson of the Hamilton (Ontario) team and Coon Rosen of the Kacenas Club of Chicago. John Doehring, the great left-hand forward passer of the Chicago Bears, pro football team, playing in the Milwaukee league, is said to be the hardest hitter in softball. Long-distance socks clear the fences in many parks and with the change in the National Association rules and the longer pitching distance, the hitters are coming into their own. A 25-inning scoreless tie in the Camden, N. J., county league last year had only 6 strikeouts. An old baseball man in St. Louis has it worked out how to counteract that speed-ball pitching.

"It's a cinch," said an old-timer. "When the pitcher winds up, the batter winds up. He starts swinging when the pitcher lets the ball go. Otherwise he hasn't any more chance than I would have had against Walter Johnson with a birch twig. In softball, closing the eyes also helps. You might as well."

But that time is past and the game is making the same adjustments which changed football from a power and push exhibition to the basketball-flipping lateral style of the present day. George Sisler doesn't believe, however, that it will ever be a professional sport:

"Because the diamond is so small and softball fans are accustomed to being close to the players, it is impossible to get enough seating capacity for the money the professionals would need. When you see the game from a distance, it becomes trivial. I think it'll always be a good amateur sport for the moderate crowds."

"You can call it sissy and anything else you want," they contend, "but when you have these big lunks slamming that big ball over the fence and have the infielders playing so fast they look like a bunch of puppets on strings, you have something the fans like. It's speed and cleverness and that's the trend of the times. Keep your eye on softball."



Diamonds MEASURE THE HARDNESS OF GILLETTE STEEL

HAVEN'T you often noticed that even in the *same package* of ordinary blades—one blade may give you a decent shave—while others pull and scrape? Lack of uniformity begins with the steel itself. In the finest coil of steel, hardness varies. *This is why diamonds*—rare and costly—80 times harder than any other substance in the world—test the temper of Gillette steel after heat treatment in furnaces exclusive with this company.

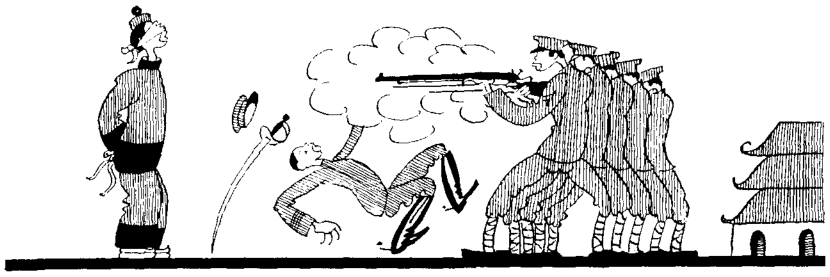
Every minute of every working day samples of steel from the furnaces are submitted to the hardness tester pictured above. Here a square cut diamond—pressed against the steel—measures hardness with absolute accuracy. Variations of more than 1½% from the desired standard result in rejection of the steel.

Here's one reason why you get a far better shave every time you put a Gillette "Blue Blade" to your face. Its edges are *uniformly* keen because ground on steel of correct temper—hard enough to cut glass, yet tough and resilient for long life. Try the Gillette "Blue Blade" and see for yourself. Ask your dealer for a package tonight.

Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practised—INSIST ON

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES NOW 5 for 25¢ · 10 for 49¢

Gillette
BLUE
BLADE
King C. Gillette
Gillette



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The Chinese prefer the sword to the rifle for executions because their marksmanship is not exactly perfect. A classic example occurred in Hunan Province in 1926 when a firing squad, consisting of several soldiers, missed the condemned man—and killed their commanding officer.—*By J. She-Les-Tian, Tientsin, China.*

Probably more than 100,000 spies are at work in the world today. More than 40,000 have been caught and convicted in Europe during the past fifteen years. In Russia alone, during this long period, spies have been arrested and found guilty on an average of one every six hours.

The total annual mileage traveled by the people of the United States in motorcars, trains, busses, electric transit lines, elevators, ships, airplanes and other conveyances is believed to exceed that of the remaining 94 per cent of the world's population.—*By E. D. Foskey, Bamberg, South Carolina.*

The last one of the prayer wheels of Christianity, a relic of the Middle Ages, hangs today in the church in the village of Comfort, France. When set rotating, like a wheel of fortune, it is said to foretell the answer to a prayer.

Persons who are supersensitive to cold actually risk their lives by bathing in cold water. Not only may the shock bring on one or a number of serious physical disturbances but it can, and frequently does, cause death.—*By Gene Gosciewicz, Cicero, Illinois.*

Ancient Sybaris was literally wiped off the map in 510 B. C. because of its dancing cavalry horses. Their training had included dancing to a tune which the enemy purposely played when it attacked the city. Consequently, the horses went into their dance, threw their riders and caused a riot. The enemy not only captured and razed the city but even washed away the ruins by turning the course of the Crathis River.

Whole crews of steel ships, grounded on rocks, have lost their lives while trying to escape during a storm, not realizing that their vessel might hold together for days, weeks, or years. Even wooden ships have lasted for incredibly long periods. On Juan de Nova Island, off Madagascar, the *Tottenham* of London is still whole after being grounded and pounded on coral reefs for the past twenty-one years.

Little basis exists for the constant claims that the weather of the world is changing. Unusual weather conditions have come and gone for ages. As one example, snow fell throughout the northern part of the United States at frequent intervals during the summer of 1816.—*By H. W. Parsons, Lakewood, Ohio.*

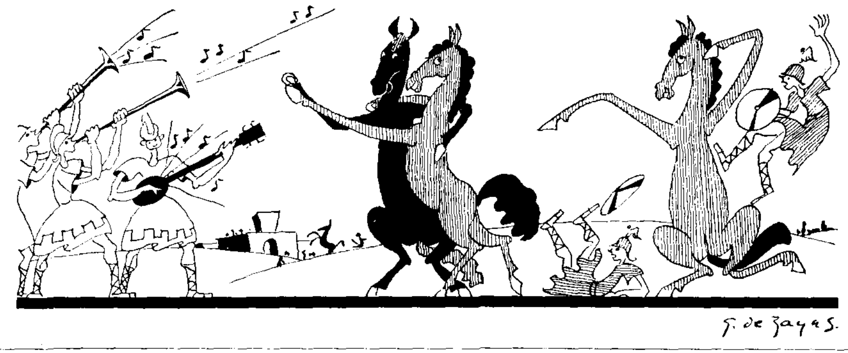
Of the 7,000-odd varieties of roses, not more than thirty are fragrant and only three contain enough oil to warrant their use in the making of attar of roses, a perfume that has, at times, been worth its weight in gold.—*By Mrs. L. L. Thomas, Portland, Oregon.*

Up through the ages this gullible world has bought many counterfeit antiques, relics and other historical objects. But so far no one has patronized the American who has, for years, endeavored to sell to one institution after another "the skin of the serpent that tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden."—*By H. F. Johnson, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.*

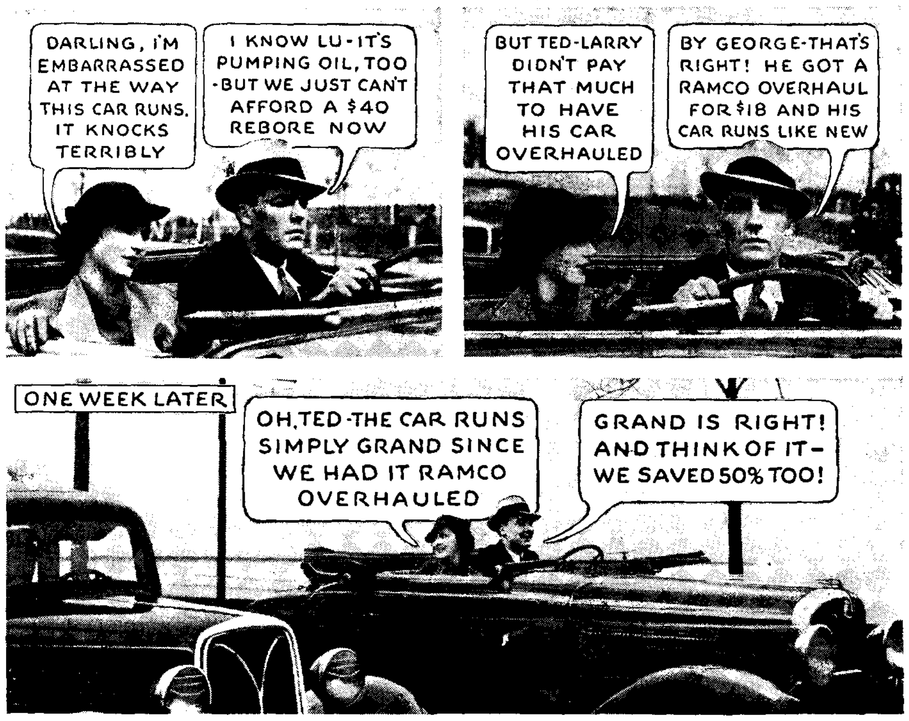
The Dionne quintuplets, in surviving together to the age of one year, have overcome the risks equivalent to those met by the average female who lives to 51 years of age. As a result of this achievement, they are expected to live as a group until they are 39 years old. The life expectancy of each, as an individual, is 65 years.—*By Mrs. Blanche K. Eisele, Chicago, Illinois.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers



AMAZING OVERHAUL·ONLY $18 UP-RESTORES NEW CAR PEP, OIL ECONOMY, POWER


DARLING, I'M EMBARRASSED AT THE WAY THIS CAR RUNS. IT KNOCKS TERRIBLY
I KNOW LU-IT'S PUMPING OIL, TOO -BUT WE JUST CAN'T AFFORD A $40 REBORE NOW
BUT TED-LARRY DIDN'T PAY THAT MUCH TO HAVE HIS CAR OVERHAULED
BY GEORGE-THAT'S RIGHT! HE GOT A RAMCO OVERHAUL FOR $18 AND HIS CAR RUNS LIKE NEW
ONE WEEK LATER
OH, TED-THE CAR RUNS SIMPLY GRAND SINCE WE HAD IT RAMCO OVERHAULED
GRAND IS RIGHT! AND THINK OF IT-WE SAVED 50% TOO!

Motorists amazed at the savings of revolutionary Ramco Overhaul compared with old overhaul costs

HAS your car lost its pep and power? Is it keeping you broke paying for oil that is pumping away into the cylinders? If so, here's really sensational news for you: a new way to overhaul your car; restore new car performance—not for $40 to $150 like old-type overhaul charges—but actually for only $18 up! Yes—it's the revolutionary Ramco Overhaul! And imagine, your savings in oil alone soon pay the Ramco bill!

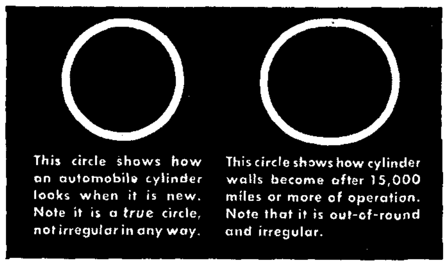
Motorists Endorse Ramco Overhaul

Thousands of motorists vouch for it! Ford Owner R. P. S. of Toledo, Ohio, says: "I was using a quart of oil every 80 miles before getting a Ramco Overhaul. Now I never add oil, driving 1000 miles between oil changes. And my usual driving speed is between 50 and 55 miles per hour, too!"

Packard-driver, R. J. M. of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was advised to buy new pistons and rebore cylinders because of oil pumping. Instead, I got a Ramco Overhaul. After driving 2000 miles the motor is peppy as new and hasn't pumped a drop of oil."

Save 50%—Get a Ramco Overhaul

Why suffer the discomfort and expense of a noisy, knocking, oil pumping engine when a Ramco Overhaul costs so little? Check with your Ramco repairman now and learn how you can save 50% or more on overhaul costs. Meanwhile, send for our FREE Booklet. You'll be glad you did.



This circle shows how an automobile cylinder looks when it is new. Note it is a *true* circle, not irregular in any way.

This circle shows how cylinder walls become after 15,000 miles or more of operation. Note that it is out-of-round and irregular.

Common sense is enough to tell us that only a piston ring that *expands* can fit both the new cylinder and the out-of-round cylinder. Ramco Piston Rings do precisely that. The "inner cushion ring" expands the Ramco Ring to conform to the cylinder wall surface . . . making reboring unnecessary in cases where the cylinder is worn. Thus Ramcos end oil pumping, increase compression and control piston rock, the basic cause of motor depreciation. Remember: Ramcos are the result of 16 years' concentration on spring ring design. Avoid substitutes.

You can find the nearest Ramco Dealer in the Classified Telephone Directory under "Piston Rings."

FREE! WRITE FOR VALUABLE BOOK "HOW TO ANALYZE YOUR MOTOR"

RAMSEY ACCESSORIES MFG. CORP.
3722 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.
Without cost or obligation, send me your valuable book "How to Analyze Your Motor."

Name.......................................
Address....................................
City..................... *State*...............

CORRECTS PISTON ROCK THE MAJOR CAUSE OF MOTOR DEPRECIATION

RAMCO

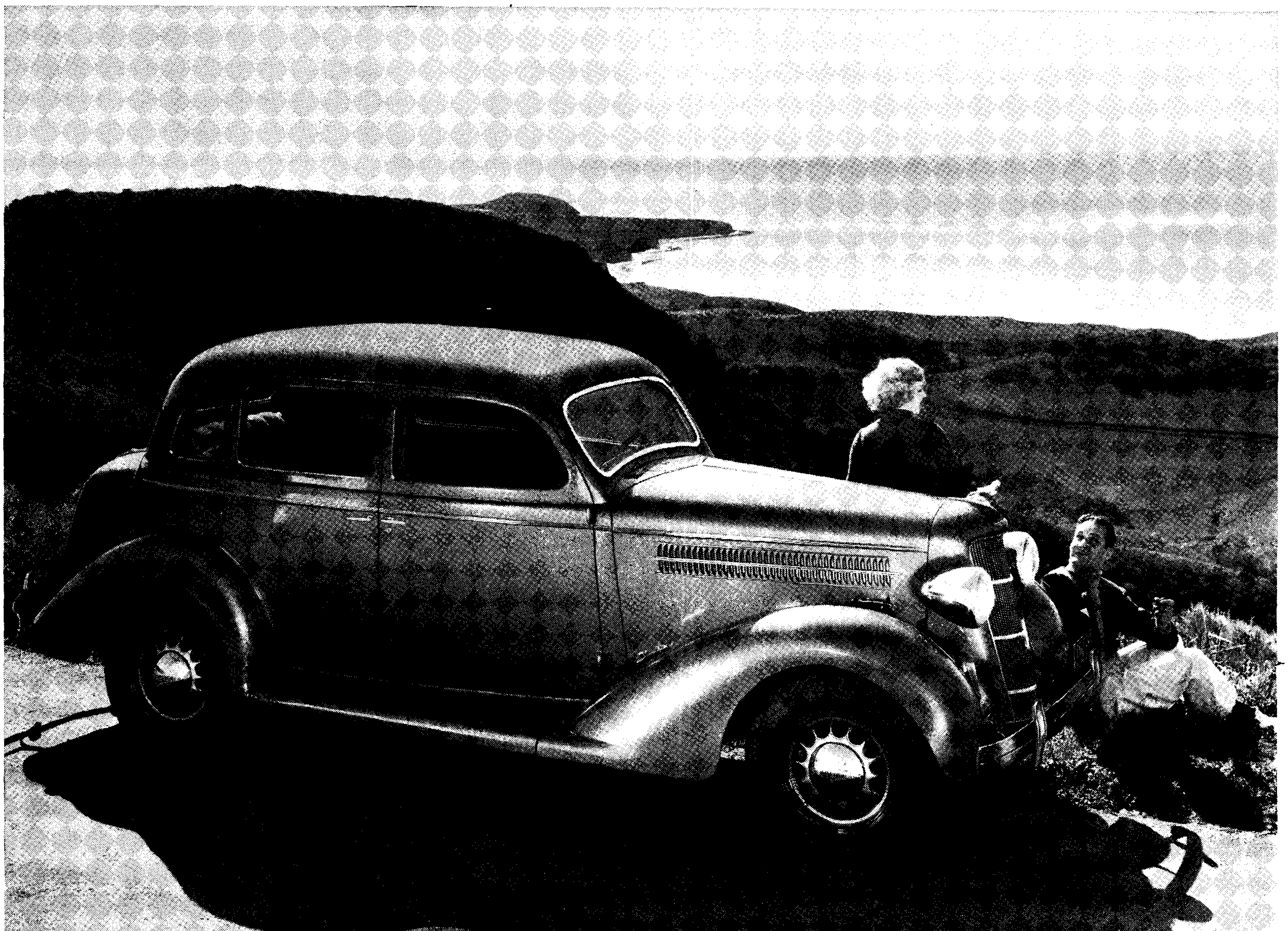
PATENTED IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA. OTHER PATENTS PENDING

MOTOR OVERHAUL

RAMCO PISTON RINGS—PISTON SKIRT EXPANDERS

DEALERS—Write for particulars on Ramco Master and Authorized Service Stock Proposition

"DODGE SAVED ENOUGH ON

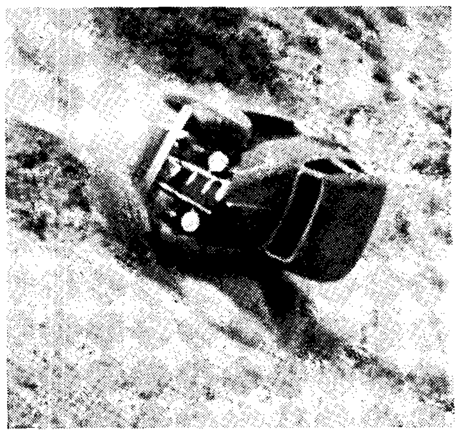


Smart as Tomorrow—New-Value Dodge Sedan (2-door) now only $690—Touring Sedan (4-door) with built-in trunk, as illustrated, now only $760**

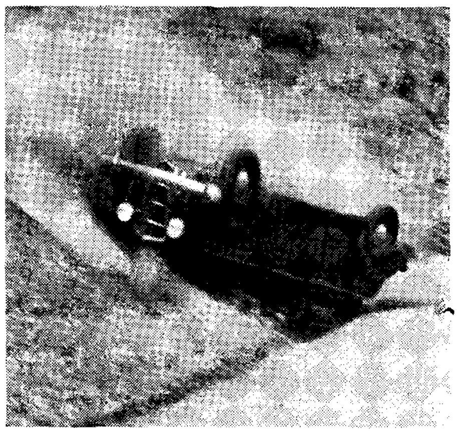
"Dodge blazes economy trail. Sturdy, rugged Dodge helped me blaze a way through trackless wastelands in the Far East," writes Roy Chapman Andrews, famous explorer (right). "And now Dodge blazes a new trail—the economy trail. Owners report gas mileage as high as 24 miles per gallon, and I know my new Dodge costs less to run than a small car."

"I've got plenty of friends who own small cars, but none of them saves money the way my new Dodge does," says Mrs. Gertrude Regal, (left) of New York. "I get from 3 to 5 more miles per gallon of gas than they do, and my oil costs are as much as 20% less."

DARE DEVIL TEST-DRIVER TRIES OUT



1 **Strapped To His Seat,** W. E. Blandenburg, of Los Angeles, deliberately speeds a Dodge off the road and plunges down this sheer embankment.



2 **Over And Over It Rolls!** . . . Down the embankment . . . Spinning . . . CRASH! . . . It lands upside down. How can any car take such a beating?

GAS AND OIL TO GIVE US A 1500 MILE *Vacation Trip*—FREE!"

SAYS *John J. Skidd, South Norwalk, Conn.*

John J. Skidd

"OUR new Dodge gives us more than 20 miles per gallon," says Mr. John J. Skidd, of South Norwalk, Conn. "That's about five more miles per gallon than we used to get. As we've driven our car about 4,500 miles, we figure we've already saved 75 gallons—enough to give us gas for a 1,500 mile vacation trip *free*."

Dodge owners in all parts of the country are reporting experiences similar to that of Mr. Skidd. They say they are getting 18-20-22 and even more miles per gallon. And they are discovering that the powerful Dodge "Red Ram" engine is saving them up to 20% on oil.

Built-In Economy

This sensational, low cost of operation is engineered into Dodge. Full-length water jackets . . . automatic choke, automatic spark advance, and automatic heat control and many other money-saving features reduce oil consumption and increase gasoline mileage to figures that have always been considered beyond reach.

Airglide Ride

And the new Dodge gives you more than economy. This big, roomy car gives you the "Airglide Ride." Weight has been balanced on all four wheels . . . now you glide with restful comfort over rough, bumpy roads and take curves on an even keel. Synchromatic driving control lets you steer and shift gears with finger-tip ease. And it takes just a light pressure to apply the positive-acting, genuine, dual-cylinder hydraulic brakes.

Drive a New-Value Dodge yourself. Take the free economy test at your nearest dealer. Notice the flowing lines of the safe Dodge all-steel body. The big Dodge also gives you patented Floating Power engine mountings to smother engine vibrations. And you get all these Dodge features for only a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars.

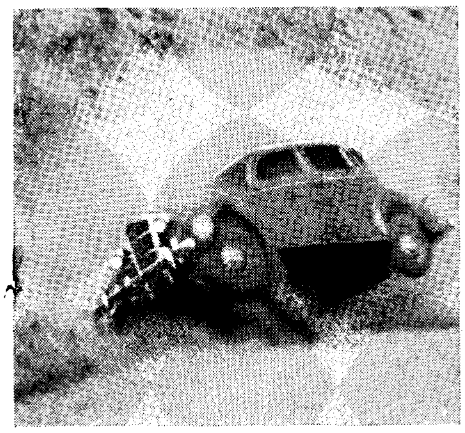
DODGE DIVISION—CHRYSLER MOTORS

This advertisement endorsed by the Department of Engineering—Chrysler Motors

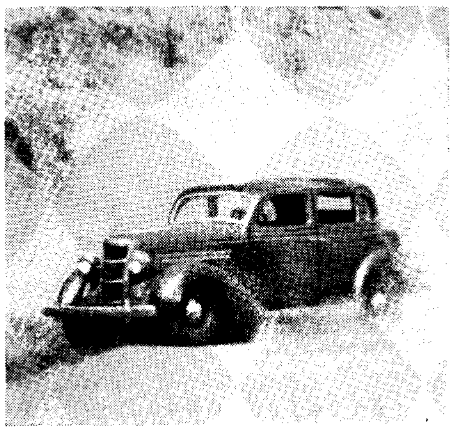
"Dodge stands out in any company. And best of all, it gives 3 to 5 more miles per gallon of gas," says Miss Lucille Brokaw, popular member of New York and Long Island society. "Wherever I go," says Miss Brokaw "I see this big Dodge stealing the show from much more expensive cars for smartness. But no wonder it's popular. Who doesn't want a car that's so good-looking . . . and at the same time so economical?"

"In the past eight months I have driven my new Dodge 12,000 miles, averaging 21¼ miles per gallon," says Mr. Frank Bradford Twitchell, of New York City. "And my oil savings have been just as remarkable. My Dodge actually costs less to own than a small car, and I have the safety and convenience of a big, comfortable Dodge."

DODGE SAFETY ALL-STEEL BODY



3 **With Wrenching Momentum,** it twists again and finally drops with a bump, right-side up and comes to rest in a cloud of dust.

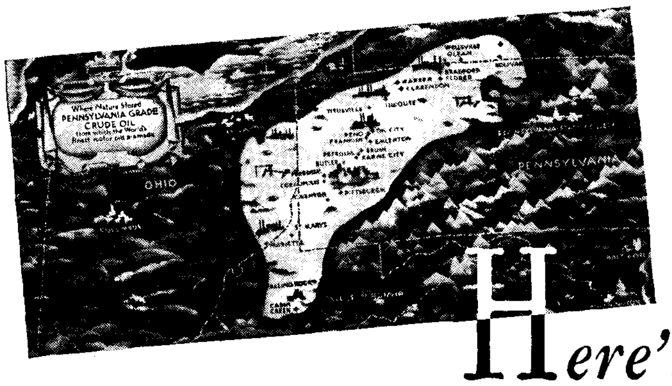


4 **Protected** by the Dodge all-steel body, Blandenburg hops out without a scratch. *Then he drives the Dodge off under its own power.*

New-Value
DODGE *now only* $645*

*NEW-VALUE DODGE: Coupe $645, 2-door Sedan $690, Rumble Seat Coupe $710, Touring Sedan (2-door, with built-in trunk) $715, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door, with built-in trunk) $760, Convertible Coupe $770. Dodge trucks $365 and up. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS


Where Nature Stored PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL from which the World's finest motor oils are made
OHIO
PENNSYLVANIA

Here's where PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OILS are born . . .

HERE IS WHERE THEY'RE NEEDED!

PHOTO BY BRUEHL

VITAL working parts of your motor, parts like the valve shown here, need oil. And if they are to have safe, swift, smooth action, they need a mighty *good* oil—oil that stands up to heat—oil that stays on the job—oil that refuses to break down and join forces with loose chemicals to cause internal injury to your motor. In other words, they need a Pennsylvania motor oil.

Why is it that lubrication specialists tell you Pennsylvania motor oils are better oils? The secret is Mother Nature's own. She put *all* the fundamental qualities of a good motor oil into only one of her crude oils—Pennsylvania Grade Crude—produced in the region shown on the map. From this specially favored crude are refined all the motor oils sold under the insignia of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association.

Laboratories cannot duplicate Nature's chemistry. No oil can exceed the potentialities of the crude from which it comes. Motor oils made from Pennsylvania Grade Crude are better oils, not just from the refinery up but *better oils from the ground up!*

Let one of these better oils protect the vital parts of *your* car. Insist on a Pennsylvania motor oil sold under the Association emblem whenever you buy oil.

Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association
Oil City, Pennsylvania

Copyright 1935, Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Assn.

BETTER OILS *from the Ground Up*

MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL
PERMIT NUMBER
Made from the highest grade crude oil in the world

What This Emblem Means!

This emblem is the badge of membership in the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association.

You are protected when you buy oils sold under this emblem, because it assures you that (a) they are made 100% from Pennsylvania Grade Crude, and (b) they meet or exceed the high minimum standards set by the Association to assure proper lubrication of modern motors.

Safeguarding these assurances are: (1) the research laboratory of the Association at State College, Pa., (2) a national field force, and (3) each member's individual surety bond.

She Married the Navy

Continued from page 8

from the two starboard ports of Kelvin's cabin. I was glad I could talk to him there.

"Come."

I opened the cabin door. Kelvin sat at his desk—uniform coat and cap still on—hunched over a bucket of black coffee and a sheaf of BuNav bull-sheets.

"Oh . . . you back? Golly, what time is it?"

I was in no mood to stall around. I blurted out everything that Hildreth had said.

Kelvin heard me through without a question. I realized that he too owned a mask. Only a moistening in his harried eyes betrayed tenderness.

"Thanks . . . Jack . . . for telling me," he said.

I was impatient.

"You've got to do something, Neale," I said.

He leaned back in his chair, and his large-featured, rather homely face was suddenly young, boyish.

"Yep. I'll try. But the thing is—a fellow like me never had any business with a wife. A fellow like me doesn't know how to treat a wife. Hildreth and I had this all out five or six times. Each time I told her, 'Just don't be there when I make port. Please.' But every time—well—she was there. It doesn't do a man any good."

I stared at him, muttered something about a man being lucky to have a loyal woman to bring his troubles to, and left the cabin.

HILDRETH had us all over to the apartment for breakfast. It was, she explained to me, a farewell party. Kelvin had been granted a month's leave; he and Hildreth were going back to Baltimore for a second honeymoon. After that, Kelvin expected his promotion.

I had never seen Hildreth really happy. But she was that morning. She had on a jade-green dress, and there was a flush in her cheeks and a light in her eyes. Pat and Milt and Tommy and I were thrown completely off guard.

Kelvin wasn't. He sat at the head of the table, the silver slash in his dark hair a bar sinister. He could not relax. He smiled proudly over Hildreth's bright raillery, but when she said, "I've got him for a month, boys. A whole month!" their glances clashed. Kelvin was still at war. Not against her; but he faced always what he called "the hard way."

I sensed that he felt, somehow, this interlude with Hildreth was a retreat or a truce unworthy of him. For her part, she was pathetically eager to start on the trip to Baltimore.

Looking back on that scene now, I realize that we should have put our trust in Kelvin rather than Hildreth. She was behaving like a civilian. She was trying to wipe out all the past, to free herself from the service. I remember her argument with Milt, while Kelvin listened, his face blank.

"You women are jealous of the sea; that's the trouble," Milt said. "You resent your men living a life you can't share."

"We share, I think, Milt darling. In all the trouble, at least!"

"But still you hate the sea. You know you do."

"What wife loves the other woman?"

"That's where you're wrong, Hildreth. *We* hate the sea, too. I never knew a sailor who didn't. The sea isn't your real rival. Duty is the blond wench."

"Blond? And a wench? Oh, no, Milt. A proud, imperious, dark goddess—Duty!"

"Now you're being sarcastic."

Kelvin shifted uncomfortably in his chair. Hildreth did not look at him. She was still radiant, still smiling.

"Women are realists, I'm afraid," she said lightly. "We ask a little in return for our lives, our faith and our happiness."

"The service gives you the satisfaction—"

"—of knowing that all our sacrifices will lead to a summary court, a reprimand, a promotion delayed."

The doorbell rang. Hildreth's maid came in with an envelope. She handed it to Kelvin.

"Neale!" It was like a gasp.

Kelvin opened the message. His face was stony. He looked up.

"The ship is ordered north for Navy Day," he said. He looked at Hildreth, and his eyelids flickered. "Sorry, my dear. We'll have to delay our trip."

Hildreth got to her feet. She looked as if she had just heard a death sentence.

"Navy Day," she said, and walked out of the room.

KELVIN and I were standing on the bridge. The weather was as dour as we. Rain driven by a strong gale from the northwest pelted the bridge windows and played its drumfire on the fo'c's'le. Head seas were piling up and already we were taking it green as we climbed out of troughs.

I remember that in the two hours' steaming after we left San Pedro, Kelvin had said nothing to any of us. He stood in his accustomed station behind Helmsman Donohue's right shoulder. His square chin jutted forward a bit farther than usual and the hunch of his shoulders was more pronounced. To me, watching from a wing of the bridge, he should have appeared a figure of infinite tragedy. Hildreth had left him. She had boarded a train for Baltimore. And none of us believed Kelvin would get far without her.

Our bow hit a wave and lifted; the white spume showered around No. 1 gun. Kelvin turned his head. His wide-set eyes were steady, somber.

"Was Mrs. Kelvin flying?"

"No, sir. She left by train."

He nodded and returned his gaze to the sea.

I wanted to rage at him. How could he be so indifferent? Why didn't he lift a fist against the world and curse? Life had battered him and cheated him and . . .

Footsteps scuffed on the ladder.

"SOS, sir! Steamer afire!"

Kelvin wheeled. The excited messenger shoved a piece of paper into his hands.

"Jack!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Hundred and twenty-three and forty-two west, thirty-six and seven north. We'll go, of course. Radio our position. Report us to Dago."

"Freighter, sir?"

"Passenger ship. Western Star."

Quartermaster Higgins looked up from the chart.

"I make it forty-one miles, sir!"

Another messenger hurried in, followed by Tommy and Pat. Kelvin glanced at the radiogram and picked up the phone.

"Lieutenant Gibbons? We're answering an SOS. I want all she'll stand in this sea. Good!"

Pat and Tommy and I eyed each other, as Kelvin ordered a ten-degree turn and set the new course. SOS. Ship afire. Passengers. The deck shuddered beneath our feet as speed increased.

Our mad race began. Twenty—twenty-four—twenty-six knots—in a cross sea. We rolled and we pitched and we slammed into it. More messages trickled into our obsessed minds. "Lurline changed course 2:36 P. M." . . . "Shimba Maru . . . proceeding all possible speed." . . . "SOS. Our men have left firerooms. Fire out of control. Are launching boats. SOS." . . . "3:14 P. M. Hurry . . . Western Star. . . ." Then silence from the stricken ship.

We searched the gray, convulsed horizon for smoke. We saw it as a cloud, first. "How many miles, Quartermaster?" . . . "I make it nine, sir." . . . A lurch of our angry, droning ship sent me off my feet. . . . I scrambled up. Kelvin lowered his binoculars.

"There she is," he said quietly.

He shouldered the helmsman from the wheel and took over. Our sharp bow knifed through the crest of a long roller and for an instant I saw what looked to be a toy ship against the cruel sky. A tiny black streamer of smoke.

When we were half a mile away, I put my binoculars on the burning ship.

"Any boats, Jack?"

"No. I see one swinging by the stern in a davit, sir."

Smoke, driven by the wind, half obscured my field of vision. But suddenly, in the hazy stage-set of my binoculars, I saw tiny figures leaping into the sea. They looked like dolls. . . .

"They're jumping, sir."

Again, we rode over a rocky hill of water and pounded down the opposite slope. Our bow pointed at the Western Star. Only four hundred yards now.

"Slow speed to eight knots."

I looked at Kelvin in a mounting terror. The sea was perilous to lifeboats. A sudden shift of the wind brought the burning ship's smoke across to us. It brought voices also . . . horribly faint . . . squeaky . . . mousy. . . . We saw the passengers and crew in a massed huddle on the ship's stubby fo'c's'le.

Price and Tommy and Pat came in for instructions. Chief Hulverson was with them. Their faces were pallid, grotesque masks. I knew their thoughts. Kelvin's luck was running true to form. We had risked broken propeller shafts, bottom plates and turbines in this crazy dash. And now we would stand by helpless while . . .

A BUBBLING volcano of water heaved between our ship and the Western Star. But voices crossed the barrier and white arms waved—

Kelvin stood spread-eagled against the wheel. Our engines slowed so that we made no headway, but hung there facing a sight none of us would look at any more.

"No use to try boats, boys," Kelvin said. "We'll ram her!"

"Ram her, sir?"

Our skipper's voice cut through our paralysis of mind and muscle.

"Hell, didn't you ever hear of ramming a ship? Simple. Spread the word . . . all hands . . . stand by and hang on . . . when we hit . . . stand by on the fo'c's'le . . . board her and drag those damn' fools off if necessary . . . and kill the first man who rushes it. . . ."

In a two-second silence, we all went mad. All of us. "Aye, aye, sir!" we said. We passed the word. We leaped to our stations. Our ship's engines throbbed once more. We squared away cautiously. We went forward, soaring and plunging across that no-man's land of water. We stopped engines. We backed. We slid down the last green hill . . . into the smoke . . . into the voices. . . .

Crash! Our sharp bow drove solidly into the Western Star's plates. I was with the party on the fo'c's'le. We went down in a floundering melee. We scrambled to our feet.

"Make her fast! Heave your lines!" That voice drove us. "Don't rush, folks. Plenty of time. Plenty of room. We'll take you all off!"

Our deck was five feet lower than the steamer's. I saw Pat and half a dozen sailors make a living ladder. Up they went, over the bent and twisted rail. Flames crackled almost above our heads. The voices broke in—"Thank God . . . oh, thank God!" . . . "Women and children this way." . . . "Stand back, sailor!" . . . "Where's Wilbur? You got Wilbur?" . . . "Save my husband. He jumped. There he is. Save him!"

We passed them down, working in a feverish spurt, our breaths sour in our nostrils, sweat in our eyes. . . . I remember very little of it . . . but I recall one thing . . . how soft and good to feel were the arms of the children I handled. . . .

OUR ship, her bow crumpled and dressed with collision mats, lay at anchor in the harbor at Wilmington. Kelvin had refused to allow any newspaper reporters aboard. He had locked himself in his cabin to write a report. Small boats nosed around us, their lights like excited eyes. I had the watch. Our men were swaggering and whistling and reading congratulatory messages and making mysterious appointments with newspaper people who were in a swarm at every porthole.

Cox'n Merkle of the gangway watch saluted.

"It's Mrs. Kelvin, sir. At the ladder."

"Send word to the captain. I'll meet her."

Hildreth came aboard. She had a tattered newspaper in her hand. Her eyes were angry, bitter.

"Where's Neale?"

"Cabin. Writing his report."

"He mustn't write a word until I can get hold of Commander Burney and Admiral Brundidge. I think Congressman Gilray will help us, too. Excuse me, Jack—"

I stopped her.

"Hey, what is this?" I stammered. "What do you and Neale need help about?"

She shook the paper in front of me.

"You can't stall me, Jack. I know it was a collision. And a bad one—"

I grabbed the paper. It was from Salt Lake City. A bulletin on Page 1 read: "San Pedro: It was reported here today that the U. S. Destroyer —— had collided with the passenger liner Western Star a hundred and twenty miles northwest of Catalina."

Contemptuously, I tossed the paper overside.

"Collided, hell," I said. "Neale rammed her. He saved two hundred and eleven passengers. He's a hero!"

Hildreth gasped.

"*Neale Kelvin?*"

"Yep," said a voice behind us. "What's the matter, Jack? Does she think I'm in bad again?"

"She did think so," I said. "Got a garbled report."

Kelvin walked over to his wife.

"You should have read a later paper, honey."

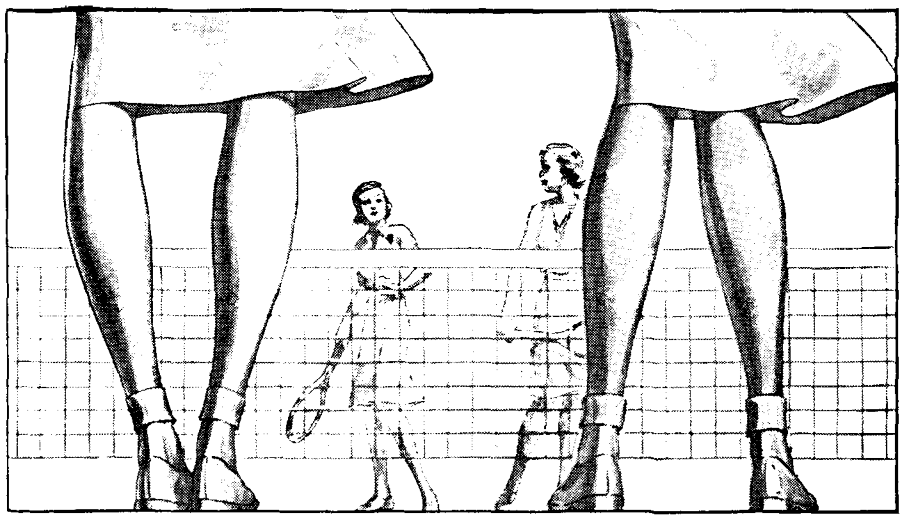
"I didn't have time. Got off the train and flew back here. Thought I'd be needed."

He pinched her cheek.

"You're always needed. You know that," he said. "Come on. I want you to read my report. They may jump me for not waiting till the Lurline came up—"

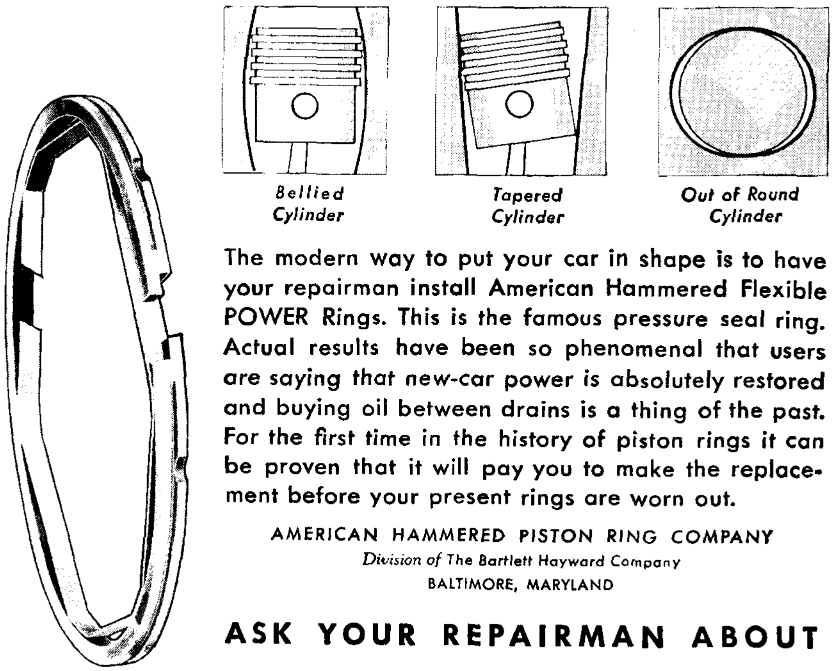
Kelvin put his arm around her thin shoulders. They walked forward together.

If you pay ..and pay ..and pay for OIL



you probably have

BOWLEGGED or KNOCK-KNEED CYLINDERS



The modern way to put your car in shape is to have your repairman install American Hammered Flexible POWER Rings. This is the famous pressure seal ring. Actual results have been so phenomenal that users are saying that new-car power is absolutely restored and buying oil between drains is a thing of the past. For the first time in the history of piston rings it can be proven that it will pay you to make the replacement before your present rings are worn out.

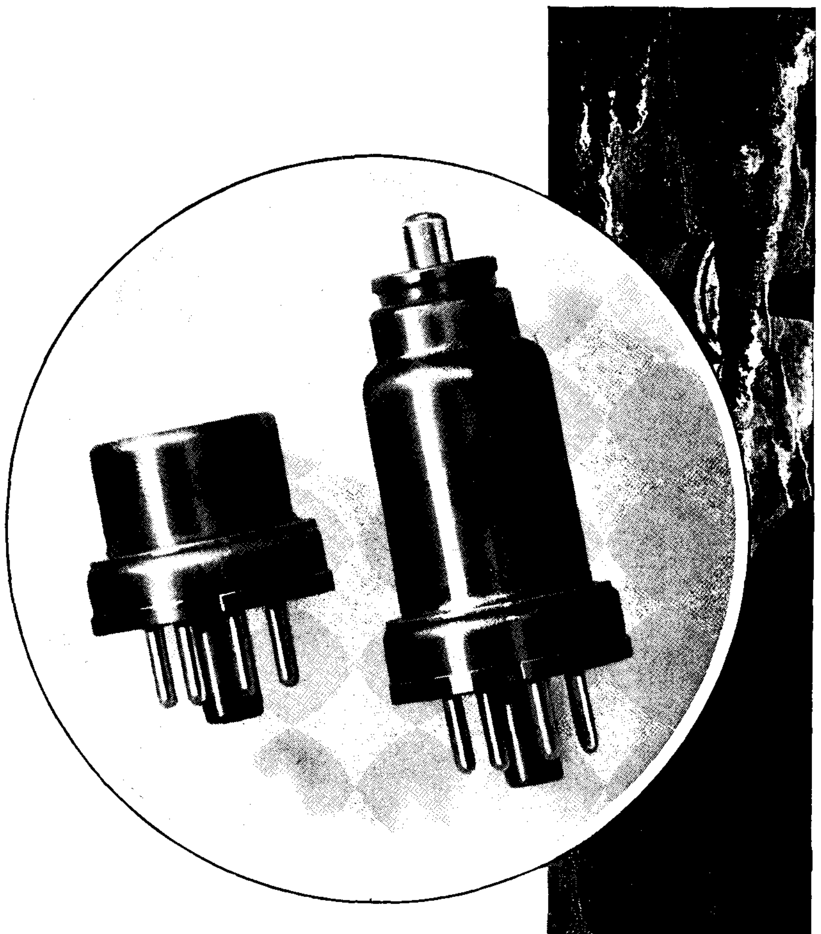
AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY
Division of The Bartlett Hayward Company
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

ASK YOUR REPAIRMAN ABOUT
Flexible **POWER** Rings

American
Hammered
Flexible **POWER** Rings

Out of the "HOUSE OF MAGIC"

THE NEW METAL TUBE... A DEVELOPMENT SO IMPORTANT THAT A COMPLETELY NEW RADIO HAS BEEN BUILT AROUND IT



NEW METAL TUBES (actual size)... small, efficient, long-lived... designed to meet modern broadcasting conditions, short-wave and long-wave alike.

IN RADIO TUBES, glass now gives way to steel...

... to new metal tubes*... created in the General Electric "House of Magic."

Tubes so superior that they need be only half the size of glass tubes . . . so out-of-the-ordinary that they inspired the making of a completely new receiver—*new from base to top*—

—the 1936 General Electric Radio!

Noises suppressed... brilliance gained

Made with a precision not attained with glass, *these metal tubes have silenced forever the annoying crackle caused by "shielding cans" . . . subdued the microphonic twang that clouds reception.*

And these rugged metal tubes are enduringly strong . . . giving you performance invariably brilliant throughout a long and active life.

For 1936, General Electric offers, in addition to the new metal tube, these notably new features that keep the set at "concert pitch"

•

G-E Permaliner
G-E Sentry-Box
G-E Stabilized Dynamic Speaker
G-E Tuning Bands for domestic and foreign broadcasts—plus extended long-wave and ultra short-wave bands
G-E Lo-note Compensation
G-E Noise-Control
G-E High- and Low-Speed Station-Finder
G-E Sliding-rule Tuning-Scale
G-E Precision-tuning Indicator
G-E Shadow-band Tuner

•

And a score of other new improvements!

Such a revolutionary new tube deserved a finer speaker to match it . . . and General Electric produced one.

A new and finer speaker

In the "House of Magic," in a "Cell of Oppressive Silence," even those phantom whispers that fog reproduction were stilled. Result—a speaker so supremely sensitive that speech and music now come to you amazingly clear . . . mirror-true.

When you look at the heart of the new General Electric Radio, you will see still another "House of Magic" wonder-worker.

A sentinel out of "The Arabian Nights"

There you will find the Sentry-Box . . . controlling as many as five separate broadcasting bands . . . housing the most alert watchman in all the world!

Picture, if you can, a thousand and one radio waves rushing upon him . . . traveling at a speed of 186,000 miles a second—all demanding entrance.

But only one wave is permitted to pass—the wave to which you are dialed. All others must stand aside... move on—at the command of this vigilant sentinel.

A radio always at "Concert Pitch"

You will also see the new and amazing Permaliner. This bit of magic—because it is sealed to keep out those twin-enemies of distant reception, dirt and moisture—keeps the radio stable... at "concert pitch" over a long and brilliant career.

Because of these features, and many others, the New 1936 General Electric Radio gives not only a new brilliance of performance . . . but a lasting brilliance that the years cannot dim.

See it! hear it! make comparisons!

It is now on display at your nearest G-E Radio Dealer's . . . where it will speak for itself—with an eloquence beyond any that we might command.

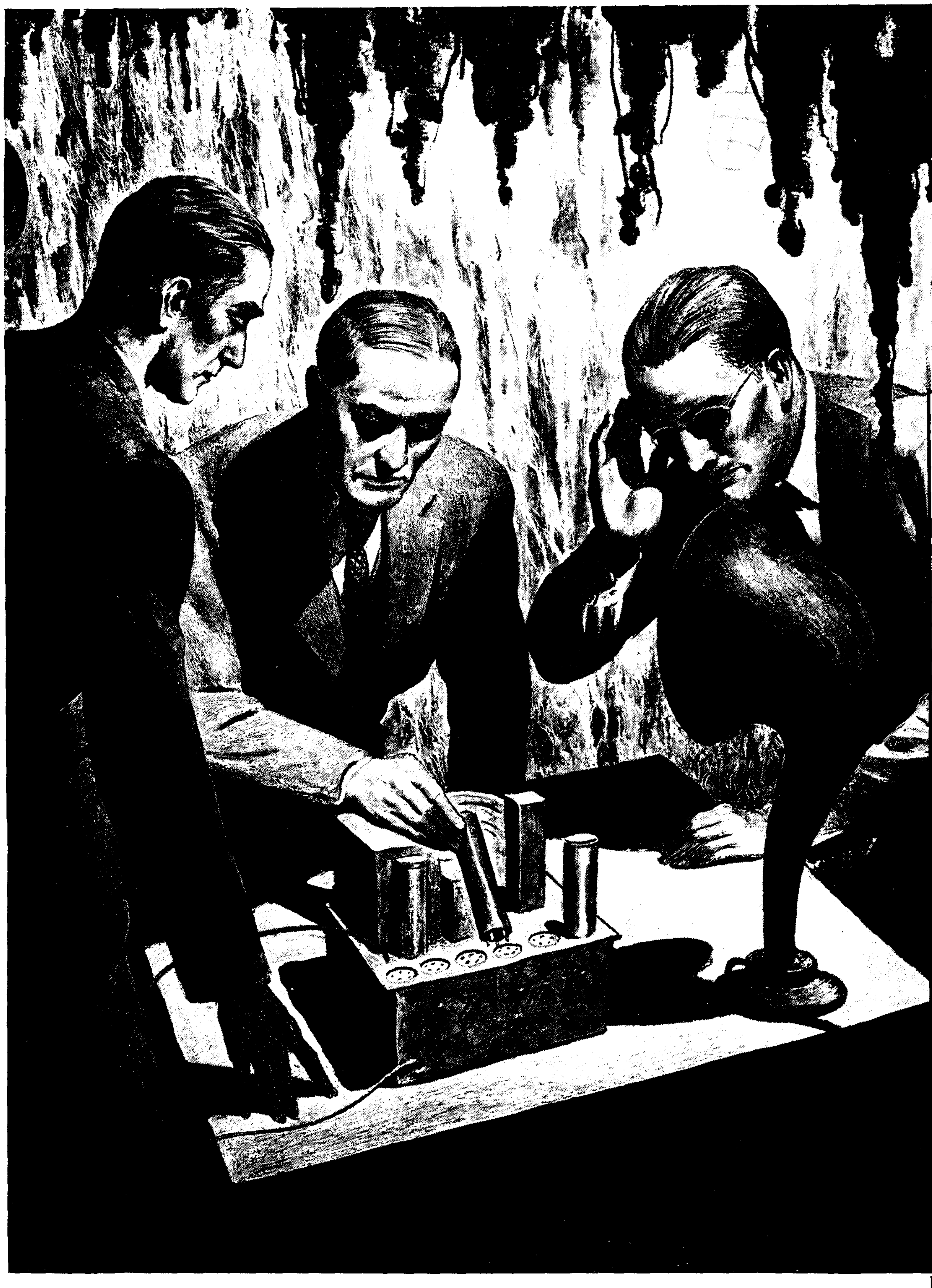
Many impressively-styled models—table sets and consoles . . . priced from $34.50 up.

All we ask is that you see this radio that came out of the "House of Magic." Hear it. Then compare it with all other radio receivers—regardless of price.

**Metal radio tubes, invented and perfected by General Electric, are made for General Electric by the RCA Mfg. Co. . . . Complete receivers manufactured by General Electric at Bridgeport, Conn.*

The new 1936 GENERAL

... a new Radio Miracle!

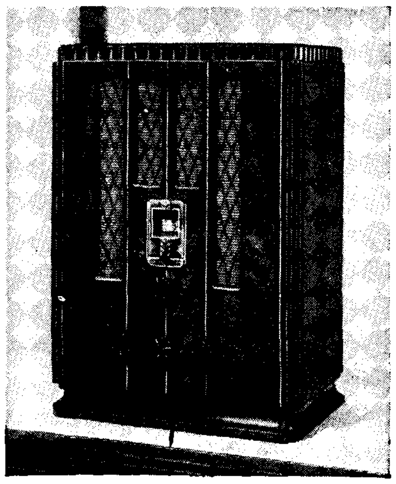


MAKING MUSIC COME OUT OF A GAS-PIPE! An early step in a two-year search for a practical and efficient metal radio tube—conducted in the General Electric "House of Magic." A search that made use of a newly created alloy, Fernico . . . that utilized an ingenious method of welding that applies 75,000 amperes, for one-twentieth of a second, to fuse two metals into one! Such research development, typical of the "House of Magic," alone made the new metal tube possible—marking a milestone in radio progress.

Roam the world with these distance-defying sets . . . priced as low as $34.50!

(Prices slightly higher in West, Mid-west and South . . Subject to change without notice.)

MODEL A-125—Twelve-tube superheterodyne, with five broadcasting bands. New metal tubes throughout. Neo-classic cabinet in walnut.



MODEL A-63—Six-tube superheterodyne, completely equipped with new metal tubes. Two reception bands. Distinctive cabinet of butt walnut veneer.

ELECTRIC RADIO

Lost Dog

Continued from page 22

see that dame. I won't learn nothing but I got to look at her."

We went to look at her. An officer went in with us. She was young, with a pretty, sensuous face. Her clothes were there with blood on them and a lot of dirt.

"I ain't seen the medical report on this lady," O'Malley told the officer. "What was it?"

"She had been shot. They found the bullet. She was beat up first. We just got the report because everything moved slow in this case because she got found on Sunday. When they found her she had been dead two days."

"Why," I exclaimed, "that's incredible! How do you account for it?"

"I guess they don't."

We went outside. "This case is beyond me, O'Malley," I remarked, "except that Lindel probably did it."

"It might be beyond everybody. Well, I'm glad it's time to quit."

I went and found him the next afternoon.

"Has anything else turned up?"

"Not much. They found some of the guys that wrote them letters to her. They are scared guys. She took presents from 'em and she didn't tell her husband. They proved they didn't have nothing to do with killing her. They haven't found some other guys that wrote to her, but I guess they didn't do it, either."

"Did Lindel own a gun?"

"Why, we won't never find no gun. He had three days to get rid of it. The watchman at the foundry lost his dog last Friday night."

I thought that over. "Well," I said, "the woman was killed on Thursday, so the dog and murder have no possible connection. Do you see any?"

"You're probably right. I'd like to find that dog."

WE WENT out to the foundry. The men were just quitting work and we waited until the watchman came, and went into the foundry with him.

"How was this about your dog?"

"Why, mister, I don't understand about the dog," the watchman lamented. "I had him a long time. Him and me were together all the while. He come here with me every night and we went around together and we et our supper together. Last Friday night when I come to work the girl in the office had forgot to mail some letters when she left and I took 'em to the mailbox. I left the dog to watch the place. I wasn't very quick, because I stopped to get some tobacco, too, and when I got back the dog was gone. I put an ad in the paper to get him back but I ain't had an answer."

"I seen the ad," O'Malley told him. "Let's look around."

The watchman held the light and we walked about, examining the floor. The foundry floor was dirt. In one place the dirt was a little different color from the rest and seemed softer. We dug there and found the body of the dog. I saw the dog had been shot. There was a door near by fastened with a padlock and the watchman didn't have the key, and so we broke the lock. The door opened on a toolroom which was empty, and O'Malley scraped some dirt off the toolroom floor and put it in an envelope. Then we saw Mizzen coming toward us.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

O'Malley told him, "We're pinching you for murder."

"For what?" Mizzen exclaimed. "For the murder of this dog?"

"Right. For the murder of the dog and of a lady."

"You got *me*, O'Malley," I declared a short time later. "I've racked my brains but I can't see what you've got on Mizzen."

"Yeah, I don't blame you for that. I pinched him so he wouldn't get away, but I'll make a bet with you I'll prove this murder on him."

I met him the next day as he was entering headquarters.

"Well," I asked, "do you win your bet? Or do they still believe that it was Lindel?"

"It ain't Lindel. He is just a honest sap that loved his wife and believed everything she told him. He won't say nothing because he's afraid what he tells might be used to prove something against her now she's dead."

"How about Mizzen?"

"They're questioning him."

"Was she in love with Mizzen?"

"MY IDEA is that that dead dame never was in love with nobody. She married Lindel and he couldn't give her the fancy things she wanted and so she went with other men to get 'em. Mizzen was one of them she went with. She used to meet him at the foundry office, and the watchman had orders not to come to the office when Mizzen was working there at night. My idea is she went there that night to try to get some money out of him. Mizzen has got a wife and kid, and probably she told him to come through or she would go and see his wife; and Mizzen went crazy and knocked her off."

"You say you figure these things," I demurred, "but you don't tell how you figure them."

"Why, the same as anybody would. It looked like Lindel done it till we found out she had been dead two days. I could figure the guy learning something about his wife that would make him knock her off, but I couldn't figure him keeping her two days and then taking her out and putting her on the Drive. Besides, there wasn't no sign of murder at their apartment. The question was, where had she been for them two days? I didn't think nothing the first time we went out to that foundry but then I seen later where that watchman was advertising for his dog. It didn't look like there could be no connection; the docs said the woman was killed on Thursday, and it was Friday night the dog disappeared. But I couldn't get rid of thinking about the dog and all at once it come to me: A guy could pass a place where a body was hidden a thousand times and never know that it was there, but a dog wouldn't pass it even once without wanting to find out all about it."

"I see!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah, sure. It looks now like Mizzen killed her in the foundry office. He couldn't take her out of the office without a chance the watchman would see him. He cleaned up the office and, when it got daylight, he sent the watchman home before the workmen got there, and he locked her in that tool closet that wasn't used. He shot her first to be sure that she was dead. Well, during the day he remembered about the dog. When the watchman come that night, he sent him to mail letters and he shot the dog, so the dog wouldn't be scratching at the closet door, and he put the dog in the closet with the dame. On Saturday there wasn't no one working at the foundry, and he went there and buried the dog. He couldn't bury the dame there because if she was found it would point straight to him; so he put her into his car and that night he dropped her on the Drive, where he figured she couldn't be connected up with him."

"HAVE you any proof of all that?" I asked.

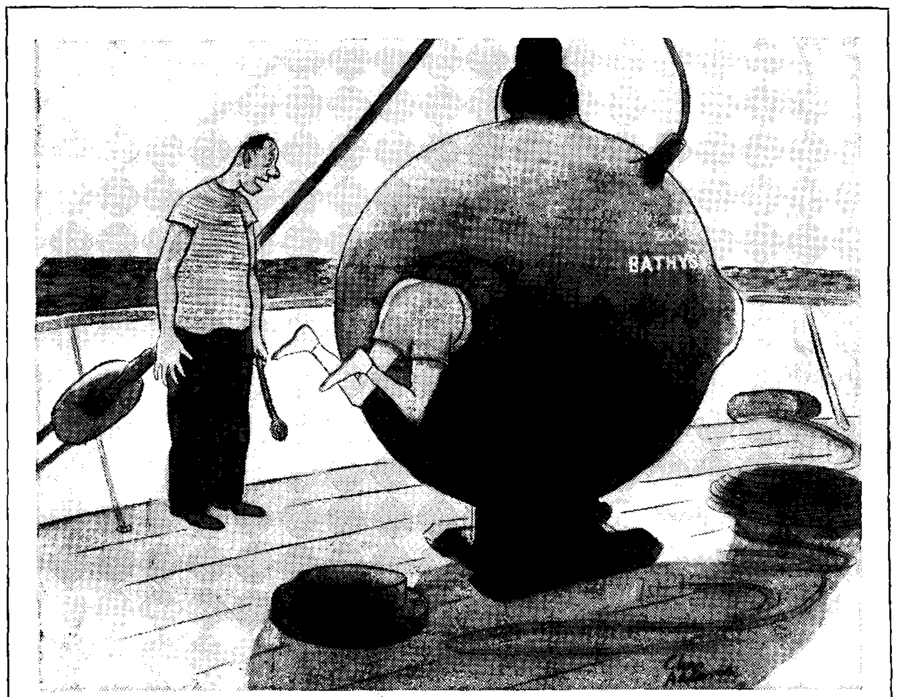
"Plenty. The bullet that killed the dog was fired from the same gun as the bullet in the lady. There's both human blood and dog blood on her clothes, and some of the dirt on her coat is the same kind of dirt as I got off that tool closet floor."

An officer came out of the inspector's room.

"Okay," he said. "Mizzen confessed. You're a wise egg, O'Malley."

"He *is* that," I concurred.

"Yeah, you two guys tell me that out here in the corridor," O'Malley complained. "Why didn't you wait till we was inside there where the inspector would have heard it?"



"Why, Dr. Beebe, you *have* put on weight. It's getting tight for you!"

CHARLES ADDAMS

Johnny Weissmuller
Olive Oil has no equal for soothing an irritated skin!
"Stubby" Kruger
TRAINER OF JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, WORLD'S CHAMPION SWIMMER

END AFTER-SHAVE IRRITATION!

Use Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER knows how tough constant swimming in salt water is on a man's *skin* . . . but, as he says, this shaving every day is tougher yet!

So we make Palmolive Shave Cream with Olive Oil—to prevent this after-shave irritation . . . to improve the condition of your skin . . . to keep your face fresh and fit, always!

And, thanks to this unique Olive Oil formula, Palmolive Shave Cream multiplies itself 250 times in lather . . . richer, heavier lather that stands up for a full ten minutes. Never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, cleanest, smoothest shave you ever had!

BOY! THIS PALMOLIVE LATHER IS THE THICKEST, HEAVIEST, CREAMIEST YOU EVER SAW. WHAT A SMOOTH, EASY SHAVE IT GIVES YOU!
PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM

LARGE TUBE
100 SHAVES
25¢

GIANT TUBE
200 SHAVES
40¢

California, Here We Come

Continued from page 11

feature on to the governor—as if that poor gentleman wasn't already defeated by far simpler problems. But to show that California wasn't fooling it was proposed that any "paupers, vagabonds, indigent persons or persons likely to become public charges" who should violate any of the provisions of this act would be "subject to a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars or imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding one year." And you're not supposed to snicker.

Several of the loudest voices in California, still hoarse from denouncing state income and inheritance tax legislation as vicious plottings against our democratic institutions, were laying the invasion to Red Radicalism and told us chilling stories of how these ragged regiments were being herded into the state on orders from Moscow. Shoals of investigators were trudging up and down the state asking old women and children who sent them, who had paid for the gasoline, who told them they couldn't starve in California, what they thought of the Constitution, Rexford Guy Tugwell and pacifism. As far as we could hear, the interrogated breadhunters were eager to cheer loudly for everything from John Quincy Adams to the United States Chamber of Commerce if there was reason to suspect the imminence of a hamburger sandwich. Those we talked to appeared to be quite willing to swap a hotel full of Karl Marxes and Nicolai Lenins for a ham, and throw in Benito Mussolini and a couple of beer putsches. They were right simple folk, answering all questions with the trusting naïveté of a subsistence homestead organizer. We happened to overhear a crisp spinster who wore gold-rimmed nose-glasses, from which dangled a lot of black ribbon, ask a middle-aged Georgian whether he believed in an adequate national defense. He appeared to be a trifle bewildered. She elucidated: would he be willing to carry arms in defense of his country?

"No, ma'am," he said promptly. "I wouldn't."

"Why not?" she demanded severely—and made several indignant notes.

"I got kidney trouble," he said.

"Governor Sinclair"

And most of them, answering censorious questions, indicated that they were not as accurately informed as they might be. Some had come to California because someone had told them that Doctor Townsend's pension plan was in operation there—that everybody over sixty got two hundred dollars a month, first come first served. One man said he had overheard a couple of men talking about it at a filling station—strangers, but nice-looking fellows who looked like they knew what they were talking about. Anyway, he had lost no time getting the family together and hitting out for California. And there was the old man who said he hadn't wanted to leave Iowa at all but had been dragged along by the children, who told him to think of others once in a while.

We got into a foolish argument with an Oklahoman who was bound for Sacramento with a letter for "Governor Sinclair." We asked him who had given him the letter. Nobody had; he had written it himself. Guess he could write a letter as good as the next man. The letter contained his qualifications as a farmer and a proposal to raise burley tobacco on state lands. We asked him who had told him Upton Sinclair was governor and he said a preacher had. He knew that Mr. Sinclair hadn't been elected last fall but, said he, the governor had died and Mr. Sinclair had stepped in to take his place. We were to learn that quite a number of the pilgrims believed that Mr. Sinclair was governor and that poverty had been outlawed in California. No, they hadn't got it from the newspapers; they didn't believe what they read in newspapers.

The Doleful Truth

Then he learned that California had been chosen to be the first state to taste the sweetness of Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth plan. There were letters from Huey's organizers to prove it. And at least one family had had it from a Share-the-Wealther in Los Angeles that the divvy would start, appropriately enough, on July fourth. We said what we thought about men who would broadcast stuff like that, but for our pains, got a sharp reminder that the senator from Louisiana was "the Dizzy Dean of politics and was going to shut out Wall Street." The farther we went the greater became our suspicion that some of our fellow citizens were thinking with their emotions.

No one had told them that to be a regular on California's relief lists one must have been a resident of the state a year. No one had told them that the California state treasury was nearly if not quite as empty as Arkansas' or Alabama's. In fact no one seems to have told them anything of the doleful truth. There was the cotton cropper who had come a thousand miles with his family of fifteen because he "had heard somewheres how California was giving out forty acres and a free house to white Protestants." And a vigorous young miner from West Virginia stopped tinkering with his motorcar long enough to assure me that he was going back home as soon as he could, "just to take a punch at a certain politician who told me that California was setting guys up in the orange-growing business and was paying them a hundred dollars a month until a crop came in." We asked him how soon he'd have his car running again. He said the car had nothing to do with it; that he'd have to wait now until the first baby was born. His wife, he explained, was "expecting in August and anyway we'd kinda like to have the kid born in California."

"Why?" we asked.

"Oh, I dunno."

"Who was the politician who told you about the free orange ranch?" we asked. "What town do you come from?"

"Never mind that," he roared. "Just watch the Charleston papers."

There was nothing for California to do except feed them, house as many as possible in transient camps and exhort them to go home. They merely ate, slept and listened and came back for more. And in the meantime their numbers grew. In March the State Emergency Relief Administration took care of more than seventy-eight thousand families and unattached persons, having notified forty thousand that California had done all it could for them. But there was no reason to suspect that those forty thousand families and individuals had departed. The traffic across Yuma bridge, at Fresno, at Bakersfield, Yreka, Redding and Grant's Pass was all inbound. After all, why should they leave? It was warm in the southern valleys. If California wasn't as lavish with her money as they had been led to

(Continued on page 48)

MISTER
IS
REGRETS
HE DIDN'T USE
KREML!

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU

Is your comb full of hair every time you use it?

Are your shoulders covered with dandruff?

Does your hair refuse to behave unless it is "plastered down"?

Then you should try Kreml.

This wonderful new tonic checks falling hair and removes dandruff.

It makes the hair behave without that gigolo look.

It leaves no barber shop odor in its wake.

After a dip in the sea or a day in the open it removes every trace of sea-salt, stickiness and grime.

The whole country is turning to Kreml.

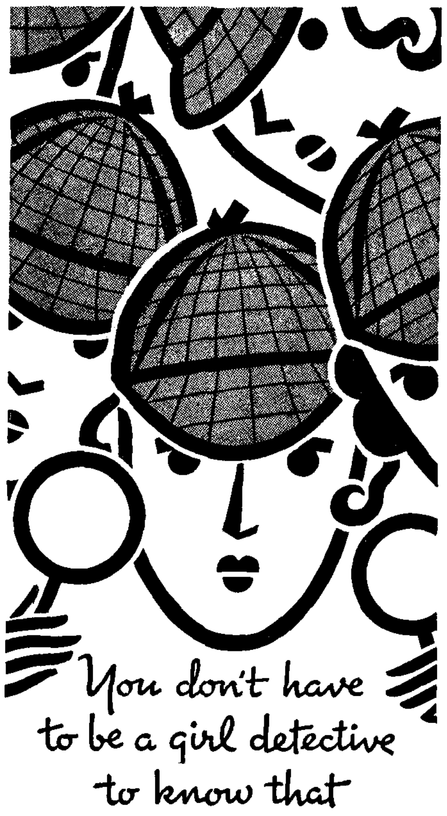
Try it. You will swear by this tonic too.

TRY KREML SHAMPOO, TOO!

Made with 80% pure olive oil. It simply billows with cleansing, purifying lather.

KREML

FOR FALLING HAIR AND DANDRUFF


You don't have to be a girl detective to know that

Men do need MUM

"WE modestly admit we don't know what men ought to do about a lot of things. Bonds and bills and heavy industries like that. But there's one subject we've detected plenty on—the subject of men and perspiration. Believe it or not there still are men in circulation who haven't found out that they perspire just the same as women—and as disastrously. Sometimes we think of going into welfare work and distributing Mum to needy and unenlightened men."

• • • •

After all, men we can't blame women for fussing about disagreeable perspiration in us. We certainly object to it in them.

Women seem to know something that we men have never learned—that the morning bath can't take care of underarm odor later in the day.

So they use Mum, the instant cream deodorant. Why shouldn't we follow their example?

Mum is perfect for a man to use. Quick. Easy. Harmless to clothing. Soothing to skin. Doesn't prevent perspiration itself—just ugly odor.

Use Mum every morning when you dress and there'll never be a raised eyebrow about *you*. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 74 West St., New York.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

FOR PERSPIRING FEET. Rub in a little Mum and enjoy its cooling, soothing effect. Prevents every trace of odor. Keeps hose and shoe linings fresher.

(Continued from page 47)

believe, the land was producing fruit and vegetables magically and everybody told them that great quantities of them would ripen only to be left to rot on the ground for the want of markets. They could afford to wait. Government wouldn't let them starve.

So they weren't leaving. We wondered what had become of that schoolmarm we saw near Denver. She was about forty-five—a tall, raw-boned woman whom desperation had only made harder and grimmer. She was California-bound in a battered sedan with Missouri license plates. In the car with her she had three small children. The relief scout who fed them said she wouldn't answer questions but somehow they had found out that the kids weren't hers. We wondered about her and those kids. And we wondered, too, about the two girls from North Dakota who were on their way to Hollywood with a letter from Marion Davies saying that Miss Davies enjoyed reading the sweet things they had written and hoped one day, when they came to California, to see them. Well, they were on their way and Miss Davies was going to have her chance to see them—if they could get past the secretary who wrote the letter.

And California knew the unwelcome pilgrims weren't leaving and was beginning to suspect that they had come to stay. They were entering at the rate of three or four hundred a week—and maybe more—across the Yuma bridge, in motorcars alone. Few seemed to have any specific destination but seemed satisfied to follow the crowd to El Centro and Brawley and past the Salton Sea to San Bernardino and on to Bakersfield and Fresno. Or strike north over less popular roads toward Blythe and Needles. Naturally enough, Southern California with its kindlier climate was the most popular sector and Yuma, Needles and Stateline the busiest ports of entry.

They arrive with all their worldly possessions lashed to the car's sides, with top-mattresses, baby-carriages, suitcases, hammocks, blankets, camp-stools, pots, pans and washboards. Some have been thoughtful enough to bring their dogs and cats. We saw two sagging trucks in which goats shared quarters with the children. And one had two lambs bitterly bawling for the homes from which they had been snatched. Another added a bowl of goldfish to the circus. After all, they're doing only what their fathers did when calamity or poverty-creating populations encircled them. They're doing exactly what discontented mankind has always done—moved on. And despite all their modern agencies of information, they are moving west almost as ignorant of the prospect as their sires. It is not until simplicity as great as theirs is on parade that one grasps its imposing dimensions.

A Miserable Side Show

We met men who had invested everything they had in miner's equipment. They were bound for the Bret Harte country—Moccasin Creek, Sonora, Chinese Camp and thereabout—where, they had been told, gold was to be hacked out and panned in bonanza quantities. But they refused to tell you just where they intended to do all this mining. That was their secret obtained from well-guarded sources. And nobody else knew what they knew. Some had maps—purchased from mysterious gentlemen who had learned that it's more profitable to do one's prospecting in the pockets of one's neighbor. These guileless pilgrims had come from such gold states as Utah and Nevada as well as Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Indiana and Illinois, proving again that climate has nothing to do with the sucker crop. Most of them lacked even a glimmer of what a mine looked like. They were carpenters, clerks, farmers, chauffeurs, salesmen.

We talked to girls who had hitch-hiked and walked fifteen hundred miles and more merely to "get away from home where you heard nothing but depression, depression and depression and relief, relief, relief." We sat down and talked to a woman whose man had been missing a week. He had gone to look for work and hadn't returned. There were so many children hovering around that we asked her about them. Well, she had seven of her own but there were seven that didn't belong to her. Three were the children of neighbors—dry farmers—in southeast Colorado. They had wanted to come along and their parents had said it was all right. And the other four—well, they had just sort of joined up. There were two brothers whose father was dead. Their mother was "in the hospital." Our hostess wasn't sure whether it was in Sante Fe or Albuquerque (she had so many things on her mind). And the last two boys—well, she just didn't know. She thought they belonged to some family down the road farther, down near Pine Valley, maybe. We couldn't think of anything to say except: "What are you going to do?" She smiled at us and guessed that everything would turn out all right. "A body's luck is bound to change sometime," she said. But it made us feel a little empty.

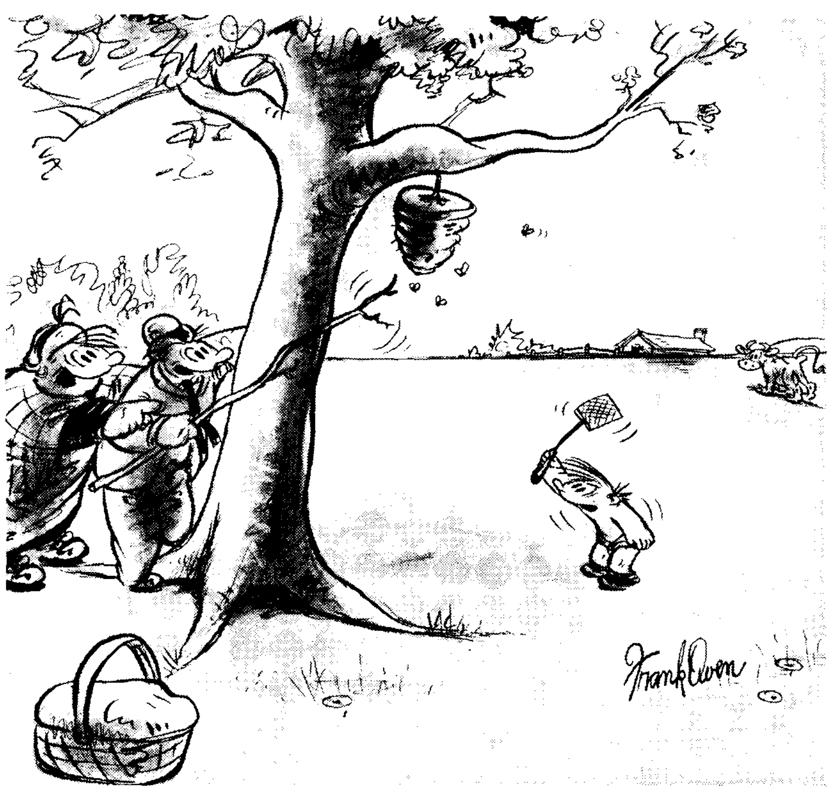
The whole scene was like that—garbled, confused, a straggling jungle, disheveled, a miserable side show. Suppose California could eject them. Where could they go? Throw them across the state line into the desert? We saw scores of half-clad adults so weary that they'd probably die within a week in the desert. And we saw half-starved children—pinched, spindling, rickety babies—who were ready for death even there in the brazen sunshine of The Promised Land. But California wasn't regarding them so much as a current problem; she was thinking of what she would do with them next fall when the federal government's aid to the unemployed will be work relief, leaving the care of unemployables to the states. And the majority, perhaps a large majority, of these migrants are unemployable now—undernourished, devitalized, demoralized and stupid with disease. If California hopes to shift them to the government's work pay rolls she had better condition them now.

Their stories are heavy with monotony—the cotton burned up, the mill shut down, pay was cut till we struck. The dust drove us out, relief office closed, ain't had no job for two years. We heard there was work in Imperial Valley, they told us there was camps for everybody, we got cousins doing well somewheres here, if we only had four dollars a week we could make a go of it. And always, everywhere: We always heard that California was better than anywhere else. Sure, mister, you can take our picture—fifty cents. Listen, mister, we got a story to tell. How much will you pay us? Brother, I come all the way from Michigan, a free-born American citizen, and California can't put me out. I'm as good an American as any Californian and maybe better. . . . It was like that from Bakersfield to Mexico.

Delights of Travel

To add to the confusion, they were being exhorted to embrace a dozen creeds, causes, movements, unions, parties and guilds. Prophets and propagandists deluged them with dodgers and hand-bills beseeching them to try every political and spiritual nostrum from Sing a Song at Sunrise to Utopia and Soul Tillage. The Townsendites, Long Fellows and Mr. Sinclair's EPIC collected the greatest number of ears, of course, but the latest complexities of EPIC left them a bit dazed. Mr. Sinclair, the Sweet Dreamer of Pasadena, appeared to be losing control of the movement which won him more than 800,000 California votes last fall. His EPIC orators were being shoved off platforms by anti-Sinclair EPICS and were shoving back with considerable vigor. But it left the weary pilgrims

Philbert Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. By FRANK OWEN



"He says, 'Okay—let 'er go!' "

quite befuddled, although applauding both sides just to be safe.

"Take a good look, folks," shouted a Long Fellow. "Take a good look at all the wealth around you. Read Every Man a King. And take a good look at the wealth around you. Our friend Huey P. Long is going to share that with you. It's all yours, folks, when Huey P. Long wins. He would be here today, folks, if it wasn't he is down there in Washington fighting for you. His doctor is trying to make him rest, but he won't pay no attention. He won't stop until you get yours—not even if he dies fighting for you."

State police, detectives, missionaries for Father Coughlin, rousers roaring the praises of Huey Long, scornful firebrands imploring all and sundry to forsake whatever they had been before and rally to Communism, Townsend Plan evangelists tearfully mixing religion and economics, and Utopians who seemed to love the Constitution but not the Supreme Court—all these and more mingled with the shabby crusade. Now and then a traffic jam or the collapse of a truck or trailer choked the highway with motorcars — everything from screeching candidates for the junkyard to cream-and-silver boudoirs on wheels, driven by spruce chauffeurs and elegantly occupied by ladies and gentlemen of the cinema. These latter made fine distractions, the pilgrims eager to surround them and feast their eyes on burnished fame while speculating on the identities of the artists.

As nearly as the State Emergency Relief Administration has been able to figure it, California is officially but unwillingly entertaining about a quarter of the country's transients. At least, that many of our unemployed waifs are on the state's relief rolls. Just how many are hanging on, unable to crash the relief gates, is anybody's guess. You'll find welfare workers and investigators for a variety of interests who assure you that forty per cent of the derelicts of the depression have made California their last refuge. A certain number of them—chiefly unattached boys and girls—agree to go back home. For example, in March, San Francisco packed nearly fifteen hundred of them off on trains for the East at a cost of nearly ten thousand dollars. A certain number of these will reappear, having discovered the new delights of travel—at no cost to themselves. But the majority of the pilgrims have no intention of leaving.

A Can-Opener and an Appetite

"We're sticking," a Nebraskan told us. "We've been here since December and by this coming December we'll be here a year and that entitles us to go on regular state relief. Even if you don't get any more out of relief here than you do in Nebraska, we'd rather live in California. We always talked about living in California sometime and now we're here."

But it wasn't until after evening darkened the skies that we got a very clear picture of these hundreds of families squatted in Imperial Valley. Then the excitement had abated. The traffic thinned out and presently only occasional cars hummed along the highway. Without the sun to magnify their poverty, in the soft purple the harshness lost its edge. Gradually the miserable tin-can shacks, the frowzy tents that leaned awry, the dilapidated trucks and trailers, became enveloped in a peaceful droning. There was much calling of children, separating of clans and families. And, somewhat to our surprise, they began to cook and eat. Just why we should be surprised that these wayfarers ate is not quite clear. Perhaps it came of our day-long speculation as to who fed them and by what magic they were able to stave off starvation.

But Martin, our driver, scoffed at us. He had been up and down the valley lots of times and all this was old to him. He said something about it that sounded pretty wise. He said: "It's wonderful what a family can do with a can-opener and an appetite. That's about all a family needs these days. I don't know how they do it and I know they won't get fat. But you have to work awful hard to manage to starve to death these days."

Futile Indignation

He was partly right. Even before they register with the Relief Administration, the pilgrims besiege the food depots. What they get is no feast and dietitians grow faint as they think about the children. But they seemed far from starvation. And they told us that food came more readily and in greater quantity in California than in any of the other states that had fed them on the way.

"No," said a gaunt man from Tennessee, "we ain't starving. That is, not fast."

"Well, it's still a mystery to us," we said weakly.

"The only way to find out how it's done, brother," he said, "is to do it yourself. But I wouldn't recommend it."

So we took his word for it, electing to stick to our ignorance. Instead of enlisting in the battered caravan and learning what our eyes and ears couldn't penetrate, we went back to Los Angeles to swap opinions and impressions with other investigators who knew as little as we about it.

That night we sat in a beautiful room listening to complacent sociologists and ladies and gentlemen of society and business discuss ways and means of ridding California of the unwelcome rabble that was growing even as they talked. They dwelt upon the menace these people were to health. They were bitter in their condemnation of a federal government that would permit such things. One lady said that Herbert Hoover would never have allowed it. They deplored the increased taxation that feeding the invaders would cost. They denounced the government's relief policies that had made "idleness a virtue" and had "taken the shame out of charity." The gentleman who said that was roundly applauded. They shuddered a great deal about Red Menace.

They told of appeals to Mr. Harry Hopkins' representatives and how those FERA agents had shrugged the whole matter off. They talked a lot about the ugliness of the pilgrims and their litter. They became very indignant that the governor of California hadn't done something about shutting the state's gates. And what would respectable tourists on their way to the beautiful fair at San Diego think? There was shocked silence as one of the social investigators told of finding fourteen people living in a tin-can hovel. The awful part of it was that this was not one family but two. The father of one family had disappeared somewhere in Arizona. The mother of the other had died. And the two families had consolidated, the woman of one of them having taken up with the man of the other. And they hadn't married!

Reports like that kept the meeting stirred with indignant horror until quite late. When apparently they could stand no more, a resolution couched in polite and even sympathetic English was adopted. It called upon the state of California to starve these intruders out, a stern yet obviously necessary measure. And the meeting might have lasted much longer. But it was Saturday night. And the chairman had to be in church early next morning.

The world takes you at your face value

IF YOU LOOK OLD, NOBODY STOPS TO ASK YOUR AGE

NUDIST CAMP
"HE KEEPS STARING AT ME—I WONDER IS MY NOSE SHINY?"

IF YOU lived down in the tropics where the blazing sun was constantly stealing the natural oils out of your skin, you might expect to look older than your age.

But why handicap yourself deliberately with premature wrinkles and age lines when a change in your shaving habits can keep you looking younger than you are?

Do not let shaving rob your skin of its natural oils in the same way as the tropical sun or the dry cold winds of winter. Barbasol maintains the normal oils in the skin. It keeps your face fresh looking and alert, while it reduces shaving bother to simplest essentials.

Here is a cream so soothing that people use it for chapping and sunburn—and it gives you the smoothest, easiest shave you've ever had. Every hair is cut off clean as a whistle at the base—no ingrown hairs.

And the bland, healing oils in Barbasol protect the skin, keeping it prime and young-looking.

No brush, no lather, no rub-in. Just wet your face, spread on Barbasol and shave.

BARBASOL BLADES
now 5 for 15¢

For only fifteen cents you can now buy 5 of those scalpel-keen Barbasol Blades that make shaving a joy.

They're going like hot cakes, men. Step up and get yours today.

Shave the Barbasol way.

Soften your whiskers with Barbasol Shaving Cream and mow 'em down with Barbasol Blades. It's the perfect shaving combination.

Tune in Singin' Sam—the Barbasol Man—every Tuesday evening over the Columbia Broadcasting System. (See your local newspaper for time.)

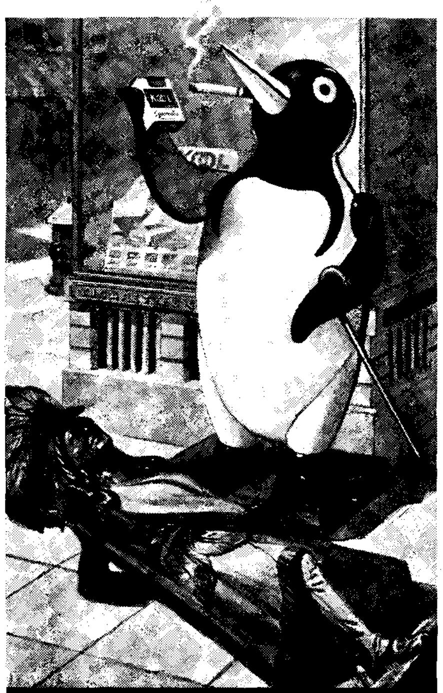
For Modern Shaving
No Brush • No Lather • No Rub-In

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED

Cigarettes

CORK-TIPPED



A NEW KING

on the smoke throne

He's put there by a nation of grateful citizens who find KOOLS give them royal relief from hot, parched throats. KOOLS are mildly mentholated; light one, your throat enjoys a refreshing coolness, your tongue relishes the fine tobacco blend. They're cork-tipped—better for lips. And each pack carries a B & W coupon; save 'em for swell premiums. (Offer good U.S.A. only; write for FREE illustrated premium booklet.) Hot weather? Dog days? Give your throat a KOOL vacation!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME PREMIUMS

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B & W COUPON
REDEEMABLE BY THE UNDERSIGNED
For Congress quality initialed plain
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

15¢ *for* TWENTY 25¢ *in* CANADA

RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Poor Man's Gold

Continued from page 19

him were evidences of life; here a dripping hand emerged to wipe at a steaming face, there a man rolled uncomfortably, spurting water as he cooled his hot mouth. All those who had labored late in the town were here; groans attested to the pain of miners who, struggling too long, had rushed for the lake with their clothing aflame. Now, with the touch of water aggravating the torture of their burns, they had no surcease. They could only lie and suffer and wait.

Daylight had come; it meant little in the way of visibility, save for a few moments when the wind freshened again, whipping away the smoke fogs long enough to permit a fleeting view of the surrounding country. The town was gone, except for smoldering log squares where cabins had been. The great flats where the marsh grass had grown were black wastes.

The wind lessened again, the smoke lay thick and deep. An hour passed. Then an airplane motor sounded, swiftly approaching. For a time the ship circled, in long banks, as its pilot strove to find a break in the blanket of invisibility beneath him. Then it seemed to drop squat to the surface of the lake, splashing water in great waves as it bounced eerily along, settled in long surging leaps, and finally taxied toward the shallows.

It halted, motor idling. The cabin door opened. A provincial forester swung out to a slippery pontoon.

"Where's Jack Hammond?" he shouted to the dripping forms of miners, who, wet hands to their nostrils, had half risen from the bar. Jack waved. Then, hands to his face, he rose and splashed forward.

He reached the plane and clambered from the pontoon into the cabin, the ranger slamming the door as he followed. The motor snarled with acceleration; quickly the pilot swung about and abruptly sent the ship into the air. Hammond leaned close to the ranger.

"What's up?" he shouted.

"Terry sent me after you. Wants you to take charge of one of the airplane gangs. He says you know the country."

HAMMOND nodded and was silent, looking out the side of the cabin. They were moving swiftly down the lake; dimly, very dimly beneath were revealed the life rafts. Hammond found himself wondering which of the huddled patches of gray down there on those giant squares was Jeanne Towers, and if she were safe from fumes or suffocation. But individuality had been lost; the dead, the suffering, the safe survivors all were the same. He straightened.

"Got fire-fighting equipment?"

"Plenty."

"Hose and tankage?"

"Yeh—and dynamite. Been bringing up a lot of Indians from around Takla Lake—they know their business."

They were at quite an altitude, but still in fog.

"This smoke goes up plenty high," Hammond said. Even as he mentioned it, he became aware that the air had cleared, that he was breathing deeply for the first time that night. The ranger leaned closer.

"Not smoke; clouds," he shouted. "The visibility's hell. Getting colder—freeze-up probably."

"Hope so."

The forester grimaced. No one hoped that more than he. Then:

"Know any place we could get in up here, to start cutting off this blaze? If we can backfire down below and cut 'er off here, it'll save a half billion feet of timber."

Hammond pointed toward Whoopee.

"We can work through the inlet," he said. "The fire missed that. The smoke raised for a few minutes, and I got a look. It's clear."

Thus the grueling task began, airplanes which banked and skimmed the surface of the lake, which took desperate chances, which dropped recklessly downward through the smoke pall to discharge their cargoes, then took off as desperately with no clear knowledge of shore or treetop line. Wading whites and sloshing Indians slopped off the pontoons to splash ashore and there stand waiting until other chance-taking pilots, Timmy Moon among them, should bring up the long lines of small-bored, lightly woven hose, the collapsible tanks and portable pumps which would allow water to be sent thousands of feet into the forest. Boxes of dynamite were unloaded. Sacks were carried out by the bale.

HOUR after hour—into the deep night and again to daylight—the dogged task continued. Dynamite boomed, and trees crashed to earth. Long, ragged lines of men, gasping for clean air, wet sacks waving monotonously, attacked the smoldering earth. Other gangs moved here and there to backfire, where this action could aid. Now and again, reeling with sickness, a worker staggered to the Big Moose and sank at its edge, his lips bubbling.

The air grew hotter, more horrible. But suddenly Hammond paused in his commands, and looked up, blinking. He put out his hand, swiftly retrieving it, close to his eyes.

"Snow!" he shouted. "It's started to snow! Keep going, fellows! We've got help from upstairs!"

There was a possibility of fatality in all this. If gangs should quit, believing a blizzard imminent, and if it should prove only a flurry, then the grueling labors of forty-eight hours would be lost. Jack started on a circuit of his workers.

The hose gangs were still at it. Here a sack crew worked diligently, there a gang of axemen, their faces muffled in wet cloth, walked amid smoldering embers, that they might fell threatening trees and bring an end to the menace of treetop explosions. But at last, he sighted a group of idle men at the bank of the Big Moose.

"What the hell's wrong with you?" Jack shouted. "This fire isn't over!"

A man called:

"Better come down here."

Hammond obeyed, staring at what he saw. On the ground was the charred body of a man, his clothing burned away.

"Dead?" Hammond asked. There was a queer tremble to his voice.

"No," a fire fighter answered. "The poor fellow's still living."

Hammond went to his knees, and gently turned the man on his back.

"I thought so," he said jerkily. It was Bruce Kenning.

Burned, horribly so, the man still was recognizable. Hammond reached for his gloves and dusted the dirt out of the man's eyes; they were uninjured. Hammond called his name. The dusty eyes moved, in a manner which hurt Jack to watch. There was no sound, not even an action of the lips. They were too swollen, too cracked. . . . At last Hammond straightened.

"Some of you fellows better strip off your coats and cut some poles," he commanded. "Make a stretcher and take him out to the lake. I'll get him back to camp in the plane."

High in the air, Hammond leaned over the man, relenting in his hate. It seemed cruel that Kenning must cling to life. His eyes, fervent, terribly expressive, told of his suffering.

The airplane dropped down through the soupy sky to a comparatively gentle landing. Hammond opened the cabin door and leaned out over the spray of the pontoons, as the plane taxied to shore.

The life rafts were beached, empty. Men, and a few women, were lugging possessions out of the shallows, and moving with them through the driving snow which steadily became heavier, toward the blackened expanse that once had been Sapphire.

A woman called out to Hammond.

"Hey! What's the trouble?"

It was Around-the-World Annie, in char-smudged shirt and breeks. Her boots were muddy.

"Got a burned man in the cabin," he answered.

"Thought so. No use stopping here. Taxi around to the inlet. They're using my joint—the fire skipped it."

Jack stared.

"But I've got a burned man."

"Hell, ain't there plenty up there like him?" yelled Annie. "What's eatin' on you? Who've you got?"

"Bruce Kenning. He's in bad shape."

Annie turned, and with a hooked arm halted a passing miner.

"Go tell that Joyce girl they've found her lover," she commanded. "She's been runnin' around this camp half nuts."

Hammond, splotched with the drive of the blizzard, climbed back into the cabin.

"Over to the inlet!" he commanded the pilot.

Again the ship taxied to shore. Waiting men helped Jack out with his silent passenger and bore him to the buildings of Whoopee. Annie reached her place as the slowly moving men ascended the steps.

"He's in a terrible shape!" she exclaimed as she glanced toward the injured man. "Be easy with him, boys."

They went on. Hammond walked beside the stretcher bearers. At the door, he glanced up, with an exclamation of happiness. Jeanne Towers stood before him. She came quickly forward, her hands caught his arms. There was a moment of silence, almost communion. Then:

"You'd better take him in the big room."

FIVE minutes later, Jack stood at the door of that big room, a queer look on his irregular features. Kenning had been placed on a rough cot, and a quietly efficient woman of the Frontier Nursing Association, one of a dozen flown in within the last twenty-four hours, was directing the efforts of Ettabelle, Mimi and a townswoman as they began the long task of cleansing and oiling and bandaging.

It was all so queer. Here was Jeanne Towers, moving among the bunks, quieting a screaming woman, or handing a glass of water to a convalescent man recovering from too strong a dose of smoke. There was Florine, slinky as ever, yet accepting her new task with the same equanimity with which she had offered herself to Mackenzie Joe the night of the celebration. Over by a window stood Around-the-World Annie, calmly eying it all; she seemed to have taken on a certain dignity, almost low nobility. And shoved against the wall were the crap tables, the faro board; and the roulette wheel which this seared man on the cot had loved so well.

A door slammed. Hammond turned. For an instant he looked into the eyes of Kay Joyce.

"There he is," the man said quietly.

The girl went forward, her steps slowing as she approached the cot. Suddenly she went to her knees, her hands outstretched, hovering over him as though they longed to touch him, yet feared it. For a long time she remained silent, her centered gaze, her trembling, her intensity all for him. But suddenly she broke.

"You can't die, Bruce," she cried. "You can't! Oh—what on earth will become of me if you die, Bruce? Can't you understand? What will become of *me?*"

AFTERNOON became night, night slowly became gray morning, yet Kay Joyce did not leave Bruce Kenning's deathbed. Those who passed her saw in her features a conflict of emotions; terror was there, galling sorrow. Selfishness flared its way across her face, giving way to commiseration. Anger stirred when Jeanne Towers, returning from a brief sleep, came back to duty. Gentleness ran its course, and hardness followed; glittering eyes stared for long moments. Numbing grief had its place, and self-pity. Bruce Kenning, she knew, could not live. At last, she bent forward, all but whispering:

"Bruce, Bruce dear. Can you hear me?"

The hungry, horribly patient eyes centered upon her. She sat silent, looking at him. This was his only means of expression. The hands were motionless, encased, as was most of his body, in bandages yellowed by picric acid. His head was a mass of stained white. Only the eyes remained, expressive, imploring, as if for the surcease of death. Kay again leaned close.

"Move your eyes if you want to say 'yes.' Close them for 'no.' Do you understand?"

The eyes moved quickly. Kay Joyce bit her lips. She looked about her. There was no one near to overhear; the man on the next cot was almost as badly burned as Kenning. For a long time she was silent. At last:

"Those claims? The ones of Mackenzie Joe that you got from Jack. Were they in your cabin?"

The eyes said "no."

"Did you have them with you?"

Again the eyes replied in the negative.

"Then where are they?"

But the eyes could only stare. A long time passed. The girl was silent, as if fighting for the strength to go on. At last, the selfish look again came into her eyes, mingling queerly with compassion. She pressed her lips close to the bandages about his ears.

"Jack said they were recorded. Were they?"

His eyes moved in the affirmative.

Kay Joyce's well-formed hands began to knit, fingers weaving within fingers.

"Bruce!" she begged. "Bruce dear—you always said you'd take care of me."

The eyes assured her.

"If—if anything should happen to you—"

Again he let her know, by the only means that he possessed, that he understood. A break came into her voice.

"I just can't face life," she said brokenly, "without something!" The hands knit more rapidly. "If you married me, Bruce—"

The eyes moved swiftly. The girl turned, only to stiffen.

"Here comes Jack Hammond," said a Frontier Nurse at the window.

Kay sank back in her chair, queerly frightened. She kept telling herself over and over again that she must wait—Hammond must not know about this—he'd guess why she was doing it—

But Jack Hammond had no idea of what was going on at Bruce Kenning's bedside. He went up the steps and into the pavilion. Sergeant Terry was there, a match to his black pipe.

"How goes the battle?" the prospector asked.

"Partly good. Partly bad. A couple of new pneumonia cases. And it looks like Kenning's going to save us the cost of a trial."

"Has he talked yet?"

"Can't. Won't. Tongue too swollen."

A girl passed, heavy laden with dishes from the kitchen. Hammond leaped to aid her. It was Jeanne Towers.

"Thanks," she said with a smile. "I'm not much of a hasher."

"You had enough there for two men to carry," the man said.

"Did I? I didn't notice."

As he walked beside her, Jack remembered that she had said many things like this during the long hours. That she didn't notice she was alone, when another nurse should have been helping her to turn a suffering patient in his bed, that she didn't notice that she was carrying a double armful of wood for the big stove, now set up in the middle of the gambling hall, that she didn't notice she had worked hours past the time when others had sought rest.

Somehow she seemed to shame him. Yet Jack was proud of her. Now that he thought of it, he always had been proud of Jeanne Towers—proud of her that night when she had borrowed his dogs, in the raw, new camp of Fourcross, proud of her when she had gathered the wood for him, during the snowstorm on the long trek to Sapphire, proud of her for her stalwart courage in the little store, even proud of her that night when she had brought his every dream crashing down about him by her accusations of Kay Joyce.

The food distributed, he walked down the line of cots. At last he came to Kenning.

"Well," he asked, without bitterness, "is he any better?"

Kay came to her feet, sullenly defiant.

"Why don't you go away?"

"I didn't mean to annoy you." The girl's lips tightened.

"Coming by to gloat, when a man can't defend himself."

HAMMOND longed to snap out that, regardless of Kenning's state, she was still able to offer rebuttal, but he refrained. A certain sympathy for her swept him; he was glad of it, glad that his bitterness was gone.

"I'm sorry, Kay," he said slowly. "I wouldn't do anything to hurt you—"

The girl had not heard him. She had turned swiftly back to the cot, watching intently.

"Get Sergeant Terry!" she commanded in a queer voice.

"Sergeant Terry?"

She straightened, railing.

"Get Sergeant Terry! Can't you see Bruce is dying?"

A glaze had come into the man's eyes. Hammond ran from the room, returning in a moment with the Mounted Policeman. Kay stood beside the cot, straight, strangely wan.

"Sergeant," she said in a thin voice, "you have the right of a justice?"

"Yes, in some things."

"Marriage?"

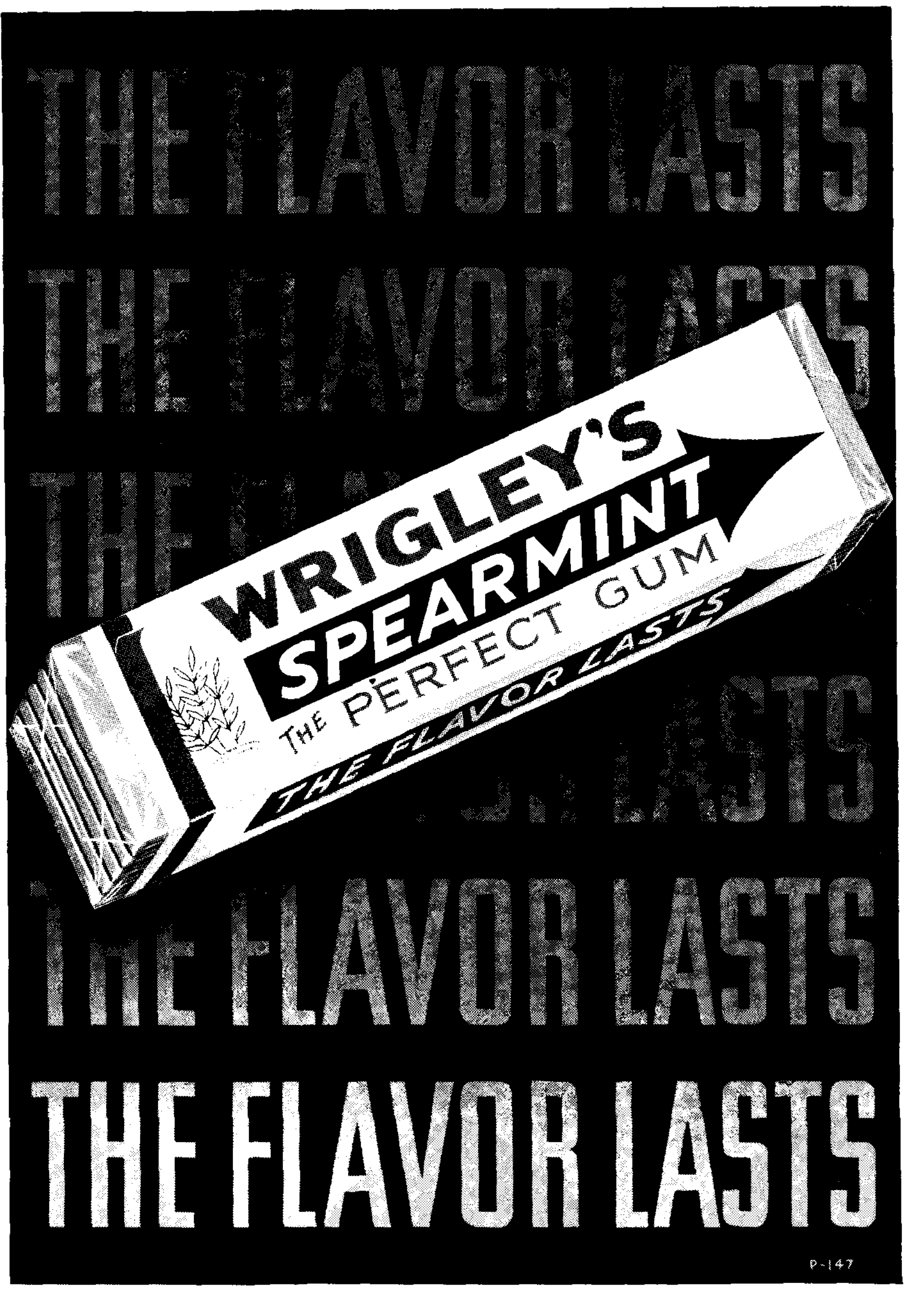
"Yes."

She spoke slowly.

"Will you marry Bruce Kenning and me?"

The sergeant appeared puzzled.

(Continued on page 52)



Train for a Well-Paid Hotel Position in 4 months

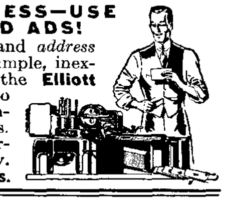
COME to WASHINGTON

Good positions for trained men and women in hotel, club, restaurant and institutional field. Previous experience unnecessary. Qualify in **FOUR MONTHS**—learn on real hotel equipment, under expert instructors. National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. New Day Classes start Sept., Oct., Jan. **Catalog FREE.**

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Division RLM-4134 Washington, D. C.

GET MORE BUSINESS—USE POST-CARD ADS!

You can *illustrate, print* and *address* the cards yourself on a simple, inexpensive little machine—the **Elliott Cardvertiser.** No cuts to buy; no type to set. Wonderful for **any** business. *Write now* for the interesting Cardvertiser story. **ELLIOTT CO., Cambridge, Mass.**



DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Established 1894. *Address*
Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

YOU may earn extra money in spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Write to:

The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.

"Pardon me, but a dash of Wildroot will clean up that dandruff!"

A BOTTLE of Wildroot Hair Tonic may be no protection against angry bears, but it certainly does clean up dandruff! Try a Wildroot massage today and see how much healthier your hair looks and feels. Get the big economical bottle, sold everywhere in U. S. and Canada.

For healthy hair use
WILDROOT HAIR TONIC
Eliminates dandruff

CORNS

CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES

STOPS NAGGING SHOE PRESSURE and FRICTION

Imagine a relief so quick-acting that it instantly puts you at ease in new or tight shoes; stops their nagging pressing or rubbing on your feet and toes and drives out the pain of corns, callouses and bunions at once! That's what Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do for you! They are specially medicated to end pain and scientifically designed to cushion and shield the sore spot from shoe friction and pressure and prevent tender spots and blisters.

REMOVES CORNS and CALLOUSES

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, now included in every box, and your corns or callouses will quickly loosen for easy, safe removal. After that the pads alone will keep you rid of these foot troubles. You never tried anything so wonderful. Get a box today at your drug, shoe or department store.

CALLOUSES

BUNIONS

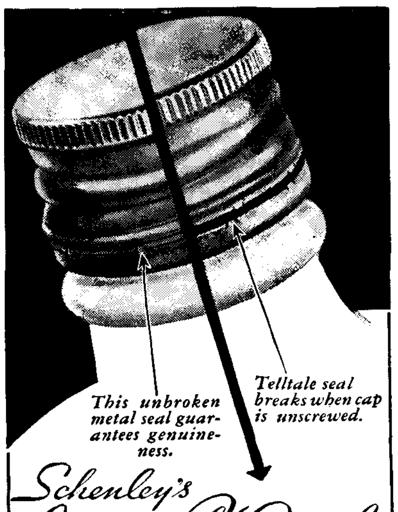
SOFT CORNS

STANDARD WHITE, *now* 25¢

New DE LUXE *flesh color* 35¢

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on-the pain is gone!


This unbroken metal seal guarantees genuineness.
Telltale seal breaks when cap is unscrewed.

Schenley's Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT WHISKEY

See Advertisement . . . Page 53

HAS AN ALSECO ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEAL ON EVERY BOTTLE *for your protection*

ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

(Continued from page 51)

"Does he—that is—"

"Ask him. He can answer with his eyes. He moves them for 'yes,' closes them for 'no.' Confirm it—and ask him. Only please hurry!"

"Yes, of course." The sergeant bent close with his queries.

Bruce Kenning slowly moved his eyes.

"Hurry, Sergeant," the girl pleaded.

A Frontier Nurse was passing. The sergeant caught her by the arm.

"Wait a minute, please," he commanded, and with a gesture indicated that Jack also was to remain as a witness. Then, brokenly, from memory, he began to repeat the passages of the wedding ceremony:

"Do you, Bruce Kenning, take this woman for your lawful wife?"

The eyes, more glassy, rolled slowly in answer.

"And do you—?"

AT LAST it was over. Jack Hammond walked dully away. A few months before, he had waded hipdeep in the waters of Lake Sapphire, to welcome this girl as his fiancée. Now, in the gambling room of a bawdy house, he had stood as a witness while she married another man.

Behind him, Kay Joyce was sobbing, the Frontier Nurse beside her as she knelt against Bruce Kenning's cot. There was little need for gentleness; Kenning was all but beyond pain. Hammond raised a hand to his throat. He left the room.

After a time, Around-the-World Annie came out into the entrance where Jack stood talking at random with the Sergeant.

"Well, the guy's kicked over," she said. "Funny she'd want to marry him, ain't it? And him dying—"

That night, Hammond saw Kay Joyce again, in the hallway of Annie's pavilion. Some of the dullness was gone from her features, giving way to the flare of her always easily aroused anger. Around-the-World Annie stood at the window, watching the flecking of a snow flurry against the pane.

"And I don't care what you say about it," the resort keeper had spurted, "the thing was mine and I did what I pleased with it."

Hammond halted an instant, then started on toward the gambling room in search of Jeanne. Annie called him back.

"You're mixed in this. What about them claims you signed over to Bruce Kenning?"

Hammond looked at her.

"Well, what about them?"

"Were they any good?"

"Why ask?"

Around-the-World Annie breathed deeply, bulging her ponderous bosom.

"Me 'n' Kay Joyce have got an argument on about them. She says they're hers."

Hammond pressed his lips.

"I guess they are," came finally. "She married Kenning for them."

Annie stared.

"Did you?" she asked the girl. "Why marry a guy for a bunch of no-good claims?"

Kay Joyce only glared. Hammond said, dully.

"But they were worth millions, Annie."

"Millions?" She put a hand to her head. "Did you say millions?"

"That's the indication."

"My Gawd!" the woman gasped. "And I—" she poked a finger at Hammond—"remember me telling about a check or note or something he signed over? It was them claims. He must have been willing to hock anything to get out of here that night."

Hammond gestured futilely. This was becoming involved.

"Then you've got a lien against them for ten thousand dollars. But Kay inherited them when she married Kenning."

"That's what I've been trying to tell her," the girl snapped. Annie cut her off.

"Lien hell. Those became mine when he signed 'em over to me. He said he was coming back the next morning. He didn't come back. And I wanted to give these Frontier Nurses a little present. They're swell gals. But I didn't know I was givin' 'em a *gold mine!*"

"You had no right to give that away!" Kay Joyce cried. There was desperation in her voice. Annie faced her, suddenly seething.

"Listen, baby! I gave it to 'em, and I ain't squawking. Let's see if you've got the same amount of guts."

"But it's not fair. It was what I was going to live on. That's why I married him—so he could look after me. Don't you see—?" she gestured weakly—"I *haven't anything*. What in the world will become of me?"

"Oh, you'll live," said Annie.

"Is the transfer recorded?" Hammond asked.

"Yeh." Annie pawed for a cigarette. "I thought it'd look bigger if I told 'em to do that. One of 'em went down to the office as soon as the tent had been put up again."

Hammond shrugged his shoulders.

"I guess that's the end of it."

Kay flared.

"No, it's not the end of it. She didn't have any right to do it! I'll fight for what's mine—if I have to—"

"Wait a minute, baby," said Annie. "A dame like you ain't going to take nothing away from the Frontier Nurses. Not with a jury of miners doing the deciding. 'Specially when they know all the crookedness there was mixed up in it."

HAMMOND straightened. A fortune had been taken from him. Now he was about to clinch the argument that would take it from another.

"Besides, Kay, Lew Snade is still alive. I'm afraid he'd testify for anybody but Bruce Kenning."

Sergeant Terry had strolled into the anteroom, and stood silently by. Now he scratched a match and talked over the side of his black pipe.

"Kenning tried to murder two men, Miss Joyce," he said. "Lew Snade is one, Hammond here the other. More than that, he set fire to the bush, which is a good deal worse. I don't believe I'd resort to law."

The girl seemed to wilt.

"But what am I going to do? Can't you understand? I haven't a thing! How will I live? How will I exist?"

"There's several ways, dearie," said Annie calmly.

"You still have half of the properties Kenning and I owned," Hammond interjected. "For that matter, you can have all of them—I'm going on, over the hill."

"But they're so little." Weakness overcame her. "What will become of me—how will I—"

"Listen, baby," said Around-the-World Annie in her rough, yet queerly kindly tone, "if you're wise, you'll take them claims. And even if they don't work out, you've got a swell livin' without 'em. You've got what it takes—some day you'll turn professional and stop worrying. It's a lot easier. Nothin' to cover up, and that ain't no funny gag, either."

Three days later, Jack Hammond walked down to the lake with Jeanne Towers. A plane had just come in, one of the last of the season, until the lake froze, permitting the landing of ships on skis. Timmy Moon crawled out of the cockpit.

"Got a letter for you, Jack," he said. "A pilot gave it to me down at Fourcross."

Jack took the envelope and stared at the penciled writing. Suddenly his hands began to shake. With a quick, jerky motion, he tore off the end, and pulled out the rough, lined sheet of paper within. The words blurred for a long moment, at last to clarify:

Cameron Bay,
Great Bear Lake,
Northwest Territories,
Damfino.
October.

Dear Jack:

A fellow just flew in from down your way and said there's been hell to pay all around. Well, Jack, I guess that's what makes a mining camp.

I thought I'd get this off by the pilot. He's hopping back this afternoon. If things don't turn out all right, and that girl has really done what this fellow says she did, what say we throw our grub in the same packsack again? This is sure God's country down here at the Arctic.

Why, I know a place where there's enough rich stuff to set a fellow crazy. I never seen such a country; why, it makes Sapphire Lake look like a two spot. You and me could go wild finding stuff here, Jack. Why, there's a regular wall of quartz, stretching off into the Barren Lands God knows where. There ought to be enough gold in it to make a man sick.

Say, I hope this fellow didn't tell me all wrong about what happened down there. But if you are all through with her and everything, what say you do what you've really been wanting to do. Now that sounds funny, but everybody could see it but you—you know, see if you can't get the girl you are really crazy about.

Well partner, come right to Cameron Bay if you do come up. And if you do ask Jeanne and she says she'll come with you, I'll be awful glad.

Good luck to you, Partner,

Yrs, Joe.

PS. Be sure to ask Jeanne.

Wordlessly he read it again. Wordlessly he handed it to the girl. Her lips began to tremble as she read farther. Finally she looked up, her eyes misty, strangely eager.

"Well," she said brokenly, "are—you going to ask me?"

A DOG sled waited outside Sergeant Terry's tent the next morning, its tarpaulin high over the heaped provisions necessary for a long journey. Again, as Jeanne Towers and Jack Hammond stood before him, the Mounted Policeman repeated as best he could from memory the passages of the wedding ceremony. There was a ring in his voice now, and a smile on his generous, kindly lips. The service over, he followed them to the dog team, and bowed stiffly, one hand properly crossed on his snow-flecked red tunic.

"A kiss for the bride?"

Jack Hammond laughed, his old, reckless, deep-chested laugh. He released Jeanne from the arm which encircled her.

"A kiss for the police," she bantered as she held up her lips.

Sergeant Terry protested:

"Please! Not for all of them."

After a while, there was only the man in red coat and yellow-striped blue breeches, standing there bare-headed, his stiff-brimmed hat held high.

Far away, where the fire line ended, a dog team wound slowly through the powdery snowfall, into the silvered, spire-like spruce and onward toward the Arctic.

THE END

The Zephyr Murder Case

Continued from page 21

screened doors and windows behind which you retreat, for comfort and health, away from the onslaughts of the buzzing clouds, represent an investment that, if applied to highways, would bring on the automobilists' millennium. Indeed, mankind undoubtedly has been suffered to exist this long, saved from quick extinction, only because all the insects are not his enemies. Many are his friends. Some are more interested in fighting with, in preying upon, other insects than upon man and his works and his useful animals.

It remained for the United States Department of Agriculture workers to bring into sharp focus the indistinct picture of the layers of death and destruction that swirl and blow unseen in the atmosphere overhead. If at first you don't perceive what a revolution in Mexico or a hurricane at Galveston, Texas—or even that business man who stayed late in his skyscraper office—could have to do with air-traveling bugs, it is because you have come smack up against puzzles of the sort that workers in scientific research must take in stride. The first step toward piecing and fitting a comprehensive exposition of the bug-laden air, one of the most useful and significant advances in modern entomology, came at a meeting in 1924 of the New York Entomological Society in the American Museum of Natural History.

Doctor E. P. Felt, State Entomologist, told of specimens of non-flying insects and of bugs that were not city dwellers, but from lanes and pastures far outside the metropolitan zone, being found on skyscraper windowsills hundreds of feet in the air. Attracted by lighted windows, they had directed their courses toward them; some were killed by impact, some lived—all became laboratory material. Doctor Howard, former chief of the government's Bureau of Entomology and familiar with the success of airplanes in crop dusting, suggested their employment, fitted with traps, to scour the upper air in an effort to chart the extent, plumb the scope of wind movement of bugs.

A Merry Chase

There were aeronautical as well as entomological problems involved in the work that was undertaken, shortly thereafter, by the Department of Agriculture. Wing stresses involved in the mounting of the traps had to be considered. The trap, of course, was the most difficult problem. You have seen flycatchers and swallows and martins darting and wheeling through the twilight. They fly with mouths open, acting as baskets, scooping in their insect prey. The airplanes had to become like swallows; except for eating the bugs.

Unfortunately, the bugs caught might be as scrambled as bird food. When an airplane in flight picks you off a cloud the force of impact, upwards of 120 miles an hour, is going to do things to your shape. Moreover, you've got to be made to stick. A thin but gooey coating of castor oil and resin—the same thing your household flypaper is covered with—makes sure of the bugs. The exposed trays were later screened in the ground laboratory, the battered insects sorted and labeled and vialed. It is a messy job and that is why all the collected specimens have not yet been identified; a scientist, no matter how devoted, who gets flypaper in his hair is apt to soldier.

But enough specimens have been recaptured from the glue of the traps to tell entomologists an amazing story, of far-reaching significance to farmers, legislators, doctors and laymen interested in the physical and economic welfare of their country. Some flights were made in Mexico; the majority, however, were over Louisiana, based upon the Department of Agriculture laboratory for the study of cotton insects at Tallulah. This little town, twenty-five miles west of Vicksburg, is the seat of Madison Parish. Theodore Roosevelt once hunted there—but that gives a game-belt town no rarer distinction than ownership of a house in which George Washington once slept lends to a New England village. Round about Tallulah are 300,000 acres of virtually impenetrable forest and swamp, and all that means in the far south of cypress, Spanish moss, alligators and cottonmouth snakes. It was all very fine for the entomologists, who did not know much about forced landings and therefore could not sympathize with their pilots' qualms.

The Higher They Fly—

The pilots were G. C. McGinley, John F. Payne, R. L. Mitchell and G. E. Thomas. Messrs. Glick and Coad were among the entomologists. Over the years of research they flew more than 1,500 hours, and made more than 1,000 hours of trap-plate exposure in 1,356 separate flights. The traps were mounted out on the wings. Each trap was in three sections; the first closed, the middle open, for exposure, the third closed. There were five trays, each connected by wire to the cockpit. When the entomologist wanted to expose a tray, or plate, he would pull it from Section A into Section B, the open center. After a predetermined time, he would pull the tray into the protection of Section C.

The air was combed systematically at different levels, hours and seasons. A spider, not equipped to fly, was caught at 15,000 feet. Big green darning needles were seen in flight at 7,000 feet, often darting ahead of the plane. More insects were caught in daytime than at night; because after dark convection currents—updrafts, caused by reflected sun heat or topographical peculiarities, or both—are seldom present. Most insects were found unusually active just before thunderstorms; certain ones seemed to migrate en masse at such times. The insect density of the air at varying levels was determined; at 200 feet, for example, it was one insect to each 6,748 cubic feet of air—about the space of a room 67x10x10. I know how to figure that, but it is too much trouble to explain. One mile up there was an insect to each 117,546 cubic feet of air, or the equivalent of your town hall. Every ten minutes in the upper air, in daylight, five and eight-tenths insects will say howdy to you but only four and a half at night. At 5,000 feet there were most bugs in September and fewest in January.

Nearly all the important insect pests were represented in the collections; eighteen orders or families. Redleg grasshoppers, fierce crop enemies, were caught at 1,000 feet; crickets at 2,000 feet; book lice, serious foes of libraries and museums, at 5,000 feet; termites, which eat your front porch and live in the damp earth, were found at 3,000 feet. *Anomalagrion haslatum Say*, which is a weak relative of the dragonfly and has never been observed by entomologists above the tops of spike rushes, was gathered in at 3,000 feet. Not many dragonflies were captured because these are strong flyers and could outfox the plane. The dragonfly, by the way, is a good fellow; does not sew up bad little boys' ears, no matter what your sister told you, but eats mosquitoes the whole day through. Black flies, buffalo gnats, chinch bugs, various beetles including seven bark beetles which may carry the Dutch elm disease, cotton leafworms, apple leafhoppers, *Anopheles quadrimaculatus*, or the mosquito that carries malaria—practically every dreaded crop blight and domestic animal disease carrier was encountered.

Not many specimens were captured in the highest altitudes searched—16,000 feet—but that may be due to the fact that comparatively few and brief exposures were made up there. Neither plane nor personnel was equipped for altitude work. It is a field that beckons to entomological science, however; for Doctor Lutz's experiments have proved the durability of insects. It permits speculation about earth insects carried to other planets. This summer a tube device, invented by government scientists, will be released from a stratosphere balloon in an attempt to pick up living spores, perhaps insects, above the 6½-mile level.

Lutz put ten flies in a bell jar, and in ninety seconds exhausted the air to the pressure at seventeen miles' altitude. Imagine what might happen to you if you were taken up in a balloon, in one minute and a half, seven miles higher than the best stratosphere records! Well, the flies stopped moving. Then Lutz returned the pressure *instantly* to normal. In four minutes the flies were rubbing their forefeet as if nothing had happened. After *twenty* such tests, six of the flies—incredibly—were still able to walk.

Mortal Enemies

This ability of insects to withstand shocks utterly beyond the strength of man, as well as most other organisms, suggests that the sole protection of human life lies in the fact that winds ordinarily prevail from certain directions. Some meteorological upheaval, not outside possibility, that would alter the prevailing winds of the earth during a single growing season might wipe out our kind.

Insect control is true conservation; and preparedness, the entomologists point out, is as necessary in their science as it is in any other variety of national defense. The scientists look to Congress for a bug air war chest. The means whereby insect air invaders could be repelled are not yet discovered. Gas attacks, launched from airplanes, perhaps; some experimentation in this direction has been done in Europe—notably in Poland, France and Russia. The fanciful "death ray" may here find its practical application. Radio may be used; the phenomenon has been lately observed of homing pigeons becoming confused in the vicinity of broadcasting stations.

Whatever the weapon, you may be sure to find the zealous public servants of the Bureau of Entomology up there fightin'—P. A. Glick, for instance, the man who built the first airplane bug traps. This sort of flying, after all, is dangerous—some of it hedge-hopping over frightful country. Glick was cracked up in 1929; broke his spine. He was in a body cast for several years, and still wears a brace. And went right on, cast and brace and all, with his collecting of high-flying bugs.

ONE PINT
A Schenley PRODUCT
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Whiskey
100 PROOF
SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC.
NEW YORK, N. Y. FRANKFORT, KY.

OUTSHINES THEM ALL IN KENTUCKY!

Taste SCHENLEY'S CREAM OF KENTUCKY straight whiskey, and know why this delicious whiskey they call "double-rich" is the first in Kentucky, the home of great whiskey judges!

MARK OF MERIT Schenley

This Mark of Merit on every bottle of Cream of Kentucky is your absolute assurance of delicious quality, and the utmost in value. Cream of Kentucky is made in Kentucky by Kentucky distillers the real old Kentucky way. Just *try* it in a long, cool Kentucky julep or highball!

"Cream of Kentucky" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. DS. 9 Copyright, 1935, Schenley Distributors, Inc.

FOR A REALLY FINE GIN, TRY SILVER WEDDING DISTILLED GIN

"NOBODY LOVES ME"

KILL YOUR DOG'S FLEAS..

Fleas torment your dog and make him an unwelcomed nuisance. Fleas are dangerous to your dog's health. They cause skin troubles. They carry tape worm eggs that may infest your dog with tape worms. You can positively *kill every flea by using either* "SERGEANT'S SKIP-FLEA SOAP" or "SERGEANT'S SKIP-FLEA POWDER." Harmless to dogs, cats, canaries. Sure death to fleas, lice, ticks. Sold by druggists and pet-supply dealers everywhere.

Write for Free Dog Book ....

Prove your love for your dog. Learn how to care for him. Send us a postcard asking for the famous "SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK." *46 pages of valuable information* on the care of dogs and treatment of their diseases. Written by a veterinarian. Published by the company that has been studying dogs and their care since 1879. Millions of copies have been distributed. For your faithful dog's sake, write for your copy now. Sent absolutely free, postpaid.

Sergeant's
DOG BOOK

EXPERT ADVICE FREE. Our own veterinarian will gladly advise you about your dog's health. Write fully, stating the age, breed and sex of your dog. There is no charge.

For Free Book or Advice, Address
POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1398 W. Broad Street
Richmond, Virginia

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Cool and Clean
See America this Summer and the San Diego Exposition
Go Empire Builder
No heat or dust across the plains
Very low round trip fares
Ask your local railway ticket agent or travel bureau, or write A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY, ST. PAUL.
Ride the completely air-conditioned
EMPIRE BUILDER
via Scenic Glacier Park Route between Chicago, Twin Cities and Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Alaska, California

Secret Marriage

Continued from page 17

"But at Thanksgiving we were eating turkey for a week. Cold, hash, soup, and all delicious."

"How'd it happen you didn't have a turkey for Christmas!"

"Well, it is terrifically expensive, Cal. For half the price of a turkey we got three big fricassee chickens; it was much better."

"I wish I'd known."

"It was all right. Nobody minded." Mary was spooning the stuffing carefully into the bird. "This one looks like a beauty," she said. "This was a gift from the liquor-store man. His little boy and Chris—"

She talked along; the man, smoking his pipe, was not listening.

"My income is eighteen hundred a year, Mary, and if all goes well I'll double that when Uncle John gets out. How much rent ought we pay out of that?

"I should say not more than thirty-five," Calvin went on musingly, as Mary did not speak. "Would you consider living in the Tait place for a while when they go to Carmel? No, they're going to let the servants go; we couldn't do that."

SHE had been trying all morning to think what she must say to him; she could not think now. Against his quiet, matter-of-fact manner her protests would be not only undignified but wasted. She was trapped—trapped by that marriage six months ago, trapped by her family's poverty and need of her, trapped by her own cowardice that could not refuse him last night, that could not refuse him now.

"Babs sails a week from Sunday. I'm taking her in to town and I hope you'll go, too, to see her off," Calvin was saying. "After that I think we ought to tell everyone immediately, and for a few weeks, while we're finding our own place, we might stay with my uncle and aunt. It's an awful house, God knows, but it'd carry us over while we were getting our bearings. Oh, yes; and there's another thing!" He took out his pocketbook. "I'm not satisfied with the way I send you money," he said. "Five dollars here and five dollars there. Why couldn't I simply mail checks to your account?"

"We haven't any account." Mary's face had flushed darkly. She went to the closet to get the big roasting pan. "We don't need money," she said. "Don't worry about me!"

"I ought to have been sending you a regular allowance all this time," Calvin said. "But the truth is—you understand that?—the truth is that I haven't got this thing organized in my mind, and of course you don't feel half as much—well, married to me, as you would if we had a place of our own. But we *are* married, Mary; that's the main detail, and the rest will work itself out by degrees. I'll work out some way of managing this money thing and let you know. Then when Babs goes, how soon d'you think we ought to tell them?"

Mary abandoned the turkey for the moment and sat down across the table from Calvin, her folded arms on the cloth, her eyes fixed upon the man's eyes. She was not praying now. The passionate "God help me!" of the morning was answered. In her heart and soul, in her very body, it seemed to her, there suddenly reigned the peace of despairing surrender. What he said was true; they were man and wife. The only thing possible now was to make the best of it; find the best in it. It wasn't prison—it wasn't the steppes of Siberia—

"We can decide that when the time comes," she said mildly.

It took him completely by surprise; she saw that. He had expected reproaches, expected a scene. Mary could almost have laughed at his consternation. Mary Burleigh broken, Mary Burleigh conquered! Calvin obviously could not believe his eyes.

"There's one condition I'd like to make," she said, tears of self-pity in her eyes, although she tried hard to hold them back.

"Well, of course," he said. But warily; he was not sure of her yet.

"I want a little time," Mary said, looking down at the checked tablecloth, speaking slowly as if she were putting a heavy restraint upon herself. "I want you not to *hurry* me! Let me take my own time about telling them!

"I think I've been a fool," she said, a little thickly. Her eyes dropped from his and she looked away into space, frowning slightly to keep back tears. "I don't mean in getting married—no. We wanted to get married that day, and if we had the same day to live over again we'd probably do the same thing," she said slowly, choosing her words. "Where I've been all wrong was not to realize that that was marriage, just as much as if we'd been married in St. Bernard's, with me in a veil and with bridesmaids. It was wrong of me, after that, to think about another man—to let myself begin to care for him—"

She burst out crying; buried her head in her arms. In the kitchen there was no sound except that of her smothered sobbing. Calvin did not move, but the hand holding his pipe trembled.

"Perhaps," Mary said, angry at her own weakness, and dashing the tears from her eyes as she looked up—"perhaps I don't care for him. Perhaps you're right, and that isn't love at all. I don't know. I'm all confused, Calvin," she went on, wiping her eyes and blowing her nose, and looking at him red-eyed and disheveled and unashamed. "I know I thought—I felt—it seemed to me wrong to go on being married to you; feeling that way, that horrible, excited way about him! It seemed to me worse than divorce, and scandal, worse than anything. I don't know how long I'll feel so—I know now that I am married, that my job is to work it out with you, and be happy, and stick to the family as much as I can. I don't know that I can do it. I just—mean to try. But don't *hurry* me!"

"YOU don't think I'd have stuck to it if I didn't know that this is the only way you can be happy, Mary?"

Mary got to her feet and took the turkey to the stove. She did not want him to be kind and superior and sure of himself; she did not want anyone to praise her and tell her from the height of infinite wisdom and security that she was being a good girl. She hated life with a fierce, undying hatred; she hated Barbara and Carol and Jeffery, and everyone else who could go off on ships and see flags flying and hear bands playing; she hated Calvin, so smug, so sure of himself, telling her that now her better nature was in the ascendant everything would be all right! It was an effort not to slam the oven door with a violence that would have shaken the house. The man she loved writing books in the Orient, meeting people, going everywhere, and herself established nicely in a house in Barbizon Manor, talking over the fence to some other wife about Mr. Tait's liking for icebox cake!

When Calvin got up, he put his arms about her.

"You've made me the happiest man in the world, Mary!"

"I'm glad," she said lifelessly.

"You're exhausted, you poor kid! Go up and get some sleep."

Then he kissed her, and went away. There was hot water in the kettle; Mary filled the rubber bag. She had a good library book; she curled herself down in her warm blankets and snapped up her reading light. The fight was over. She was taken prisoner and condemned to death. There was a strange restfulness about it; a calm such as she had not known for weeks possessed her. She would never be happy again; her life from now on must be one long, quiet, unrecognized sacrifice. Everything for Peter, Lindsay, Barty, Chris, and the making of herself into a good wife to Calvin; these must be her only aims.

She opened her book. The heat of the rubber bag smote comfortingly through her whole being. Downstairs the turkey was placidly roasting in the covered roaster. Aunt Joan was safe; the children were safe with Peter; Cal was happy.

After a while she was deeply, dreamlessly asleep.

THE days went by, and the confusion and perturbation of Mary's spirit subsided. Nothing sensational occurred as the new year moved on its way. Barty was well again and back in school; Chrissie's teacher wanted to see Mary; trays of rolls came in to the bakery, went away in paper bags; Peter was working hard; Aunt Joan stranger and vaguer than ever; Lindsay was earning five dollars a month as assistant in kindergarten work. Night came early and cold; the little group in the Burleigh kitchen often did not break up their wearied, contented talk until the nine o'clock bedtime. Then while Chrissie wailed over home work, and Peter shook the sleepy Barty and half dragged, half shoved him up to bed, the older girls filled hot-water bags, put out lights, went wearily up through the icy halls and turned down the icy sheets. Before the clock struck ten silence would descend upon the house.

On the day Babs Ross sailed for China, Mary and Calvin went to see her off in San Francisco, and afterward went to a movie together and to dinner. They walked up to the hotel through the bright lights of Chinatown, lingering at the little shops and strangely scented and shadowed doorways; they went into the Chinese theater and heard the high, whining accents of the women actresses and the steady crashing and droning of the orchestra. Lights shone brightly through the performance; sloe-eyed babies hung rapt upon their fathers' shoulders; the entire audience incessantly nibbled at dried watermelon and sunflower seeds and spat husks on the floor.

Mary and Calvin walked up the hill and looked down at the lights on the bay, and the chain of diamonds that was Berkeley, and the moon shining mysteriously white over all. They talked of themselves and their future; Calvin, Mary thought, was at his nicest tonight. He had suggested this outing timidly; when, after a moment of hesitation, she had said that she would of course share it with him he had shown a deep gratitude and satisfaction that had somehow touched her.

"Mary, I have to ask you this. You're not unhappy?" he said, when they were in their room.

Mary was standing at the window in pajamas and wrapper, looking down at the bay.

"No; I'm not unhappy, Cal," she answered, as he came to stand beside her, looking out across her shoulder. "I'm puzzled sometimes; I feel as if I didn't know where I was going. But I'm on my way!"

"You've had an awful year!" he said.

"I've had tremendous helps. But sometimes it seems to me as if I'd grown up too fast, was living too fast. Mother dying, our losing our home and everything, my first job, our getting married —all too quick!"

"You poor little thing!" the man said in sudden pity and compunction. He tightened his arm about her, and Mary, still looking out at the moon and sky and the city lights, leaned her head against him. Suddenly it seemed good to have Calvin taking care of her; good not to be alone.

BEFORE they went home the next day he went with her to invest her second fifty dollars in a dress for herself and one for Lindsay. Mary instantly found the right shop and the right frocks. A sale was to be opened on Tuesday; the kind-hearted Miss Rees, who had sold her mother many dresses in the past, gave Mary the early benefit of the sale. She chose a brown wool for Lindsay, with Navajo touches of red and blue and black embroidered upon it, and for herself a delightful soft blue crepe with full sleeves and a demurely turned-down collar. It was quickly done; at eleven they were on their way back to Las Palomas, and Calvin deposited her safely at the bakery at twelve.

"I guess I'm right!" she said half-aloud, as she tied on her apron in the hot atmosphere of baking and vanilla and sugar. "I wonder if any girl of twenty had this sort of responsibility before!"

"Where did you stay last night?" Peter asked her at dinner.

"With Susanna Carey."

"You did not!" said Peter. "I met Sue today; she was down here lunching with Zoe Melton, and she said she hadn't seen you since the party."

"Stabbed!" Mary said lightly, serving meat cakes.

"No; but where were you?"

"Never you mind where I was; it's a secret."

"No, listen, come clean!" Peter said, actually looking a little disturbed.

"I was in the Home for Wayward Girls, darling," Mary said, a little wearily. "The matron said it was customary to delouse—"

"Oh, shut up!" Peter said, abandoning the investigation. Later Mary told Calvin about it, when they were going to a movie. Calvin took it rather seriously.

"Ah, well, you see we can't keep this up forever!" he said. "If my uncle—I don't know what's the matter with him! The old man's gone terribly cranky of late. It'd be hard for us, living in the house with them. And I don't see us setting up our own establishment as things are now!"

"You think he's likely to make a fuss when he knows?"

"I don't know that he can do anything about it. But he's fussing about everything these days. Business is bad."

"I never think of bank business as being bad," Mary said. "I've got a new philosophy, myself. I never worry about what may happen tomorrow."

But Calvin had no interest in philosophy. He was increasingly restless. He wanted his home and his wife, resented Mary's devotion to her own people.

"Who is he—Calvin Tait? And who am I?" Mary would think, studying him, as he sat opposite to her in the kitchen lamplight. It was a handsome, intelligent face, Calvin's; he was always well-groomed and smiling; he had nice manners. He and Peter, when he stayed for dinner, liked to talk animatedly of politics and national affairs; they seemed to know a great deal about treaties and gold and silver standards and the President. Sport interested Calvin, too; he knew the names of tennis champions and golf players, and during the football season he never missed a game, driving up to Stanford or Berkeley, even driving the five hundred miles to Los Angeles or Pasadena if the game was sufficiently important.

There were one or two comic strips in the newspapers that he always read and discussed quite seriously, as if the men and women involved were alive; he liked to listen to certain radio programs; he would always talk automobiles with animated fervor. There were a great many things that Calvin included in his scheme of life; no wife could say justly of him that his was a single-track mind.

Poetry and drama as drama, charities and utopian theories interested him not at all. He laughed in good-natured superiority at woman's talk of clothes and kitchens, and shrugged away any reference to babies, his own or any-one else's.

"Shucks!" he would say cheerfully, if Mary made any shy allusion to such a possibility in their lives some day; "let's get a home and get out of debt and all that, first."

"Women think more of babies than anything else in the world," Mary said simply once.

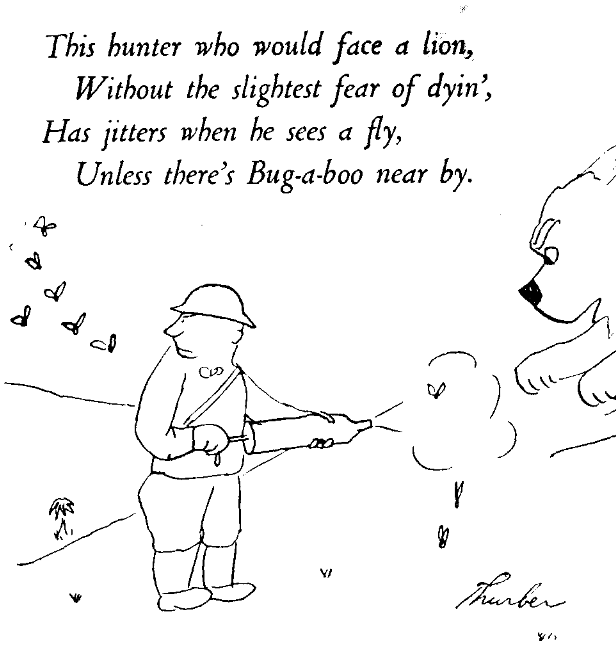
"They think they do! But, Lord, they must get pretty sick of them sometimes!"

SUCH an attitude made her feel young and strange sometimes; as if she did not know how to deal with life and its problems at twenty, as if she needed her mother. But Mary told herself that Calvin was just like other men, a little better in some ways, a little less imaginative, perhaps, in others, but normal, a sweetheart and husband like the rest. A man who wanted plenty of amusement, and tickets for things, and to have his car in order and his clothes pressed, liking his food and games and movies and talk and kisses from his wife. Everyone said that Calvin Tait was one of the finest of the town's young men, and certainly he had never showed her anything to disprove it. Besides, she was married to him.

When a girl was married to a man, Mary mused, as she ironed the family stockings, or chopped spinach in a wooden bowl, then, if she really were determined to solve her problem and improve her character, her first obligation lay in loyalty to and affection for that man. No use letting her thoughts wander; no use saying to herself, "Suppose we hadn't been married that July day last year?" That opened a door to utter bewilderment, to the first aching beginnings of regret. After any mistake, or rather, after any step that *might* be a mistake, there could be no going back.

Somehow the family in Buena Vistita throve. Mary could not account for it; she only knew that they all had presently come to love the ugly, shabby house; that despite discouragements and despairs, brief, hot quarrels and tears, they had known many hours of happiness and excitement and hope and planning there. Living expenses were reduced to a ridiculous minimum; Mary, after absorbed study of government bulletins, announced that they were bettering even these drastic figures; food was not costing the Burleighs any-

(Continued on page 56)



This hunter who would face a lion,
Without the slightest fear of dyin',
Has jitters when he sees a fly,
Unless there's Bug-a-boo near by.

EVERYBODY LIKES BUG-A-BOO but the bugs. Here's high-power killing action . . . really effective bug riddance . . . in a new, pleasant insect spray that doesn't suggest that your home has been fumigated. Bug-a-boo has other desirable qualities. It won't stain the wall-paper or your clothes. Its pleasant odor suggests the pine woods. Try it and you'll like it.

BUG-A-BOO

KILLS FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ROACHES, ANTS, MOTHS

Bug-a-boo
Kills flies, mosquitoes moths, ants and other household insects
SOCONY-VACUUM

SOLD BY MOBILOIL STATIONS AND LEADING DEALERS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF Mobil-Products

SOCONY-VACUUM

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TIRE IN THE WORLD

Pennsylvania Aerolux

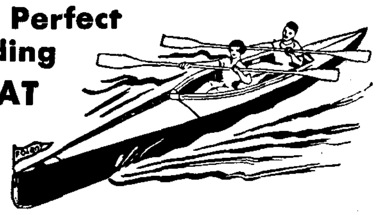
PENNSYLVANIA

ITS APPEARANCE *sells you* **ITS PERFORMANCE** *keeps you sold*

Manufactured by
PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC. JEANNETTE, PA.
Sold exclusively by trustworthy Independent Dealers throughout the United States.

FOLBOT

The Perfect Folding BOAT



FOLBOT PACKED

After 20 years of widespread European popularity, with over a half million users, Folbot, the ideal water craft, is available to Americans. Scientifically designed, Folbot is seaworthy in the roughest water, streamlined for speed, and with all its superior pleasure advantages—costs nothing for upkeep. Packed in two bags, you take Folbot home and "moor in a closet".

READY TO USE IN 15 MINUTES

No more trouble to carry than a golf bag and suit case! Put it in your car, drive to a favorite river or lake or some distant bathing or boating resort. No need to cruise the same waters again and again. No need for boat house or moorings. Folbot is perfect for an hour's paddle, a week-end trip or a week-long cruise on river, lake or ocean. Ideal for sailing, racing, hunting, fishing or paddling.

STURDY, DEPENDABLE & DURABLE

Folbot is built like a bridge, but strong and light as an airplane wing. Seasoned ash frame, 5-ply fabric vulcanized like an auto tire, gives long life in hot or cold climates. Stands hardest usage for 5 to 10 years . . . Low center of gravity makes Folbot safest and almost non-capsizable.

VARIOUS MODELS

For 1, 2 and 3 passengers . . . Sizes 11, 14, 18 feet long . . . All models will carry sails, outboard motors.

Prices from $38 to $68 f. o. b. N. Y.

Write for fully illustrated descriptive catalogue including action pictures showing uses of Folbots in every kind of water. *Trade Inquiries Invited*

Manufactured by FOLBOT WORKS, Long Island City, N. Y.
Chicago Address: FOLBOT, 2114 Lincoln Avenue

PADDLES
SAILS
MOTOR

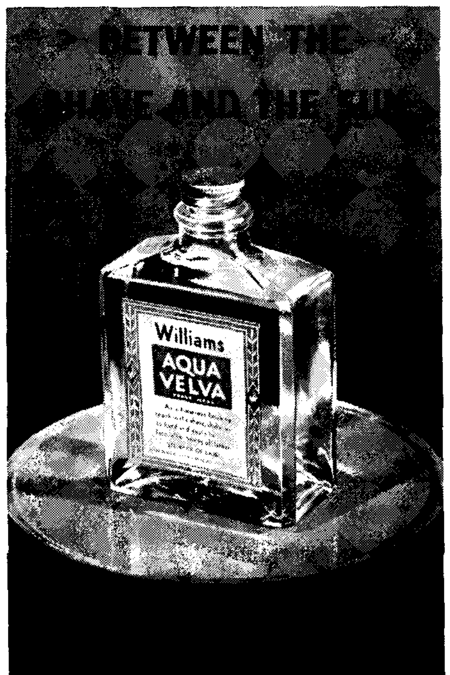
Folbot Works Co., 38-09 24th St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Please send me free illustrated catalogue :
Name________________
Address________________
City________ State________

SHE: Doctor Don told me to use IODENT. He says it's the tooth paste Dentists are recommending because it has the A. D. A. Seal.*
HE: I've been wondering what you have been doing to your teeth. Beautiful. They sure do sparkle.

IODENT

Only nationally advertised dentifrice officially approved by American Dental Association—recommended to all Dentists because it * is a *safe* tooth paste *honestly advertised.* Try it. You will approve it, too.

IODENT TOOTH PASTE No. 1 Easy to Bryten
IODENT TOOTH PASTE No. 2 For Teeth Hard to Bryten
ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION



USE WILLIAMS

AQUA VELVA

AFTER SHAVING

1. Feels great after hot-weather shaving.
2. Protects against sun and wind.
3. Soothes tiny nicks and scratches.
4. Keeps skin from drying out.
5. Makes you look your level best.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS LUXURY SHAVING CREAM—AND GLIDER THE NEW WILLIAMS BRUSHLESS SHAVE

W

(Continued from page 55)

thing like fifteen dollars per capita every month! She sent a report on the monthly budget to a San Francisco newspaper, and to her great satisfaction it was printed.

"I'll bet I could do that sort of thing on the air some day," said Mary to Peter.

"On the hot air!" said Peter, with fraternal frankness. Mary could afford to laugh at him, unoffended. It had taken weeks for the Burleigh family to realize that her whole world had changed, that the light of any selfish plans, any secret hopes she might have had had gone down in darkness. Mary had never told them.

But slowly, erratically, they had come to sense the new quality in her. They depended upon her good nature, her untiring service; they murmured appreciation over late meals, clean shirts or frills, loans of small sums. It became a game with her, a game of living only for the moment, and making that moment perfect.

On a hot, exquisite afternoon in March Lindsay came home from kindergarten one day to find Mary busy shelling peas on the side porch. A blossoming acacia tree hung like a great ball of gold over her head; green grass was under the fruit trees that were balls of fragrant blossom. Even Green Oaks was beautiful in the swift rush of the spring. Lindsay, whose face was red and whose forehead was damp, Mary noticed at once had been crying.

"What's the matter, Lin?"

"Oh, I just—got crying," Lindsay admitted reluctantly, superfluously. "Old Mr. Moulton came in to school to see me today. I hate him!"

"Why on earth?" But Mary was more anxious than her amused, unalarmed tone indicated. Old Asa Moulton was interested in girls, and Lindsay was very young and lovely in her eighteenth year.

"Oh, not trying to kiss me—the way he always used to when we were little," Lindsay said disgustedly, "but I hate him anyway! He wanted to know if I want to go to school in the East."

"School in the East!" Mary's eyes were wide with amazement.

"That's what he said. He said he and Aunt Carrie had always wanted to do something for Mother's children, and that they'd thought of asking for Bart to adopt."

"Ha!" Mary ejaculated. "I hope they keep their very good health until they get Bart!"

"WELL, they don't seem to want Bart now. But he asked if I would like to go to some eastern college next fall."

"Lindsay *Bur*leigh!" There was a vision of the delight of it before Mary's eyes: the train trip—she had never been on a train for more than a few hours; the memorial elms and stately old brick buildings; the other girls, gathering in smart autumn suits, chattering of studies and games and dances.

Lindsay was watching her fearfully.

"Oh, that's just it!" the younger sister broke out with a wail. "You'll want me to go; Peter'll want me to go! And I don't want to. I didn't finish high; I'd have to coach all summer in that dismal Moulton house right next to our old place. I'd have to be grateful to them all my life, and I hate being grateful! I hated their even sending us things for Christmas!"

"I think it is awfully—extremely, I mean, decent of them," Mary said slowly.

"Well, it is, it is! But I *can't* go away from home, Mary, I love it here! I love teaching the little kids—Miss Morse said not to call them that!—in the kindergarten. And I *do* help out at home; I did pay for Chrissie's gym shoes, didn't I? And I got catnip for Aunt Joan, didn't I? Mary, we're all together here; why should I go off and get educated or cultured or anything else?"

"But, Lin, darling, such an *opportunity!*" Mary said, her heart sick with jealousy even through her pride in Lin's loyalty.

"Yes; but we have to stick together—Mother said so. She said *always*. Why, Peter and I know that you and Cal Tait are engaged, anyone could see that! We know you'd get married if it weren't for all of us. We know you'd go to college yourself if it weren't for us, and work your way through, and study French and Shakespeare and all the other things you're always studying! If I went away—Mary, you won't tell Pete to make me go, will you?"

MARY was looking at her little sister thoughtfully.

"You and Peter are very smart about Calvin and me," she observed mildly. "We're engaged, are we?"

"Well, I know he loves you!" Lindsay said.

"And I love him?"

"I don't know, Mary. I hope you don't. I mean I hope you aren't going to leave us until we're all nearly thirty, and don't care about anything any more."

"It's hard to make yourself a cultured woman when you're poor, working in a bakery, cooking and washing dishes, and with your hands smelling of grease and onions and yellow soap all the time," Mary presently said thoughtfully. "A while back, months ago, I made up my mind I *would* study, just as if I were in college; I would be fine, no matter how hard it all was! But it isn't easy."

"I'll do anything—truly I will! But I can't—" Lindsay looked away into spring greenness and beauty that was blurred by rebellious tears. "I can't go away!" she said stubbornly.

"Well, it's something that you love home," Mary said tenderly. "Most girls would jump at the chance, Lin."

And the sense of home's dearness and of her own imminent desertion of them all stirred like a pain again at her heart.

A night or two later Calvin came to her with plans. He must go south again; he must be in Los Angeles for April and May. He wanted his wife to be with him.

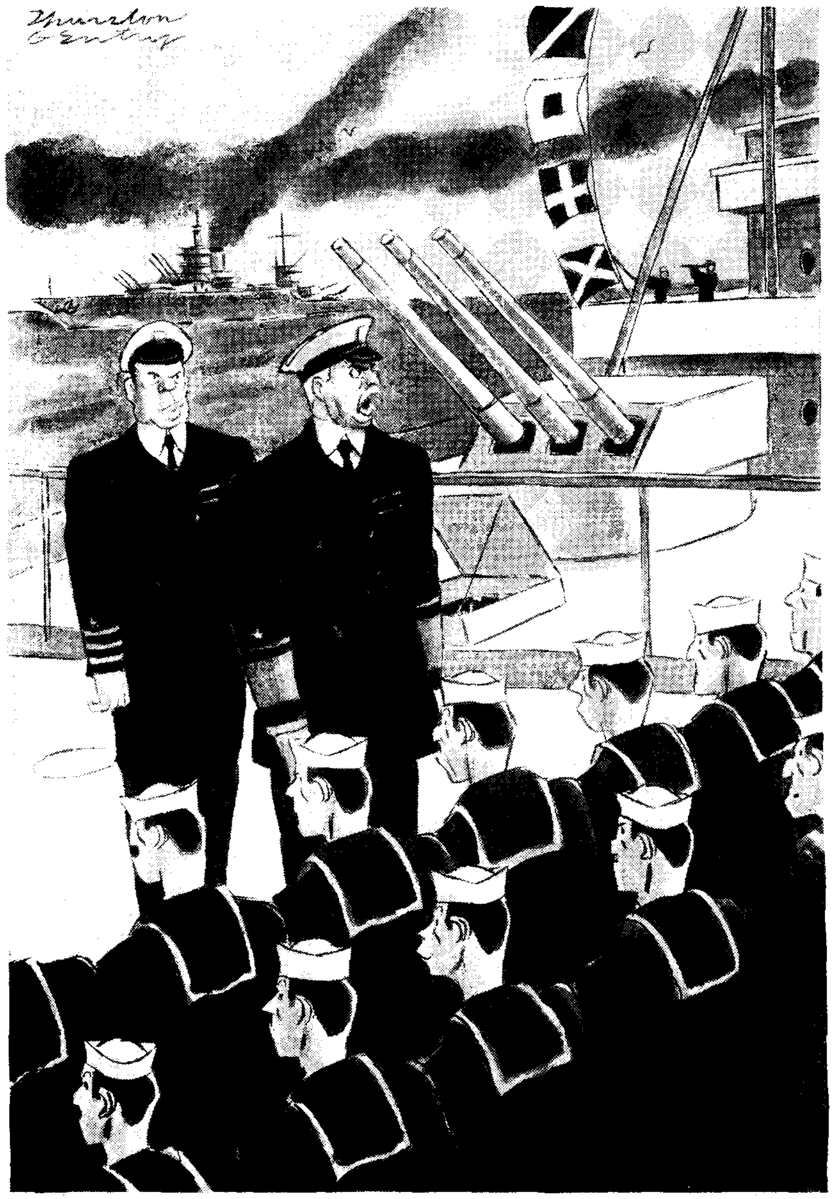
"You can rent swell little places down there by the week," he said enthusiastically. "In about a week we'll spill the glad news and be on our way before anyone's had time to catch his breath."

"Oh, Cal, impossible! I can't leave home now," Mary said in alarm. "Easter vacation is at different times in the kindergarten and in the children's school; Barty and Chris would have Aunt Joan in a madhouse. Peter's often working late on some shipment that has to get off; there'd be no one to run things."

"Oh, forget it!" said Cal. "Families have managed well enough before this. For a few days they might be upset, but then everything would get running and be fine."

"There's my bakery money, too, Cal, and the money we save on the bread I bring home."

"Ah, listen, Mary—this isn't like you.



"Who copped my Battle of Manila medal?" THURSTON GENTRY

I thought you were going to give me a fair deal. I thought you told me that night in San Francisco that you'd made up your mind to see the thing through and make the best of it all."

They were talking in the car. He had stopped it in the dark side street close to the house, coming back from a movie; now he put his arm about her and drew her to him.

"Why, you love me, you little idiot!" he said. "When a girl loves a man she is willing to follow him anywhere."

"Cal, I'm your wife. Some day I hope, I *know* we're going to have a place of our own, everything will be all right. But now I can't desert the others!"

"Why don't you ask someone—Agnes, for instance, to come and take care of them?"

"I'd have to pay her, Cal. She's buying an annuity for her old age. Your aunt pays her seventy, I think."

"Well, listen, Mary," the man said on a long sigh. "I can't assume the responsibility for your entire family, I know that. I love them all; it isn't that, but being responsible for Chris—who is the world's champion hellcat!—and Bart and Lin and all of them, why, it just can't be done!"

She was getting angry. She was getting angry, and she had said she would not ever get angry again at anyone for anything. Mary heard her own voice say coldly:

"I'm not asking you to, Cal."

"But you *are* asking me to when you say that you can't leave them. After all, we're married!"

"I wish to God we weren't!" Mary said passionately.

"You don't mean that."

"I do mean that!"

There was a silence. Mary's stormy breathing was audible in it. Cal moved the gas throttle idly on the wheel.

"No, you don't," he said finally, with a sigh. "You've got an exaggerated idea of their needing you. I thought you were telling me once that you had a new theory of not worrying, taking every day for itself?"

"I didn't tell you to have you laugh at me!"

"I'm not laughing at you. Ah, Mary, don't get mad. What good does it do getting mad? Listen. Would you come south with me for just a week? We could have a swell time, and then you could come back."

"Where would the family think I was? No, if I did that," Mary said, "you'd talk me into staying. Besides, we'd have to tell them everything, and then people would think it was queer if I came back."

CALVIN had her tightly held against him; he kissed the top of her hair browsingly, spoke in a half-laughing, half-admonitory tone.

"You're so bad, and I love you so much!"

"Don't make it hard for me, Cal."

"My darling, I'm not trying to make it hard for you. It's you that's making it hard for me. You've given your people a year and a half, Mary. You've got them all organized. When do I get a break? I'll tell you something," Calvin went on, suddenly earnest. "And it's true, too. It's damn' bad for us both, this being half married and half not married. It makes us both feel restless and miserable. We belong together, with a house and a garden and a telephone and a garage. Honestly, Mary, you'll feel all right, you'll feel ever so much happier if you tell 'em the truth, make the best arrangements you can at home, and come south with me. If you wait until everything's all settled, and Pete and Lin and Chris married, you'll never make the break!"

"I wish I knew someone to ask," Mary said, in a somber, musing tone, as if she spoke to herself.

"Mary, do you still think of that fellow?"

Calvin asked it suddenly, out of a silence. For a moment there was no answer.

"I suppose I do," Mary said slowly then.

"Love him, huh?"

"I don't know. Women—or I myself, anyway," she formulated it hesitatingly, "love different men different ways. You and I love each other one way. The way Jeffery makes me feel—made me feel, is another. Nobody else ever had that same effect on me. I seemed to be dying—and yet more living than I'd ever been before, whenever I heard his voice, or even when I thought of it.

"I'm saying this very badly. You knew it all before, anyway. I told you then that I thought we ought to get a divorce, because of it. You didn't think so. I don't know now whether that would have been the wiser thing for us to do. I mean as far as you're concerned, Cal. It wouldn't have meant that I married him or anyone, or ever saw him again."

THERE was a long pause as she stopped.

"I don't know that it's any use," Calvin said meditatively at last.

Mary was silent, feeling her heart beat fast with fright, and with a sort of useless sad regret.

"But it spoils your life and it spoils mine," the man added suddenly. "Ah, Mary, why not be sensible? I'm going south in ten days. Tell the family tomorrow, and come along with me! It's the right thing to do; it's the thing you're going to be glad all your life that you *did* do!"

Her anger was over now; Mary felt tired; she felt as if her bones, the bones of mind and spirit, were broken. She leaned forward in the dark to kiss him good night, and got down from the car, and went in through the gate and about the house to the kitchen door without speaking again, with no answer but the kiss and a long sigh.

The kitchen was lighted only by a dull glow from the stove. Mary touched a lamp; saw the red cloth crumpled and crummy from the cookies Chris had absorbed with her arithmetic lesson, saw tufts of Rajah's silver coat on the cushion of the rocker, and Aunt Joan's playing cards heaped carelessly in the middle of the table.

Automatically she went about straightening matters; set the oatmeal to soak; looked into the icebox. When she went upstairs Lindsay was awake; the sisters talked cautiously because Chrissie, once awakened, would assume full control of the conversation at any opening.

"I heard the car. Good picture?"

"Wonderful. I'd like to see it again!"

"Listen, Mary. Peter's afraid they're going to shut down the lumber yard."

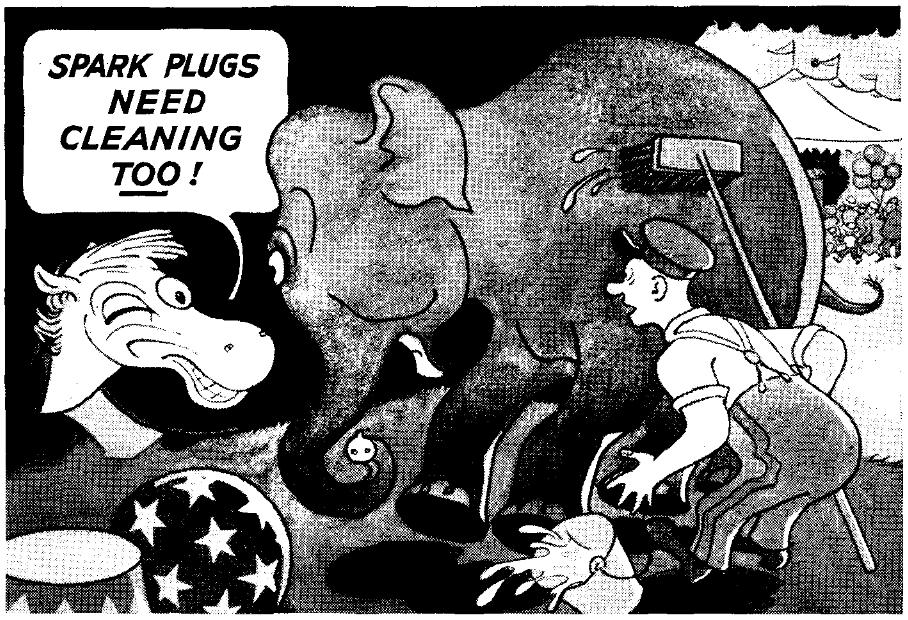
"Why, they can't, Lin! They've been open all winter. It's building season now."

"I know, and Hansen told Pete that he could easily get another job. But the mill in the East failed, and Hansen won't go on credit. So he's going up to be with his brother, who's a contractor somewhere, Sacramento or somewhere, and he's probably going to close the yard."

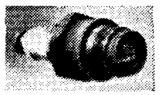
"Ah, that means worry for Pete!" Mary said, sitting down, her hands lax.

"It's all right as long as you're here, Mary; he said so. We can get along on your bakery money. Oh, and your hot-water bottle's in your bed!" Lindsay said, contentedly composing herself for sleep.

(To be continued next week)


SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING TOO!

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED NOW—SAVE GAS—PUT POWER and PEP back into YOUR ENGINE


Before Cleaning

After Cleaning

For better gas mileage and snappier performance, nothing gives more for your money than a thorough spark plug cleaning by the AC Method. More than 55,000 Registered AC Cleaning Stations now offer this bargain. Have your plugs cleaned NOW. The cost is only 5c a plug. Badly worn plugs should, of course, be replaced with new AC Quality Spark Plugs—**NOW 60c.**

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Flint, Michigan St. Catharines, Ontario

Plugs for Canadian market—75c—made at St. Catharines, Ontario

AC
SPARK PLUG CLEANING AND GAPPING SERVICE
HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED BY THIS METHOD
REGISTERED AC SPARK PLUG CLEANING STATION
SPARK PLUGS CLEANED AND ADJUSTED WHILE YOU WAIT 5 C EACH
LOOK FOR THE "PLUG-IN-THE-TUB"

Announcing!

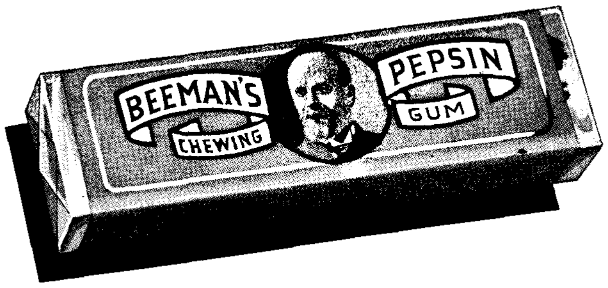
A PLEASANT EXTRA INCOME PLAN!

JUST as Mr. Russell Shirk of Indiana is doing, you may earn an extra income in spare time.

Try our pleasant and profitable plan for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell magazines. Write to:

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-2
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

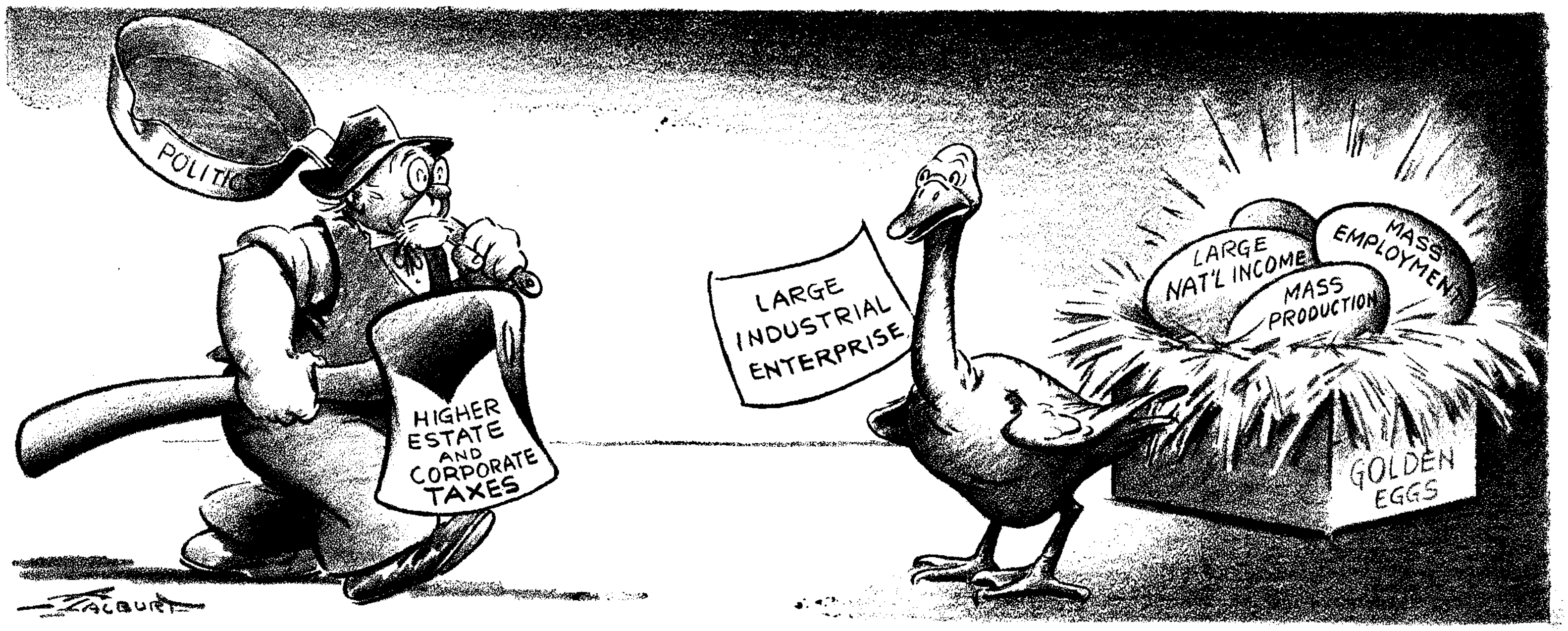
For a thrill
Try Beeman's



Enjoy Beeman's Gum
...AIDS DIGESTION

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



One Tax too Many

TAXES familiarly are exacted for the purpose of paying the expenses of government. Now a new idea is creeping in. Taxes are levied not merely to support the government but also to bring about changes in the social order.

Such is the avowed object of the higher income and inheritance taxes. The idea goes back to the plans made a quarter of a century ago, and longer, to break up the large landed estates in England and in other countries. Through taxation the governments sought to compel the division of large land holdings so that more people might use the land.

A similar motive inspired President Roosevelt's recent demand for higher inheritance and corporation taxes. Among other things the President said: "Ultimately we should seek through taxation the simplification of our corporate structures through the elimination of unnecessary holding companies in all lines of business."

It is fortunate for the Administration and for the country that Congress decided to give thorough consideration to these proposals. The rebuilding of a social and economic order is not a simple task. It is easier to destroy than it is to create.

The principle of high income taxes has been thoroughly established in this country. The income tax amendment was proclaimed on February 25, 1913.

Within the twenty-two years since Congress was authorized to levy income taxes the rates have increased prodigiously. At present the federal income tax rates rise from 4% on taxable incomes up to $4,000 to more than 59% on incomes of $1,000,000. In addition, many states exact income taxes. The New York normal rate ranges from 2% to 7%.

Already, accordingly, in much of the country taxes consume at least two thirds of the largest incomes and a half or more of incomes beginning at $90,000 a year. The political purpose of these rates has been to get the largest possible tax revenue from the fewest possible number of voters.

The estate taxes under the 1934 federal law follow the general lines of the income levy. An estate of $10,000 is taxed 1%. The rates increase gradually to 60% on estates in excess of $10,000,000.

Low income groups in this country do not now pay and never have paid taxes comparably as burdensome as those borne in Great Britain. Our higher rates, however, are quite as steep as those of the British.

The questions which Congress and the country will have to answer in preparing new and higher tax rates are numerous and complicated. Politically it is desirable to offend the rich if by so doing the poor and the middle classes are pleased. Economically the matter is not so simple.

As a nation we have long enjoyed an income relatively greater than that earned by any other people. We have had a larger national income because as individuals we produced more. In almost every branch of industry the American output per man has been the largest on record. Miners dig more coal, bricklayers lay more bricks, tailors make more clothes than others in similar industries abroad.

We have produced and consumed more and enjoyed a higher standard of living not because as individuals we are stronger but because of our industrial system. We fashioned a large-scale industry and we employed science and invention to keep fertile our system of production.

Ownership of most large corporations is so widely divided that actual management is in the hands of officers rather than of owners. A few large corporations belong still to individuals or families but for the most part ownership is widely scattered. The actual owners of the largest corporations are numbered in the hundreds of thousands. The average number of shares held by an individual is, however, small.

So a scheme of taxation intended to influence and change our corporate structures is utterly different from Lloyd George's land tax intended to break up the great landed estates of England. Lloyd George strove to bring more land into cultivation and so to increase production. That our large industrial corporations should be broken up by taxation too heavy to be borne, however, is a proposition to which a thoughtful congressional committee may well give serious attention. The division of a huge industrial corporation into smaller corporations would not necessarily increase production. Such a policy will have the opposite effect. Mass production is the work of large organizations, not one-man shops.

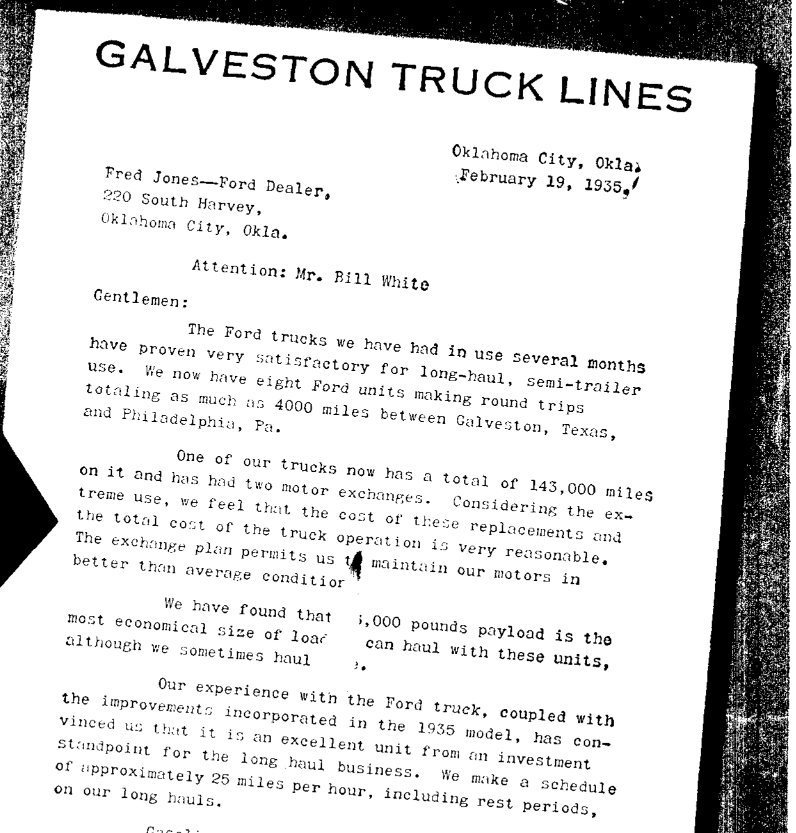
We have tended to forget during the past few years that industry and agriculture produce all that we have or can divide. Industry is valuable only as it is able to produce. A closed factory is not an asset on any inventory or tax list.

Perhaps as a result of existing inheritance laws the federal government is destined to enter industry as a rival to privately owned and managed businesses. If that happens, our social and economic organization will in fact have been changed far more than is now frankly contemplated.

Certainly a Congress which is seriously considering the use of higher estate and corporate taxes to change the fundamental structure of American industry should follow through to reasonable conclusions the inevitable results of the change it compels.

The use of the taxing power as an instrument to compel changes in our industrial organization is new in the United States. Before we embark upon any such program we should understand clearly the goal we seek. If we want less national income we can, by taxation or otherwise, compel industry to be small and relatively unproductive. Unless we want to reduce our national income we must, however, not destroy the agencies through which we have supplied our wants up until now.

FORD V·8 TRUCKS



GALVESTON TRUCK LINES

Oklahoma City, Okla.
February 19, 1935.

Fred Jones—Ford Dealer,
220 South Harvey,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Attention: Mr. Bill White

Gentlemen:

The Ford trucks we have had in use several months have proven very satisfactory for long-haul, semi-trailer use. We now have eight Ford units making round trips totaling as much as 4000 miles between Galveston, Texas, and Philadelphia, Pa.

One of our trucks now has a total of 143,000 miles on it and has had two motor exchanges. Considering the extreme use, we feel that the cost of these replacements and the total cost of the truck operation is very reasonable. The exchange plan permits us t[illegible] maintain our motors in better than average condition

We have found that ,000 pounds payload is the most economical size of loa can haul with these units, although we sometimes haul .

Our experience with the Ford truck, coupled with the improvements incorporated in the 1935 model, has convinced us that it is an excellent unit from an investment standpoint for the long haul business. We make a schedule of approximately 25 miles per hour, including rest periods, on our long hauls.

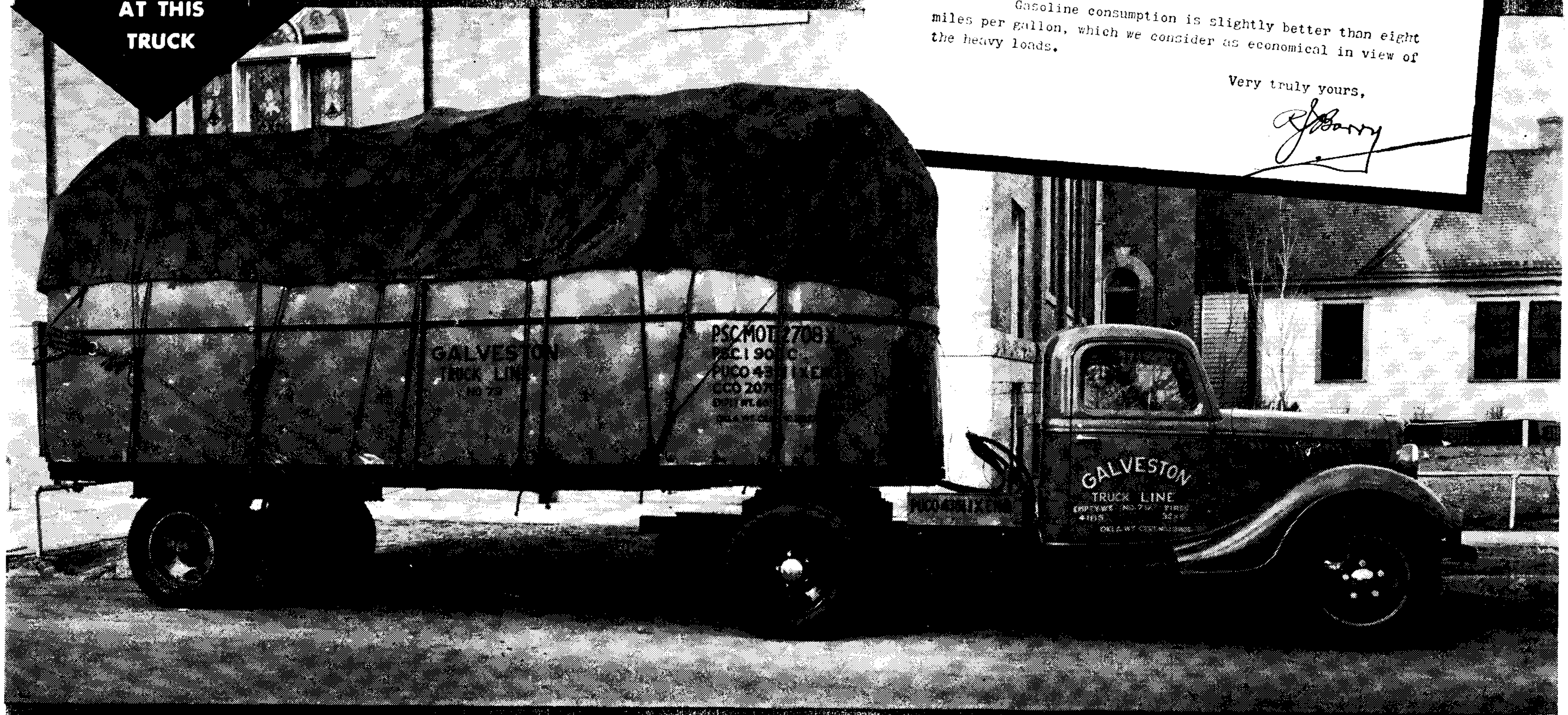
Gasoline consumption is slightly better than eight miles per gallon, which we consider as economical in view of the heavy loads.

Very truly yours,

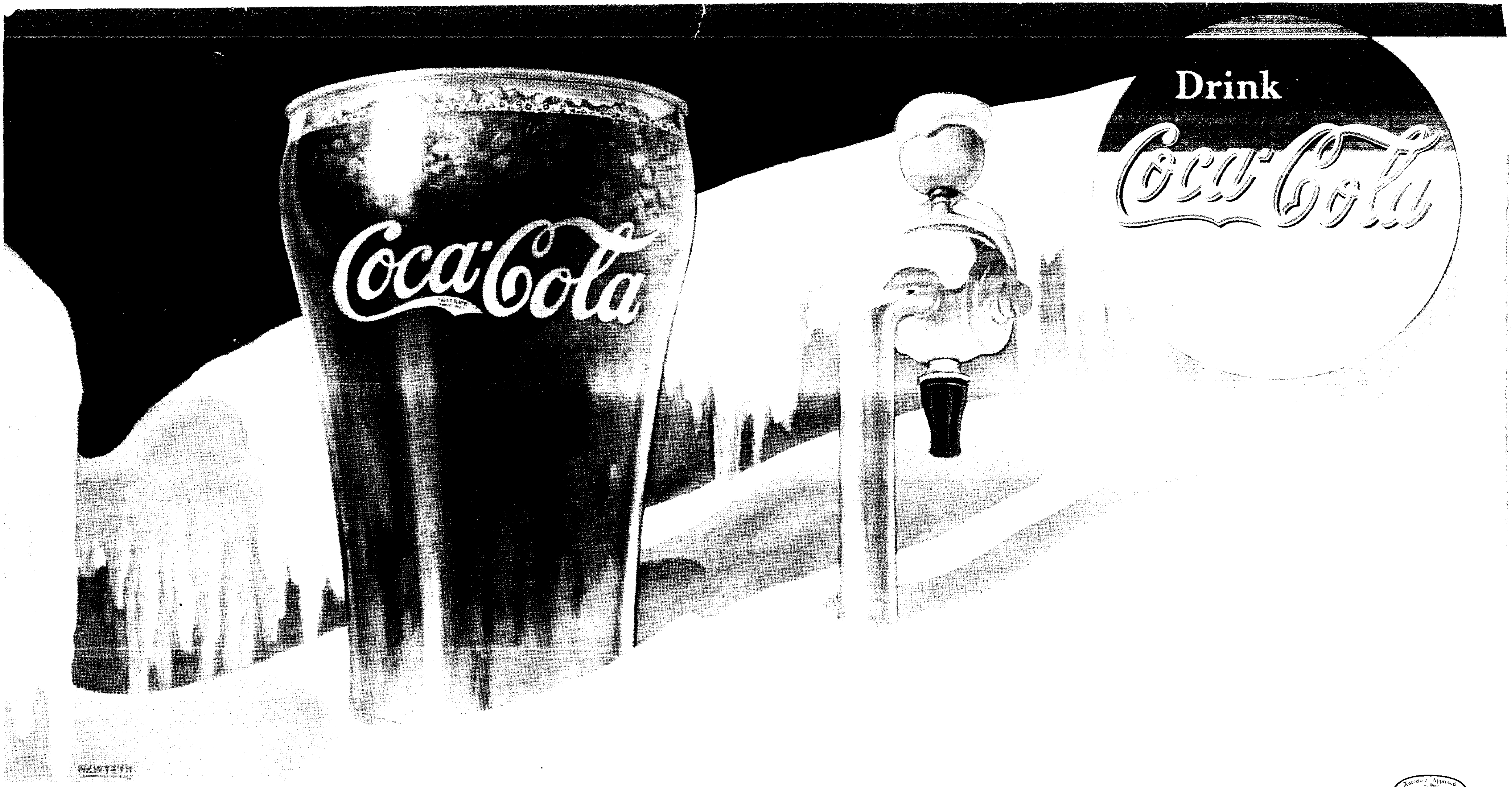
RJBarry

READ THIS LETTER

LOOK AT THIS TRUCK



MAKE YOUR OWN TEST



Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Good Housekeeping Magazine

COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN

Ice-cold every day in the year

Here's the answer to Mark Twain's protest that nobody ever does anything about the weather. Right now...somebody, somewhere is pausing for a refreshing ice-cold Coca-Cola, and forgetting the heat. This happens to millions everywhere, every day. What it does for others, it will do for you.

Coca-Cola is a pure drink of wholesome, natural products, with no artificial flavor or coloring . . . complying with pure food laws all over the world.